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CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

VOL. I.

CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN;

WITH

EPISODES, POLITICAL, SOCIAL, SPORTING,
AND THEATRICAL.

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BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

" Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour."
COWPER'S " TASK."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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"A sovereign's great example forms a people;
The public breast is noble, or is vile,
As he inspires it."—MALLET.

"The people are fashioned according to the example of their King, and edicts are of less power than the model which his life exhibits."
—CLAUDIAN.

IN early life, upon my return from Cambray, where, during the occupation of France by the Allied Armies, I was on the personal staff of the Duke of Wellington, I had the honour of attending a levée at Carlton House. Previously, I had been presented to the Prince Regent by my

uncle the late Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly, at Ascot Races in 1813; who condescended to invite me to lunch in the small stand, at that time set aside for royalty. Upon kneeling to make my formal obeisance to His Royal Highness, he, with that wonderful memory that characterized all the sons of the third George, asked after 'Huntly's health,' and in the most gracious manner, referred to my visit to Ascot, when I was at a private tutor's in Berkshire; this led to an invitation to all the fêtes and balls given at Carlton House.

At that period, I was quartered at the cavalry barracks, Windsor, and as some of the officers of my regiment, the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), were anxious, with myself, to get up regimental races in Windsor Great Park, I was deputed to speak to an old friend of mine, then Equerry to the Prince, the late gallant Sir Andrew Barnard, of the old 95th, now Rifle Corps. An appointment was made for me to attend at the "Cottage," where His Royal Highness passed a great portion of his time, and at the hour named I drove up to the door. Upon entering the Equerries' room, great was my surprise when Barnard told me that the Prince would receive me as soon as Mr. Vansittart, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, had left.

Shortly afterwards, I was conducted into the presence of the first gentleman of Europe, and unquestionably his manners fully entitled him to that title, for nothing could exceed His Royal Highness's affability. He asked a thousand questions about Vienna, the dress of the troops, the

appearance of the men; and when in reply, I described the sledge parties, the reviews, the battues, the tournament, the equipment of the noble Hungarian Guard, composed of men of rank and station, the Prince showed his delight by inviting me to dinner the following day, at seven o'clock; at that time considered an unreasonably late hour. The dinner passed off delightfully; everything that good taste could suggest appeared in the arrangement of it—a round table, admirably-drilled servants, an unostentatious display of plate, the dishes few but exquisitely dressed, the wine of every clime and hue in perfect order. The conversation of the illustrious host was brilliant in the extreme; there was scarcely a name alluded to of foreign potentates, English patricians or plebeians, that did not give His Royal Highness an opportunity of repeating some anecdote.

He dwelt largely upon Wellington and the Battle of Waterloo, Louis XVIII, and the state of society in Paris; and there was not a "lark" that had been indulged in by the young officers of the Blues and Guards quartered at Windsor, that was not known to and good-humouredly hinted at by "a prince, the prince of princes at the time." His Royal Highness asked after many of the officers of my regiment, and seemed perfectly familiar with their merits.

"With respect to your request," said the Prince, "if the race is confined strictly to your regiment, no temporary stand erected, and no carriages admitted, there can be no objection to your holding

a meeting in the Park, and instructions shall be given to select a suitable spot. Meet the Ranger here to-morrow and stay and lunch with Barnard."

Of course, I responded in the best manner I could, and the next day, sat down to a repast which would have gladdened the heart of every *gourmet* from the days of Heliogabalus down to the present time.

Thackeray was unusually bitter and severe against the Prince in his "Four Georges," and recently I find another writer, the late Charles Greville, assailing his memory in terms equally savage, though less refined. The late Clerk of the Council has added ingratitude to injury, for if I am rightly informed (and I have it from one of the most honoured and honourable noblemen of the day) it was through the Prince that he held the appointment. It appears that Greville was only twenty years of age when the post fell vacant, and therefore it was impossible for him to hold it. When the circumstance was reported to the Prince he has since reviled, in not very "parliamentary language," the reply was:

"Oh let him retain it during the next year, he can get acquainted with the business of the situation, and will then be competent for it."

Upon the principle "de mortuis nil nisi bonum," though I will not attempt to palliate some of the faults of the Prince, my pen shall not be steeped in gall, and I prefer reminding my readers of the good rather than the bad qualities of the fourth George.

At one time the late Reverend Edward Cannon,

whose voice and taste as a musician were faultless, was a favoured guest at Carlton House, and was in high favour with the Prince Regent, but the peculiar bent of his humour, which admitted no respect of persons, lost him the countenance of that illustrious personage.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, Cannon had offended before, and that fact may possibly have contributed not a little to his final dismissal from Carlton House. On being requested to give his opinion of an upright pianoforte, an instrument then but recently invented, he ran his hand over the keys.

"What do you think of it?" said Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Why, Madam, it may do very well to lock up your bread and cheese in, and that's all it's fit for," was the reply.

The following still more glaring instance of plain speaking, addressed to the Prince on his singing, must be recorded. His Royal Highness had been trying over a piece of sacred music on the far-famed organ at the Pavilion, Brighton; and turning to Cannon, asked his opinion of the performance. The clerical wit, with a satirical curl upon his lip, replied "that nothing could have been worse executed," and rushing past the Prince to the instrument, sat down and showed how it ought to have been played. The manner, the voice, the look which accompanied the cutting and ungracious critique, so offensive to good taste, and above all the want of respect in "shunting" His Royal Highness from his seat, produced, as it naturally

would be expected to do, so great an impression upon the mind of the Regent that Cannon was never after invited into his presence.

In revenge the Dean of "Patcham," as Hook was wont to call him, wrote the following lines, which probably some "d—d good-natured friend" forwarded to the Prince, or Mrs. Fitzherbert.

> "Cities and towns t'address the Prince agree
> On his escape. 'Why silent, *Coventry?*'
> No duteous words from thee no tribute paid,
> To the great patron of the ribbon trade,
> Who to thy gracious walls, for *special ends*,
> Has sent so many of his *dearest* friends."

The escape above referred to occurred on the 28th of January, 1817, when the Prince Regent went to the House to open the Session of Parliament. He was assailed on his way by the groans and hisses of the people; which on his return were redoubled in violence, and in spite of the double lines of soldiers and police officers attending to protect the royal carriage, it was struck by stones, apples, and potatoes. Lord William Murray, who was in the carriage, stated in evidence in the Houses of Parliament, that one of the windows was broken, and that it was perforated in two places by small bullets from an air-gun. No air-gun, or any implement of the kind, however, was seen, and no bullet could be found.

Let me return to Cannon, to record a trait of forgiveness in the person of his injured patron. In after-life, poor Cannon, worn down by ill-health and poverty, was instrumental in getting up an address at Ryde to his early benefactor, then

George the Fourth, on the occasion of the King's departure for Ireland. Shortly afterwards Cannon's resources entirely failed him, when, driven to desperation by pressing creditors, he, in a moment of despair, addressed a letter to the Sovereign, asking for some temporary assistance. By return of post a cheque for one hundred pounds was transmitted to the "Dean" by order of his former patron, thus proving that His Majesty could not only forgive an affront, but was charitable enough to feel for the distress of an old associate. Poor Cannon (at this time called the "pier *gun*," from his habit of passing all the day on Ryde pier) did not live long to enjoy the bounty of the King; but when he did speak of him, his eyes were filled with tears, and his breast with remorse, at the thought of his past ingratitude. The Reverend Edward Cannon was wayward and whimsical it is true, and, when displeased, apt to be silent or sarcastic, but, when in high humour, his playful wit, melodious voice, and rich fund of anecdote rendered him one of the most fascinating companions imaginable. His career, once a most brilliant one, was chequered with indiscretion and faults of a grave nature; the result was that copious draughts of stimulating drinks were called in to enable him to endure a life of exhaustion. He died at Ryde, and in the parish churchyard an unpretending stone marks the spot where his mortal remains are interred.

To return to the King: upon two occasions, during the excitement of Queen Caroline's trial, I commanded His Majesty's escort, the first from Buck-

ingham Palace to Carlton House, the second on the same day from Carlton House to Drury Lane Theatre, where His Majesty was to appear in State, and I could not help admiring the pluck and coolness which the King evinced, qualities which are largely held by the present royal family. Between Buckingham Palace and the garden entrance to Carlton House, thousands had assembled, a large proportion of whom, especially those of the humbler classes, were vociferous in their cries for the injured Queen. From words they proceeded to blows, and several missiles were levelled against the carriage. My post, as Captain, was immediately opposite the door on the side His Majesty sat, and he, determined not to show the white feather, waved his hand for me to rein back. This I accordingly did, but as we approached the narrow entrance to the garden, I saw several ill-looking "roughs," two or three of whom had mounted on the top of two dismounted cannon standing perpendicularly, that had been placed there instead of curbstones to keep carriages from the gate posts. This, of course, brought them upon a level with the window, and fearing some mischief might arise, in disobedience of the directions I had received, I kept as close to the door of the carriage as I could, and it was fortunate I did so, for these miscreants, who were armed with clods of earth and cabbage stalks, hurled a volley, which instead of hitting the anointed person of the Sovereign, fell harmless against my cuirass and helmet. The only damage done was a fractured

jack-boot, for so narrow was the space that my boot was caught by the gun, and was completely torn in half. Upon drawing up in front of Carlton House, before dismissing the escort, the King expressed his thanks in the most flattering terms.

As in those days the police force, as it now exists, had not been organised, some fears were entertained that, on his way to Drury Lane Theatre, His Majesty might be attacked, and I received a private hint from Lord Graves, one of the Lords-in-Waiting, that it would be advisable to keep as close to the carriage as possible. Nothing, however, occurred on our route through Long Acre and Bow Street, few people having assembled there, probably thinking the way through the Strand would have been selected. Upon entering the royal box the applause that greeted the King, was mingled with cries of "Shame, shame." His Majesty, however, stood forward, bowing to the audience, a large portion of whom were waving their handkerchiefs.

I had dismounted, given the charge of the escort to my subaltern, and had followed the cortége into the lobby behind the box, and there I witnessed a scene I shall never forget.

"It's disgraceful—perfectly disgraceful!" exclaimed the late Duke of Montrose, then Marquis of Graham, and Vice-Chamberlain. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Elliston, for admitting more than the house can fairly hold."

"Loyalty, my lord," responded the theatrical monarch, in the blandest manner. "The people

will not be debarred from gazing upon their beloved King."

"It's too bad," continued his lordship.

"No fault of mine, my lord," replied the lessee. "I find that people paid for the boxes and jumped over into the pit. Loyal subjects."

And such had been the case, the moment the doors were open, hundreds paid for the boxes, and scrambled over into the pit, hence the cry of shame from those pittites who did not at all enjoy the rush from the boxes. At last silence was proclaimed, and the performance went off extremely well. The little affair between the Vice-Chamberlain and the great William Robert Elliston, after some explanations, ended amicably, although at one time the affair looked serious, for the lessee declared that nothing but a most ample apology, or a hostile meeting, would satisfy his wounded honour. Happily I interfered, and prevented an appeal to mortal combat being sent. Upon the following morning, Lord Graham wrote a conciliatory note to the lessee, expressing his regret, if, in the excitement of the moment, any words had escaped him that might have hurt the feelings of Mr. Elliston; to which the manager sent a gracious reply.

I saw by the expression of the King's countenance, as he entered the carriage, that he had been highly gratified with his visit, but I own I felt rather anxious when I witnessed the crowds assembled outside the theatre, and that feeling must have been entertained by those in authority, for I received private instructions that, instead of

returning home through Bow Street and Long Acre, we were to go round the south side of Covent Garden Market, down Southampton Street, into the Strand. At that period there was an iron bar across the former street, with two small boxes, like watchmen's boxes, with a view, I believe, of formerly taking toll from carts attending the market. Of course, the entrance was narrow, with no possibility of either myself or my brother officer keeping our proper stations by the side of the carriage. A difficulty arose, for, if we had fallen back, we should have got mixed up with the main body of the escort, and the same would have happened had we ridden forward. All then that was left us was to pull off the road on to the pavement, and, as it was on a decline, the chances were ten to one that our horses would slip down. Fortunately, such was not the case, and after passing the boxes we again took up our places, and again I was honoured with a most gracious acknowledgment from the King.

Wraxall's eulogium runs as follows: "Nature had bestowed uncommon graces upon his figure and person. Convivial as well as social in his temper, destitute of all reserve, and affable even to familiarity in his reception of every person who had the honour to approach him; endued with all the aptitudes to profit by instruction, his mind had been cultivated with great care; and he was probably the only Prince in Europe, heir to a powerful monarchy, competent to peruse the Greek and Roman poets and historians in their own language. Humane and compassionate, his purse was open to

every application of distress; nor was it ever shut against genius and merit." Now, without endorsing this somewhat overdrawn eulogium, there were many traits in the character of the fourth George that were highly to be commended, although I cannot truthfully add that he did not "make his high place the vantage ground for pleasure," or that his life was "blameless;" still we must remember the

> "Thousand peering littlenesses
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
> And blackens every blot."

The Prince Regent was a *bon vivant*, and the snug dinner parties at Carlton House, and at the Brighton Pavilion, were all that could be desired. If they were not always the "feasts of reason," they were unquestionably the "flow of soul," for all the wits and celebrated men of the day assembled there. That was the time of drinking days, when a hogshead of claret was constantly kept on tap, which was preserved as good to the last glass as when first broached, by this process:—when wine was drawn out, the vacuum caused was immediately filled up by pouring in as many clean pebbles as kept the cask full, and consequently excluded the air.

Here I must mention an instance of condescension and benevolence on the part of the Prince. Early in 1810, His Royal Highness was on a friendly visit at the house of Lord Melbourne at Whitehall, and upon his return about two o'clock in the morning he perceived a poor boy lying huddled up beneath the portico of the house, where he had crept to

avoid the inclemency of the weather, it having rained very hard for several hours. The Prince accosted the boy, who replied that he had come from the country, and had neither parents nor home. His Royal Highness observed to his attendants, that the poor child must not remain there to perish, and ordered him to follow the carriage to Carlton House. On their arrival, he directed every necessary refreshment to be given him, and that he should be put into a comfortable bed. In the morning, His Royal Highness again interrogated the boy, and, believing him to tell an artless and true tale, immediately directed that he should be employed in the household, having first given orders for his being newly clothed. The boy turned out remarkably well, and proved a worthy servant. The Right Honourable Charles Greville forgot to mention the above anecdote in his "Recollections of George IV."

Another instance proves the consideration the Prince evinced towards an old and valued friend. The Prince Regent having a fine whole-length picture of the Duke of Rutland in his possession, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which he valued highly, no sooner heard of the loss of another picture of His Grace, by the same artist, in the calamitous fire at Belvoir Castle, in October, 1816, than he ordered his picture to be immediately sent down, with a letter requesting that he might have the gratification of thus restoring that family loss.

The Prince, though deeply wounded at the time, never afterwards resented the quarrel my father had

with the Duke of York, which led to a hostile meeting; for in 1814 His Royal Highness honoured Goodwood with his presence. After the Prince Regent, the King and Princes of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the Grand-Duchess of Oldenburg, the German Princes, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, had inspected the fleet at Portsmouth, they left for Portsdown Hill, where, about seven thousand troops were drawn up in review order. Having inspected them, Their Majesties drove to Goodwood, where they partook of an early dinner. From thence on the following day they proceeded to Petworth, where they were hospitably entertained.

His Royal Highness's devotion to the Princess Charlotte, "the fair haired daughter of the isle," was intense. In returning thanks, on the health of Her Royal Highness being drunk at the Pavilion at Brighton, he said "that he had made it his first care to instil into the mind and heart of his daughter the knowledge and love of the true principles of the British Constitution; and he had pointed out to her young understanding, as a model for study, the political conduct of his most revered and lamented friend, Mr. Fox, who had asserted and maintained with such transcendent force the just principles upon which the government, under this excellent Constitution, ought to be administered, for the true and solid dignity of the Crown, and the real security, freedom, and happiness of the people. He had the most heart-

felt enjoyment in knowing that, even in her present early years, his daughter had a just conception of the value of the precepts which had been implanted in her breast; and he could say with confidence that she would fulfil all the duties which she might be called upon to discharge when his bones were laid in the grave." Unfortunately these aspirations were never realised, for the object of the Prince's pride and tenderness died at an early age.

In the good old days of coaching, Royalty deigned to look out of the Palace windows at the "drags," for in searching an old record I find that on the 4th of June, 1794, when the drawing-room broke up, George the Third, Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, and the Princes and Princesses appeared at one of the bay windows of the Palace, fronting St. James's Street, to see the Mail Coach procession. Eighteen coaches, entirely new, each drawn by four beautiful blood-horses, decorated with ribbons, passed before the royal family in the following order.

1. Bristol; 2. Bath; 3. Exeter; 4. Liverpool; 5. Manchester; 6. Shrewsbury; 7. Leeds; 8. York; 9. Norwich; 10. Ipswich; 11. Edinburgh; 12. Pool; 13. Dover; 14. Portsmouth; 15. Chester; 16. Wisbeach; 17. Gloucester; 18. Worcester.

"The orderly deportment and discipline of the coachmen and guards," so wrote the chronicler, "who were dressed in royal liveries, deserved much praise. Their Majesties seemed highly pleased with the sight, which was one of the most

agreeable and lively exhibitions of the day," and the Prince descended and entered into conversation with many of the coachmen and guards. Here let me give my readers an idea of a state carriage in 1795, which comes up to the *beau ideal* of a Lord Mayor's coach. "The new chariot used by Lord Jersey, as Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales. The body of this superb chariot is painted on a yellow ground, with gold stripes, and a broad fringe border, composed of the arms and crest of the Prince of Wales, with ornaments of festoon and oak-leaves, heightened with gold, on a rich Antwerp blue; the royal arms, garter and supporters, in ermine mantles, on the doors and front, and back of the chariot. On the side panels, the Order of the Garter, with His Royal Highness's peculiar crests and coronets, in ermine mantles; the seat cloth and lining, crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, deep fringes, festoons, and tassels, on which the royal arms are richly embroidered. The carriage, elegantly carved, is a crane neck, the fore ends of which are composed of laurel, and the hind of palm branches, encircling medallions bearing the Prince of Wales's crest, and terminating with a plume of feathers, enclosing the springs, with stars and the Order of the Garter. On the front foot-board, in *alto relievo*, is the representation of a wild boar hunt. The transom bears the head of Apollo, with emblems of that deity. The back part consists of winged horses, the ornamental parts of which, displaying a head of Mercury, support and enclose the springs, and

on a Hercules' club, in the centre, is the crest of the Prince of Wales, with medallions, plumes of feathers and stars. Two elegant cornucopias form the wings, and the whole is enriched with drapery of festoons and oak-leaves. The cranes and wheels are ornamented with ribbons, foliage, leaves, and other devices. The harness is likewise fancifully executed with various ornaments in silver, and is a great addition to the splendour of the chariot. This chariot was at first designed for the Princess of Wales; but being only suitable for state occasions, it has been appropriated for Lord Jersey, Master of the Horse."

George IV., from an early period of his life up to that of his death, took the deepest interest in the turf; indeed fortune favoured His Royal Highness much at the onset of his career, for in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, he, then Prince of Wales, won the Derby.

In the following year he accompanied his brother, the Duke of York, to the Great Northern meeting, where he purchased his famous horse Traveller, by Highflyer, which ran a match against the Duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed, on which it was supposed that there was as much money depending as there was in the match between the Duke of Cumberland's King Herod and the Duke of Grafton's Antinous, for one thousand pounds aside, when Herod, won by half a neck. From the year 1784 to 1792 inclusive, the Prince was a winner to a large extent. To the sporting reader, it is unnecessary to mention that the stakes in those times were

nothing to be compared with those of the present day, and therefore the produce of the above mentioned nine years will be deemed considerable. His Royal Highness won one hundred and eighty-five races, including eighteen King's Plates, one Derby, two Cups, one Claret Stakes, an Oatlands, (worth nearly three thousand guineas), one July Stakes, a Lady's Plate, and sundry Jockey Club, Prince's, and Macaroni Plates and Stakes. Amount of winning, exclusive of the stakes and plates, thirty-two thousand six hundred and eighty-eight guineas; of this period, the years 1788 and 1792 were the most propitious; in the former, the Prince won four thousand pounds and a Derby, in the latter seven thousand seven hundred pounds, out of which Whiskey, by Saltram, won four thousand six hundred and fifty guineas; Cleopatra by Saltram, one thousand five hundred and fifty guineas; and Queen of Sheba, by Saltram, nine hundred guineas. But it was in the years 1790 and 1791 that the Prince's stud was so conspicuous, the days of Baronet (who won the Ascot Oatlands, above referred to, beating eighteen of the best horses of the day with twenty to one against him), and of Escape.

Some of my readers may not be aware that this horse was bred by the Heir to the Throne, and was purchased, when a yearling, at the first sale of his stud in 1786 by Mr. Franco. One night his trainer went into the stable, and found that he had kicked through the stall, and had entangled one of his legs between the boards; by good care and

management he was released without sustaining any injury; the trainer hastened to inform Mr. Franco of the circumstance, exclaiming, "What a wonderful escape!"

After listening to all the particulars, the owner named him "Escape." In 1789, the Prince repurchased the horse for one thousand five hundred pounds, and two years afterwards the event which created a considerable excitement at the time, and which caused his royal owner's retirement from Newmarket, came off. At this distance of time, it is almost impossible to lay the whole facts before the reader; it is, however, quite clear that in a race against Grey Diomed charges were brought against the Prince of a serious nature, charges which were never proved, and which Sam Chifney, the jockey, strenuously denied. There certainly can be no doubt that there are many instances on record of different horses beating each other alternately over the same course, and among them may be mentioned Eleanor, the property of his Royal Highness's principal accuser, Sir Charles Bunbury. Eleanor, who was looked upon as the best mare of the day, after winning both Derby and Oaks, was ignominiously beaten at Huntingdon by a common plater, called Two Shoes, ten to one on Eleanor. The next week at Egham, she beat Bobadil and several others, ten to one on Bobadil. We could name many other instances that have since occurred, and which have not been denounced in the way the Escape affair was. It was remarked at the time that, though the horse had had such a

wonderful escape, his royal master had been less fortunate, both mischances proceeding from the same cause—the *legs*.

After a lapse of seven years, His Royal Highness aga n appeared upon the turf; but never at Newmarket. In 1805, a numerous meeting of the members of the Jockey Club was held at Brighton during the races, and the circumstances attending the Prince's secession from Newmarket were fully entered into. The result was the following resolution, which was unanimously carried. "May it please your Royal Highness, the members of the Jockey Club, deeply regretting your absence from Newmarket, earnestly entreat the affair may be buried in oblivion, and sincerely hope that the different meetings may again be honoured by Your Royal Highness's condescending attendance." This document was signed by the members present, and submitted to the Prince, who received it most graciously, and, in His Royal Highness's reply, signified his intention of assenting to it. From that time, however, I believe the Prince never carried his intentions into effect.

Those who wonder now why the Prince nobly chose rather to leave the turf altogether than sacrifice his jockey, when Sir Charles Bunbury intimated to him that no member of the Jockey Club would make matches, or run horses in any stake where Chifney rode, are not aware of what occurred with Escape in the Ascot meeting of that year. Soon after going into training, he became a complete "rabbit" in his running—"in and out," and so

delicate withal that in spite of all Neale, his trainer's, care, he seldom kept his condition for many days together. To give a man such a tremendous brute to steer, and then to condemn him because he could not always win upon him, would, as the Prince felt, have been the height of injustice. In the Ascot instance, to which I have alluded, the Prince had entered four horses in the Oatlands, to wit—Escape, Baronet, Pegasus, and Smoker. Some five days previous to the race, the four were tried at the Oatlands distance and weights, and Escape, with Chifney on him, won easily by three or four lengths—the rest running in as we have named them.

On the Sunday before the race, Chifney got a message from the Prince to meet him at the stables at four o'clock on Monday afternoon. The four horses were looked over, and Chifney, the moment the sheets were taken off Escape, begged the Prince's permission to ride Baronet instead of him. Both Neale and Mr. Warwick Lake protested against the change, and declared that the horse was never better; while Chifney as strongly maintained that he had lost his form so completely since the trial, that it was impossible to win with him. The Prince very soon settled the question, and not only decided that Chifney should ride Baronet, but added, "Wherever I've two horses in a race, I wish you, Sam, to ride whichever you fancy most on the day, without consulting anyone." The race was a severe one, but Baronet won it, beating nineteen of the best horses of the day, while Escape was "no where."

The King and Queen were present, with all their family, to see it, and were not a little pleased when the Prince told them the anecdote. Chifney's picture was shortly afterwards taken on this horse, by Stubbs, and according to Nimrod, the print still occupied in his time the post of honour over the old club chimney-piece at Melton, though a generation of sportsmen had passed away. With the remembrance of this stable scene fresh in his mind, it was no wonder that the Prince felt sure that Chifney would never play him false; and that Chifney, more sorry for his Royal master than himself, bore the temporary blasting of his riding hopes with such manly calmness.

From the year 1800 to 1807 inclusive, His Royal Highness won one hundred and seven races, including nine King's Plates, two Cups, four Oatlands, three Craven; in addition to the Woburn, Petworth, Pavilion, Somerset, Egremont, and Smoker stakes. Amount of winning, irrespective of the last six mentioned stakes, ten thousand two hundred and ninety-five guineas.

This period, 1807, seems to have been the Prince's most fortunate year, as far as public money was concerned. For I find that he was a winner of twenty-six races, including the Petworth and Somerset stakes, the gold cup at Brighton, the Craven and October Oatlands at Newmarket, and the Welter stakes at Bibury. From 1807, there was a long chasm to 1827, when I again find the Prince, then George IV., patronising the turf. But the Royal star was not in the ascendant, for from that year until 1830 I only see His Majesty's name

as winner of twenty-one races, including the Goodwood cups and three other cups; three King's Plates, two Oatlands, two Craven; the Swinley, Windsor Forest, Somersetshire stakes at Bath, and the Royal stakes at Ascot. Taking the twenty years that His Majesty was on the turf, I find the following results. His Majesty won three hundred and thirteen races, which at a rough calculation would amount to about fifty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-eight guineas.

Perhaps the event that gave the King the greatest pleasure, during his racing career, was when three of his favourite horses, Fleur-de-Lys, Zingaree, and the Colonel ran first, second, and third for the cup at Goodwood. At the first Goodwood meeting in 1802, the Prince of Wales' Rebel, by Trumpeter, beat the Duke of Richmond's Cedar in a match for one hundred guineas, and in 1829 and 1830 the Gold Cup was won by His Majesty's Fleur de Lys. The last time George IV. attended Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death, yet so strong was the "ruling passion" in that awful hour that, though His Majesty was aware his life hung by a thread, an express was sent to him after every race, giving full particulars of it.

The Bibury Club was formed in 1798, by the late General Grosvenor, and other sporting men of that day. Among the members were the Duke of Dorset (then Lord Sackville), Lord Jersey, Sir John Shelley, General Grosvenor, Pryse Pryse, Esq., M.P., Hon. George Germaine, Mr. Delmé, father of the present Frederick Delmé Radcliffe, Colonel

Mellish, Messrs. Douglas, Biggs, Hawkes, &c.

George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, often honoured the course with his presence; and his horses ran there with very fair success, the Prince winning, among other things, the great race of the meeting (the Welter Stakes), with Rebel, ridden by Mr. Delmé. It was in riding a horse for the heir to the throne, called Ploughator, a very hard puller, that the Duke of Dorset broke a blood-vessel, and was for a time in great danger through it, not being allowed to speak for twelve months after the accident occurred. Mr. Hawkes had the good fortune to appear with success in the Prince's colours, who presented him with a pair of gold spurs from his own boots, immediately after winning a race.

The best of the Bibury jockeys were the Duke of Dorset, his brother the Hon. George Germaine, and Mr. Delmé; indeed, so superior were they considered to be that in 1799 they were excluded from riding for the Welter, as their being up, it was thought, would spoil sport; and certainly that year there was a very large field for the race, the conditions of which paid so high a compliment to the trio. What would be said in our day if Messrs. W. Bevill, Edwards, Crawshay, the Beresfords, and Lord C. Kerr were prohibited riding, in consequence of their successful prowess?

To return to Bibury. Colonel Mellish, "Newmarket's brightest star," often rode there, and in 1806 figured in rather a singular manner. For the Welter of that year four horses started; and the

first heat was won easily by Mr. Douglas's Ducat. In running the second, Mr. Douglas, with six to one on him, broke his stirrup-leather and fell, when Colonel Mellish, who chanced to be standing near where this occurred, caught the horse, jumped on his back, and ran in second. For the third heat there was some demur as to Ducat's starting; and Witchcraft, who won the second, was suffered to walk over. It, however, was proved some time afterwards that Witchcraft was eight years old, instead of six, the age stated when he was entered. This, of course, disqualified him; and Mr. Douglas's horse, having won the first heat and run second to the disqualified horse for the next, bringing in his full weight, was declared entitled to receive the stake. Had not the Colonel been a member of the Club, his finishing the race would have been of no service.

The Prince of Wales did not inherit a love of hunting from his father, for I know of no instance of his having joined in the chase. In early life the turf, and occasionally a game of cricket, were the sports he indulged in; in his later days few horses would have been found equal to carry his enormous weight.

To illustrate the high opinion which George the Third entertained of fox-hunting, an anecdote may here be introduced of an observation made by His Majesty at a review of the "Windsor Forest Yeomanry Cavalry." Calling the attention of the Princess Mary, the sporting monarch exclaimed in allusion to the corps: "Fine fellows, fine fellows, eh!

How do you like them? Fine fellows, noble fellows, eh! Fox-hunters, fox-hunters every man of them." What greater compliment could have been paid to fox-hunting, expressive of more real approbation?

George the Fourth's visit to Scotland gave rise to some very spirited lines by Walter Scott, "Being new words to an auld string," in imitation of an old Jacobite ditty. They were written on the appearance in the Firth of Forth of the fleet which conveyed His Majesty to Scotland in August, 1822, and were published as a broadside.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.

"The news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for ance has bang'd the South;
The de'il a Scotsman dies o' drouth,
Carle, now the King's come!

Chorus.

"Carle, now the King's come!
Carle, now the King's come!
Thou shall dance, and I will sing
Carle, now the King's come!

"Auld England held him lang and fast;
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;
But Scotland's turn is come at last—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Auld Reekie, in her vokelay grey,
Thought never to have seen the day;
He's been a weary time away—
But, Carle, now the King's come!"

The writer then calls upon "Bauld Lothian," the "young Buccleugh," the "kind and gay Haddington," "Athole," "Morton,"

"Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;
Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death;"

Clerk, Wemyss, Rosebery, Breadalbane, "Stately Niddrie," Melville, Elcho, Hope, Cockburn, the "Gallant Greys," then quartered in Edinburgh, to attend the gathering. He then refers to the late Duke of Gordon.

"Cock o' the North, my Huntley bra',
Where are you with the Forty-twa?
Ah! wae's my heart that ye're awa.
Carle, now the King's come!"

Scott then "pokes his fun" at the doctors and lawyers.

"My Doctors, look that you agree,
Cure a' the town without a fee;
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea—
Carle, now the King's come!"

Concluding with the following homage to the bonnie lassies of Scotland:—

"My daughters, come with ee'n sae blue,
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew;
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you.

"I'll show him wit, I'll show him fair,
And gallant lads and lasses fair,
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?
Carle, now the King's come!"

Byron, in the Age of Bronze, alludes to the royal visit in rather a different style from that of the "Magician of the North."

"My muse 'gan weep, but ere a tear was spilt,
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan,
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman.
Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
While all the Common Council cry 'Claymore!'

> To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
> Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt,
> She bursts into a laughter so extreme,
> That I awoke—and lo! it was no dream."

George the Fourth is said to have been somewhat annoyed, on entering the *levée* room at Holyrood, in full Stuart tartan, to see only one figure similarly attired (and of equal bulk), that of Sir William Curtis. The City knight had everything complete, even the *knife* stuck in the garter. He asked the King if he did not think him well dressed. "Yes," replied His Majesty; "only you have no *spoon* in your hose." This devourer of turtle, "this witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal," had a splendid engraving executed of himself in his Celtic attire.

MONARCHS:

WILLIAM IV.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DUKE OF CLARENCE—ACCOMPANY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TO BUSHY PARK—HE VISITS THE CAVALRY BARRACKS, WINDSOR—I FALL UNDER HIS DISPLEASURE—AM RECONCILED—THE ADMIRALTY—LORD HIGH ADMIRALS—JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, CHARLES II., PRINCE RUPERT, JAMES II., GEORGE, PRINCE OF DENMARK, WILLIAM HENRY, DUKE OF CLARENCE—DUKE OF EDINBURGH—MRS. JORDAN, "THALIA'S FAVOURITE DAUGHTER"—A REJECTED LOVER—MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE—HIS POPULARITY AND DEVOTION TO HIS PROFESSION—HIS DEATH.

"I love the sailor, his eventful life,
His generous spirit, his contempt of danger,
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, the strife;
And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
God grant he may make that port, when life is o'er,
Where storms are hushed, and billows break no more."

COTTON.

SHORTLY after my return from France in the year 1816, and when staying with my elder brother at Molecombe, for Goodwood had been shut up during my father's absence in Belgium, I rode over to Bognor. My first visit was to the library, knowing that I should there hear all the news of this then thriving watering-place. "We are quite full," said Miss Charlotte Binstead, who was then

as pretty a girl as you would wish to meet on a Summer's day, "we have His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and the Fitzclarences very beautiful young ladies; Lord and Lady Ashbrook, Captains Samuel and George Pechell, and others, who are on a visit to Mrs. Smith, at Berstead Lodge; then Lord Arran's house is full, and yesterday it was so fine that we really might call it quite a Bond Street day."

I must here enlighten my readers by pointing out that, some fifty-five years ago, Bond Street, London, was the resort of the fashionable set. Scarcely had Miss Charlotte concluded her panegyric on Bognor, during which panegyric she had prevailed upon me to subscribe to two half-crown lotteries, one for a wax doll, and the other for a lady's work-box, when a loud hearty laugh proclaimed the entrance of a gentleman, followed by a large party. "His Royal Highness, I declare!" said the proprietress of this book and fancy emporium, at the same time putting on one of her bewitching smiles. I turned round, took off my hat, was immediately recognised by the Duke, to whom I had been presented at a levée. "How did you leave the Duke of Wellington? How long have you returned from Cambray? What regiment are you in? How are Lord and Lady March?" my elder brother had not then succeeded to the dukedom. "Are you staying at Molecombe?"

After replying to the above questions, and a variety of others, I was about to take my leave, when His Royal Highness called Mrs. Smith aside;

what occurred I know not, but the result was a very pressing invitation, upon her part, that I should join the party at Berstead Lodge, and remain as long as the Duke of Clarence honoured her with his presence. "We shall see you at dinner to-day," said the good-humoured, kind-hearted sailor; "if you get under weigh at once, you will be able to get to Molecombe and back, we don't dine till half-past six;" *en parenthèse*, at that period considered a very late hour. I had little difficulty in obeying the agreeable summons, for I ordered a flyman to drive off leisurely to Molecombe, there to wait to bring me back, I trotting on to prepare everything for my visit. The fortnight I passed at Berstead Lodge was one of the most delightful I ever passed; when fine we sailed in a small cutter, steered by Captain George Pechell, afterwards member for Brighton. We made excursions by land to Arundel Castle, Goodwood, Slinden, Chichester, and other places of interest; in the evening we had music, for Lady Ashbrook was one of the most accomplished harpists of the day, and when the ladies retired, a light supper followed, during which symposium the Duke recounted his adventures at sea, told us anecdotes of those he had served under, laughed, jested, and kept the whole company in a state of delight, until the clock on the tower reminded His Royal Highness that it was time to seek his "hammock," as he nautically termed it. Before the party broke up an invitation reached the Duke from the Earl of Egremont, expressing a hope that he

would honour him with a visit at Petworth previous to his return to Bushey Park.

"What are you going to do for the next fortnight?" asked His Royal Highness one morning at breakfast. I replied, "that I should probably remain at Molecombe until my leave expired in a month's time." "Then," continued he, "I will take you and George Pechell to Petworth. The young ladies are going home, and I shall rejoin them after my visit there." I expressed my thanks, when His Royal Highness added, "You are a dancing man, and as there is to be a ball at Hampton Court, the week after next, you had better accompany me to Bushey Park, and you can attend it." I was charmed with my visit to Petworth, for the late Earl of Egremont was a great patron of art, and possessed a fine gallery of ancient and modern pictures. From thence we proceeded to Bushey, where nothing could exceed the hospitality of the Duke; his daughters were all at home, and handsomer or more agreeable young ladies I never met.

At last the day of my departure arrived, and on taking leave of His Royal Highness, he expressed a hope that as the head-quarters of my regiment was stationed at Windsor, though I was at an out-quarter at Maidenhead, I should visit the Ashbrooks at Beaumont Lodge, near Egham, during his stay there. This wish was fortunately accomplished, and I passed a very delightful time there. From thence I accompanied His Royal Highness to Nuneham Courtnay, and Oxford, returning to

Beaumont Lodge. During the whole of the above time no one could be more affable, more good-natured, or more kind than he who afterwards became sailor-king. He was constantly, to use a familiar but rather vulgar expression, "chaffing" me, which I bore with the greatest good-humour, never, even when the utmost hilarity prevailed, taking the slightest liberty with His Royal Highness. Despite this precaution, I managed unintentionally to get into trouble. One day when I had ridden over from Maidenhead to St. Leonard's Hill, in plain clothes, which we always did when merely going out for a ride, I met a brother officer who told me that the Duke of Clarence had driven over to the Windsor Cavalry Barracks, and was asking for me. I immediately proceeded there, and ascertained that His Royal Highness was with the officers in the mess-room. Upon entering it, the Duke came up to me and abruptly inquired why I was not in uniform. I replied that being stationed at out-quarters, and having merely ridden over to St. Leonard's Hill to leave cards at Lord Harcourt's, I adopted the dress which was usual in my regiment. "No business to be out of uniform," said His Royal Highness.

Seeing then that the Duke's dial-plate (as Sam Slick calls it) was not "set fair," I attempted to justify myself by saying had I been aware that His Royal Highness was about to honour the barracks with his presence I should have appeared in uniform, but that having accidentally heard I was asked for, I had not had time to go back to

Maidenhead to change my dress. Nothwithstanding this appeal, I evidently saw that I was in great disgrace, and that the Duke thought I had offered him a slight. "I should like to see a troop stable, and one of the men's rooms," he said, to Colonel Athorpe, then in temporary command of the regiment, "Lord William Lennox shall act as my orderly." Off His Royal Highness started to see the men and horses, accompanied by myself, when a series of questions were put to me that might have puzzled an older and more experienced head than mine, for I had only very recently joined my regiment. Fortunately I could inform the royal inquirer the average height of men and horses, the weight the latter carried in light field-day or heavy marching order, the number of mounted men per troop, the price we gave for the horses, and when a difficult question arose, knowing that the Duke could not set me right, I hazarded a random answer, which fully answered the purpose. After a very severe cross-examination, the Duke got a little more affable, and turning to me said, "Well, you do appear to know your duty."

No further allusion was made to my appearing in what, in military phraseology, is called "mufti," although it was not forgotten by His Royal Highness. A few months afterwards I was appointed aide-de-camp to my father, who was about to proceed to Canada as Governor-general of the Provinces, and just before our departure I was riding in the Park, when I met the Duke of Clarence. As a

matter of course I took off my hat, and was riding on, when he hailed me, very much after man-of-war fashion. "Going to Canada I hear," he remarked. "It will do you good, you will learn discipline; you remember what I told you at Windsor, when you appeared out of uniform." Still harping upon that unfortunate day, said I to myself, what can I answer? Fortunately, at that moment, His Royal Highness's attention was attracted by a battalion of the Guards, in which his son Frederick held a commission, returning from a field-day, so shaking me warmly by the hand he wished me a prosperous voyage. I cannot say that his wishes were fulfilled, for our passage was long, tedious, and dangerous, forming a wonderful contrast to a transatlantic voyage in the present day.

It may not be uninteresting to give here the log of H.M. Frigate 'Iphigenia,' Captain Hyde Parker, slightly condensed. "June 18th, 1818, Spithead, three p.m. Duke of Richmond and suite came on board, 6.15 weighed and made sail, got foul of a ship at anchor, weighed and cleared her; June 21st, 7.30 p.m, shortened sail and anchored in fourteen fathoms in Mevagissey Bay; June 23rd, 6 p.m., weighed and proceeded; June 30th, supplied a Spanish brig with provisions; July 3rd, spoke an English brig; July 22nd, 3 p.m., made signal for pilot off Green Island, 7 p.m., anchored; July 23rd, 3.30 a.m., weighed and made sail, anchored, found ship drifting, weighed, received pilot, anchored, 3.30 p.m., weighed and made sail, 8 p.m., shortened sail and anchored;

July 28th, light air and cloudy; July 29th, weighed 7.20 a.m., and made sail, moderate breeze and fine, 5.30, p.m., anchored off Quebec, 6.30., the Governor-general left the ship."

The "Iphigenia" had a better run home with Sir John Sherbrooke on board, for she sailed on the 12th of August, and arrived at Spithead on the 2nd of September, namely in twenty-one days, while we were forty-two. I have digressed.

Let me return to the subject of this memoir. Before, however, renewing my personal reminiscences, I will briefly record the deeds of those royal sailors who, like the Duke of Clarence :—

> "The splendour of courts have resigned
> For the seaman's rude cot changed their cradles of down,
> And soft airs for the rude roaring wind."

The Admiralty Office dates from 1513, when Henry VIII. appointed commissioners to inspect his ships of war. In 1662 the Admiralty was first put into commission, the great officers of State being the commissioners. During the Commonwealth, the Admiralty affairs were managed by a Committee of the Parliament; and at the Restoration, in the year 1660, James, Duke of York, became Lord High Admiral. In 1684 Charles II. held the Admiralty in his own hands until his death, when James II. made himself Lord High Admiral. In 1688-9 the Admiralty was a second time put into Commission, and the Board appears to have assembled at Admiral Herbert's lodgings in Channel Row, Westminster, he being at that time First Lord. The names of the royal personages who

have held the post include, James, Duke of York. Charles II., Prince Rupert, James II., George, Prince of Denmark, William Henry, Duke of Clarence.

I will commence with Charles II. who, though not strictly in chronological order, must be noticed as being the first of the Royal family of England who went afloat.

Charles, although twice at the head of the Admiralty, was more of a yachtsman than a seaman, and evidently preferred the gilded saloons of Whitehall and Hampton Court, with now and then a visit to Tunbridge Wells and Newmarket, to the monotony of the quarter-deck. I however find that in 1648 it was arranged that Charles, then Prince of Wales, should put himself at the head of the Scotch as soon as they entered England. He was accordingly preparing himself for that destination, when the portion of the fleet lying in the Downs, consisting of seventeen ships and frigates, declared in favour of the king. The crews having put their officers on shore, and chosen new commanders from among themselves, sailed for Holland, where the Duke of York then was.

On their arrival, they sent to inform the Duke what had happened. He immediately went to them, and remained on board till his brother came by sea from France, and himself took command of the squadron, which in a few days returned to England, leaving the Duke at the Hague with his sister, the Princess of Orange. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Rupert, the Lords Willoughby

of Parham, Colepeper, and Hopton sailed to Yarmouth, and thence to the Downs, proceeding into the Thames in order to encourage the King's party in the City, and to make the people clamorous for a peace. Here he took some prizes of considerable value, for which he apologized in a letter to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen; and soon afterwards published "a declaration to all His Majesty's loving subjects concerning the grounds and ends of his present engagement upon the fleet in the Downs."

The fleet of Prince Charles, except the prizes taken by it, hurt its adversaries but little. Faction, so fatal to weak bodies, entered into it, and rendered it insignificant; for it left the Downs on the approach of the enemy, and sailed to Holland, where it no longer was an object of terror. The Prince, having been severely reprimanded by the House of Peers for encouraging the Scotch invasion, the English insurrections, and the naval reports, shortly afterwards left the squadron and retired to the Hague.

I shall have again to refer to Charles, and the part he took in the naval affairs of this country when ruling over its destinies, and shall now proceed to notice the claims he has as a Royal yachtsman. Of course I need not remind my readers that the yachts of the reign of Queen Victoria are as different from those of the "Merry Monarch" as Nelson's ship the 'Victory' was from the 'Great Harry,' built by order of Henry VIII., or as the Arrow yacht is from a Dutch galliot.

Pepys, who was Secretary to the Admiralty

during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., thus writes:—"Mr. Grant showed me letters of Sir William Petty's, wherein he says that his vessel, which he hath built upon two keeles (a model whereof, built for the king, he showed me), hath this month won a wager of £50, in sailing between Dublin and Holyhead with the pacquet boat, the best ship or vessel the king hath there; and he offers to lay with any vessel in the world. It is about thirty tons in burden, and carries thirty men, with good accommodation (as much more as any ship of her burden), and so any vessels of this figure shall carry more men, with better accommodation by half, than any other ship. This carries also ten guns of about five tons weight. In their coming back from Holyhead they started together, and this vessel came to Dublin by five at night, and the pacquet boat not before eight the next morning, and when they came, they did believe that this vessel had been drowned, or at least behind, not thinking that she could have lived in that sea."

Strange things are told of this vessel, and the builder concludes his letter thus:—"I only affirm that the perfection of sailing lies in my principle, find it who can."

What measurements were used in 1663, I know not; but from the number of men and guns, I should put down Petty's crack ship at, at least, three hundred tons. Charles II. had a yacht which he called the 'Fubbs,' after one of his numerous though rather *embonpoint* favourites.

I now turn to James, Duke of York, and Prince

Rupert, a naturalized Englishman. When on February 22nd, 1665, Charles II. declared war against Holland, his fleet, consisting of one hundred and fourteen sail, besides fire-ships and ketches, was commanded by the Duke of York, and, under him, by Prince Rupert, and was manned by about twenty thousand men. Opdam, the Admiral of the Dutch navy, with a nearly equal force, gave battle to the English on the 3rd of June. When in the heat of action, and engaged in close fight with the Duke of York, Opdam's ship blew up. This untoward event much discouraged the Dutch, who fled towards their own coast. Tromp alone, son of the celebrated admiral, bravely resisted with his squadron the efforts of the English, and protected the rear of his countrymen. The vanquished had nineteen ships sunk and taken; the victors lost only one. During the action the Duke was conspicuous for his bravery; he was long in the thickest of the fire. The Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle were killed by one shot by his side.

In the month of August of the same year the command of the navy devolved upon Sandwich, the Duke having gone ashore. Our maritime power was then considerably weakened, and a severe check given to our naval success in this war with the Dutch by the disastrous affair of Bergen, where, from the King of Denmark's delay in sending orders to the Governor, or from his avidity in endeavouring to get the lion's share of the booty which he and Charles had secretly agreed to share between them, the

English Admiral, though he behaved with great bravery, failed of his purpose.

After France had declared war in 1666, England was evidently overmatched in force, yet she possessed this advantage, that she lay between the fleets of her enemies, and might be able, by well-concerted and immediate operations, to prevent their junction; but owing to the want of energy this circumstance turned rather to her prejudice. Louis had given orders to the Duc de Beaufort, his Admiral, to sail from Toulon, and the French squadron under his command, consisting of about forty sail, was now commonly supposed to be entering the Channel. The Dutch fleet, to the number of seventy-six sail, was at sea under the command of De Ruyter and Tromp, in order to join him. The Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert commanded the English fleet, which did not exceed seventy-four sail. Albemarle, who from his successes had learned to underrate the enemy, proposed to despatch Prince Rupert with twenty ships in order to oppose the Duc de Beaufort. Sir George Ayscue protested against the temerity of this resolution, but Albemarle's authority prevailed. Early in June Prince Rupert took part in an action against the Dutch, and although, owing to a mist coming on, it may be termed a drawn battle, the English were conspicuous for their bravery. It was only the conjunction of the French that could give a decided superiority to the Dutch, and in order to facilitate this conjunction, De Ruyter, having repaired his fleet, posted himself at the mouth of

the Thames. The English, under Rupert and Albemarle, were not long in coming to the attack; the numbers of each fleet amounted to about eighty sail, and on the 25th of July a fierce and obstinate engagement took place, which ended in the defeat of the Dutch. Shortly afterwards the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, cruised near the Straits of Dover, when Rupert came full sail on them; but the Dutch admiral, thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, declined the combat, and retired into St. John's Road, near Boulogne, thus sheltering himself both from the English and from a furious storm which was coming on; Prince Rupert, too, was obliged to retire into St. Helens to repair the damage he had sustained.

In the year 1673 a fleet was equipped, of which Prince Rupert was declared Admiral, and being then allied with France, a French squadron joined them, commanded by D'Estrées. This combined fleet set sail towards the coast of Holland, and found the enemy lying at anchor within the sands of Schonvelt. An action took place on the 28th of May, and another on the 4th of June, when both sides claimed the victory. Prince Rupert was suspected to have been rather luke-warm with respect to the King's projects for subduing Holland, as he did not press so hard on the enemy as his well-known valour gave reason to expect. If the Prince was not favourable to the designs of the Court, he enjoyed as little favour from that Court, or rather from the Duke of York, who, though he could no longer command the fleet, still possessed the chief

authority in the Admiralty. The Prince complained of a total want of everything—powder, shot, provisions, beer, and even water; and he went into harbour that he might refit his ships, and supply their numerous necessities. After some weeks he was refitted, and again put to sea. The hostile fleets met at the mouth of the Texel, August 11th, and fought the last battle in this war, which had been carried on, during the course of so many years, between these neighbouring maritime Powers. In this action Rupert was opposed to De Ruyter, and after a close and bloody engagement he threw the enemy into disorder; to increase it, he sent among them two fire-ships, and at the same time made a signal to the French to bear down, which if they had attended to, a decisive victory must have ensued. The Prince, when he found his signal fail, and became aware that most of his ships were in no condition to keep the sea long, wisely provided for their safety by making easy sail towards the English coast, the victory remaining doubtful. Peace with Holland was proclaimed in London on the 27th of February, 1674, and with it ended Rupert's naval career. Rupert died in November, 1684. Few naval men exceeded him in heroism, but his successes were rather the reward of his daring courage than of great genius or clever tactics.

In 1702, George, Prince of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, was invested with the title of Generalissimo of all the Queen's forces by sea and land, and afterwards created Lord High Admiral. Between the period when Prince George was ap-

pointed Lord High Admiral and his death in October, 1708, several naval engagements were fought, but I do not find that he took part in any of them. I now approach the sailor-king, William IV.

Prince William Henry, on the 15th of June, 1779, entered as midshipman on board the 'Prince George,' of ninety-eight guns, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Robert Digby, at Spithead.

On the 16th of June, the 'Prince George' got under weigh, and proceeded down the Channel to Torbay, where the grand fleet, consisting of thirty-seven sail of the line, under the command of Sir Charles Hardy, lay at anchor. On the 18th of July, the whole, in three divisions, made sail to the westward, in order to prevent the junction of the French and Spanish squadrons, commanded by D'Orvilliers and Cordova. But though it does not seem that there was any want of vigilance on the part of the English admirals, the Spaniards succeeded in getting into Brest.

A ludicrous event occurred on board the 'Royal George,' which may be taken as a fair exemplification of the sentiments of the blue-jackets at that period. When the English fleet, under a press of sail, bore away from their opponents, a boatswain's mate on board the 'Royal George' stepped over the ship's bows and lashed a double hammock fast round the figure-head of the King. "What are you doing there?" says a lieutenant on the forecastle. "Only securing his peepers," replied Jack. "Peepers! what do you mean?" exclaims the officer. "Why," replied the man, "we aren't

ordered to break the old boy's heart, are we? I'm sure if the King once gets a sight of this here day's work, and knows that we have run away like cowardly lubbers, it will be the death of him, poor soul!"

Prince William was present when Rodney captured a Spanish convoy of sixteen ships, laden with stores; together with seven men-of-war, which had them under protection. One of the prizes, a sixty-four-gun ship, was named by the Admiral 'The Prince William,' in respect to His Royal Highness.

During the time the Prince was at sea, he was remarkable for a playfulness of manner and an incessant turn for humour and frolic. This led him into a scrape, for having played one of his boyish practical jokes upon another middy, he was surprised at its being received in a hostile spirit. The paternal admonitions of Polonius to his son were fully impressed upon the mind of the royal "reefer," and he resolved, having got into a quarrel, "to behave himself so that the opposer might beware of him." The offended middy, nephew of the Admiral and son of a gentleman of large estate in Dorsetshire, threw down the gauntlet, which was instantly taken up by the Prince. This movement was succeeded by several hard-fought rounds, terminated, as they should have been, by a *redintegratio amoris.*

Prince William passed the Winter of 1781 and 1782 in the city of New York, during which period a daring plan was formed, by some adventurous

partisans of the revolutionary army, to pounce upon him and carry him off. The deviser of this plan was Colonel Ogden, a gallant officer who had served with great bravery in the revolutionary army from the commencement of the war. The project was however defeated, some inkling of the danger having reached Sir Henry Clinton, then in New York, and Commander of the British Forces. Being desirous of a more active life than he spent at New York, the Prince requested permission of Admiral Digby to go on board the 'Warwick' of fifty guns, then commanded by Captain Elphinstone, afterwards Lord Keith. The Admiral consented, and in that ship he continued for about three or four months, cruising chiefly between Long Island and the Lakes of Virginia. While thus employed, Captain Elphinstone had the good fortune, off the Delaware, to capture a French frigate, a corvette, and their prize. From the 'Warwick,' Prince William was placed under the command of Sir Samuel Hood, in the 'Barfleur.' On the 30th November, 1782, hostilities ceased, and the Prince returned to England.

On the 17th June, 1785, a full board of Admiralty was held, for the examination of His Royal Highness as to his qualifications, preparatory to his receiving the commission of a lieutenant. So strict indeed was the King on this, as well as on every occasion which affected the public service, that upon no account would he allow any distinction to be made between his son and other young candidates for promotion. In truth, however, there was not

the slightest call for any such indulgence in the present instance; and Lord Howe, who presided in person at the board, told His Majesty, afterwards, that he had great pleasure in saying, "The Prince was every inch a sailor." His commission of third lieutenant of the 'Hebe' frigate was then made out, signed, and delivered to His Royal Highness with all formality. After serving some time in the 'Hebe' as second lieutenant, he was removed to the 'Pegasus,' of twenty-eight guns, and on the 10th April, 1786, the Prince received his commission as post-captain of that ship, lying at Plymouth. During his stay there he became a member of the Society of Freemasons, being initiated in due form in the Lodge, No. 86, then held at the Prince George Inn in that town.

The 'Pegasus' sailed from Plymouth, accompanied by the 'Druid' and the 'Rose', for Guernsey, and in the month of June, 1786, parted company with these vessels and steered for Newfoundland, and from thence to Halifax, in Nova Scotia. The Prince's stay at Halifax was short; he arrived there on the 8th October, and in the middle of the following month the 'Pegasus' anchored in English Harbour, Antigua, where His Royal Highness met Nelson, then the senior officer on the Leeward Island station. Nelson had a high opinion of the sailor Prince, for in a letter to Captain Locker, he writes. "In his professional line, he is superior to nearly two-thirds I am sure of the list, and in attention to orders, and respect to his superior officer, I hardly know his equal." Again Nelson

says:—"His Royal Highness keeps up strict discipline in his ship, and without paying him any compliment, she is one of the finest-ordered frigates I have seen."

Unfortunately, when the Prince was deprived of the advice of Nelson, who had taken him under a sort of parental guidance, by the latter being ordered to England, His Royal Highness, being left to act upon his own judgment, did what much older men in the service might perhaps have been guilty of in similar circumstances. Instead of waiting for instructions from the Admiralty, or placing himself under the orders of the commanding officer on the next station, he ran through the Gulf of Florida to Halifax, from whence he was ordered to Quebec. This destination was considered a kind of exile, and the Prince ill brooking the idea of being locked up for a whole Winter in the ice of the river St. Lawrence, bid adieu to Canada and steered for England, though his term of service wanted fully six months of its completion. After encountering bad weather and dense fogs, the 'Pegasus' entered the Cove of Cork on the 3rd December, 1787. On nearing land, His Royal Highness, aware of the state in which he stood and the censure to which he was liable, prepared despatches to be transmitted home immediately by his friend, Charles, Duke of Rutland, who when he sailed was Viceroy of Ireland. But here His Royal Highness was fated to experience a severe disappointment, for the first news that saluted him was the intelligence of the death of the Duke six

weeks before. The Prince was deeply grieved at this sad intelligence, both on private and public grounds; no alternative was then left but to send the despatches to the Marquis of Buckingham, successor to the Duke of Rutland, and by him, they were forwarded, without delay, to the Admiralty.

The Earl of Chatham, the First Lord, and the other Commissioners immediately assembled, and sent off a messenger with the letter which the Prince had written to his royal father, in justification of his general conduct abroad, and in defence of the measure he had adopted of returning home without leave. The next morning, the King came to London, and held a council, the result of which was an immediate order for the 'Pegasus' to proceed to Plymouth. On the 27th December the frigate came into the Hamoaze, at Plymouth, after an absence of eighteen months; and the next day she went into dock to repair. When the Prince landed at Plymouth, it was with the intention of proceeding immediately to London; great then was his chagrin to find that he was interdicted from leaving the harbour of Plymouth till he received permission so to do from the Admiralty Board. The 'Pegasus' was, therefore, kept in commission, and the Prince ordered to remain for the purpose of superintending those repairs of which she stood in need. Finally, the adjudication of the Board of Admiralty was that the Prince should continue within the limits of Plymouth garrison for as many months as he had been absent from his station, and then to be

sent abroad again to Halifax and the West Indies. The sentence was communicated in due form to the Prince, who submitted to the decree without impugning its justice.

In the summer, the 'Andromeda' frigate was put in commission, and the command given to Prince Henry, but under the special direction of Admiral Gower. The 'Andromeda,' after cruising some weeks in the Channel, proceeded again to sea for Halifax. From Halifax she sailed to the West Indies. In April, 1789, the Prince landed at Spithead, and immediately proceeded to Windsor, where he met with a most affectionate welcome from the King and Queen. A fortnight afterwards he was created Duke of Clarence, and of St. Andrews, in the Kingdom of Great Britain, and Earl of Munster in the Kingdom of Ireland. In the Summer of 1789 a rupture with Spain was threatened, and the most active exertions were made to prepare the Channel fleet for sea, under the command of Admiral Barrington. The Duke of Clarence was appointed to the 'Valiant' of seventy-four guns. Spain, however, agreed to repair the injury complained of, and an amicable arrangement followed. The 'Valiant' was then paid off, and her commander raised to the rank of Rear-admiral of the Blue Squadron.

Our Navy is very different now from what it was in the days of William IV., wooden walls have given way to ironclads; happily, however, the lines of the "Ocean Bard," "Hearts of oak are our men," are still applicable to the blue-jackets, who,

wherever they are called upon, "will fight and will conquer again and again." England will rue the day that sees her Navy reduced by those "cheese-paring" "penny wise and pound foolish" men, who on the score of economy would advocate a small fleet and a small army. With an efficient Navy and a strong available Reserve Force, ready at a short notice, our sea-girt island may feel safe against any foreign invasion; still it must be admitted that a vague feeling of insecurity has long been lurking in the minds of many who cannot be accused of want of courage, and this feeling will be increased when we daily read that foreign nations are making strong efforts to compete with us in warlike vessels. Unless the Government is thoroughly alive to the condition of things, and sees that both in quality and quantity our ironclads are more than a match for any two nations combined, that our coast defences are strong, that our ships are well officered and well manned, and that our naval reserve force is rendered truly formidable, it will have fallen short of a clear line of duty and be deserving of censure and punishment. The present First Lord of the Admiralty will soon gain for himself the title of the "sailor's friend," for it is evidently his wish to do all he can to promote the comfort of our blue-jackets. There can be no doubt that the training ships are doing much for the navy; the training of a sailor before he goes to sea should be such as to establish sound health, firm muscle, and steady nerve; moreover, he should be practical, and to

some extent scientific, and the vocation of a British tar is so noble, so indispensable, that every encouragement should be given to induce the best of our vigorous youth to enter the navy, where even before the mast they may by exemplary conduct gain promotion. The days of pressgangs are gone by, corporal punishment is considerably diminished, and drunkenness has decreased. The whole tone of the service is improved, and Jack when he returns from a long voyage will find homes, clubs, and institutes open to receive him, where he will be well fed and looked after, and where he can lay by his earnings, instead of squandering them in the grog-shops and low public-houses.

No one was ever more popular on board ship than Prince William Henry, alike with his captain, the lieutenants, and his brother "mids." He was active on duty, and entered with the greatest spirit into the pranks of the mischievous urchins with whom he associated. I have already referred to a regular stand up fight between the Prince and another young "reefer," in which His Royal Highness got the worst of it; but he was not of a resentful nature, and the two combatants in after-life became sworn friends. Dibdin gives the following description of the Royal tar:

"Able seaman, smart middy, lieutenant, and post,
By experience he gained every grade,
And no sovereign but ours of a son e'er could boast.
Such a tar as our William was made.

When commodore, admiral—ranks bravely won,
For through each by desert did he pass—
From the hour which he only stood last at his gun,
To the day he rose first of his class.
With Digby, Keate, Rodney, and Hardy how oft
Up the shrouds of true honour he ran;
While Britain, exulting, beheld him aloft,
By his worth, not the rank of the man!"

In the year 1814, the Duke of Clarence, in the 'Impregnable,' as Admiral of the Fleet, had command of the naval escort that attended the Allied Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia on their visit to the Prince Regent, and escorted Louis XVIII. across the Channel on the restoration of that monarch to his kingdom. In 1327 he was appointed Lord High Admiral, which office he resigned in the following year, after having gained the greatest popularity by the promotion of one hundred and twenty-seven lieutenants to the rank of commander. The elevation of the "bluff sailor" to the throne was regarded by the profession to which he had belonged with extraordinary gratification. England had not seen a naval sovereign since James II., and the people generally anticipated a glorious reign from the frankness of character which they had always found a prominent feature in this true type of a British sailor. Dibdin continued his panegyric on the Duke's accession to the throne:

"When regal succession encircled his brow
With that crown he oft sailed to defend,
Once obedient to others, commanding them now,
Of our tars he's the father and friend;

Brave hearts, who, as he did, knew how to obey,
With distinction to hail he delights;
And age won by service, old Greenwich can say,
He protects in their comforts and rights,
While gratitude renders the toughest heart soft,
When to recompense worth, is the plan;
Of our blue-jacket King, in our hearts throned aloft,
Not for rank, but desert as a man."

The office of Lord High Admiral, revived in 1827 after a sleep of a century, was conferred by patent (similar to that of Prince George of Denmark) upon the Duke of Clarence. He was thought by Wellington to have mixed up with the business of his office too much jaunting and cruising about, presenting colours and shows on sea and land, "More expensive and foolish than in any way serviceable." On a long account of travelling expenses being sent into the Treasury, the Prime Minister endorsed the paper, "No travelling expenses allowed to the Lord High Admiral."

I cannot conclude my brief notice of royal sailors without referring to one who has endeared himhimself to all classes of society, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. His first cruise was in the 'Galatea' frigate, in 1867. As a sailor, the Duke is extremely popular, affable, energetic, and kind, he is moreover an excellent violinist, and delighted his crew on the deck of the 'Galatea' as much as he has charmed a more fastidious audience at the Royal Albert Hall. The poet sings:

"Would you know the ingredients that make up a tar?
Take of courage and truth *quantum suff*,
A soul unsubdued by toil, tempest, and war,
And a body of durable stuff:

A temper quite easy—yet firm in a squall—
When Boreas, that blustering railer,
Blows great guns that shiver stays, braces, and all
Save the heart of a true British sailor."

Those who have served with the Duke, could certainly name their royal and gallant "skipper" as one who possesses the "heart of a true British sailor," and they might further add:

"His form is of the manliest beauty,
His heart is kind and soft.
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

Sincerely do I hope it will be long ere the last line of the poet is realized. But then

"Some sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack."

I apologize to His Royal Highness for alluding to him as "poor Jack," but, knowing his love for the service, I do not think he will be offended at being associated with even a humble blue-jacket.

To resume, after my return to England in 1820, I constantly met the Duke of Clarence, and again had the honour to be invited to Bushey Park. There was a portrait in the dining-room from which I could scarcely take my eyes; it was that of Mrs. Jordan, painted when she was in the height of her beauty and popularity. I once saw this fascinating actress as Peggy in the "Country Girl," and although I was young at the time, I fully remembered her silver-toned voice, her unsophisticated manner, her joyous laugh, her tenderness, her exuberant spirits, and then "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream," for I could not

forget that she died at St. Cloud in poverty and obscurity, a sad termination to the brilliant theatrical career which she had so long enjoyed. Of her it was truly said :

"Her smile was by a thousand smiles repaid,
Her art was nature, governed by thy laws,
To acts of good full oft she lent her aid;
Her talents gained her thus, with hands, the heart's applause."

The Duke, although he saw me gazing constantly at the portrait, never alluded to the subject of it, but I rather think he must have given a hint to his private secretary and treasurer, who one morning entered fully into the question, declaring that the allowance to Mrs. Jordan was was always paid by himself for the Duke in advance, and that if Mrs. Jordan, for whom he said His Royal Highness entertained the highest regard, died in want, neither the Duke nor himself was made acquainted with her difficulties.

Previous to this Mrs. Jordan's situation had become a matter of notoriety, nor could it well be otherwise, when she herself made an ostentatious display of the pride of conquest. So far was this vanity carried, that on the 22nd of March, 1790, she chose for her benefit Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant," evidently because the princely connection of Celia, the character she played, resembled her own. To make, however, the comparison more striking, she spoke the following epilogue written expressly for her by Henry Bunbury, a wit of that day.

"How strange! methinks I hear a critic say,
What, SHE the serious heroine of a play!

The manager his want of sense evinces!
To pitch on *Hoydens* for the love of Princes;
To trick out *chambermaids* in awkward pomp;
Horrid! to make a PRINCESS of a *romp*.
"Depend upon't," replies indulgent John,
"Some d—d good-natured friend has set her on:"
"Pooh!" says old Surly, "I shall now expect
To see Jack Pudding treated with respect,
Cobblers in curricles alarm the Strand,
Or my Lord Chancellor drive six in hand."
"But I've a precedent—can quote the book—
Czar Peter made an empress of a cook."
There—now you're dumb, Sir, nothing left to say,
Why, changing is the fashion of the day,
There Monsieur Bowkit leaves, ha! ha! the dance,
To read Ma'amselle a lecture on *finance*.
The nation's debts, each hairdresser can scan 'em,
And Friz in WAYS and MEANS with hard pomatum;
Beaux lay down lap dogs to take up the pen,
And patriot Misses urge the *rights of men*."
Squat o'er their coals, sage fishwomen debate,
Dealing at once in politics and skate,
And shrewdly mixing to each taste, the dish,
With fresh and stale—*philosophy* and *fish*.
If such odd changes you can gravely see,
Why not allow a transient change in me?
The charms that mirth despotic makes to-night,
In grief may shine more eminently bright,
More killing still the gaudy Miss be seen,
Black as a crow, all *love and bombasin*.
Say, my fair friends, what change has more success,
In catching lovers, than a change of dress?
Caps, hats, and bonnets, fashion's pack of hounds,
Each in its turn the trembling wretch surrounds;
One day you wound him with a civic crown;
Another, with a tucker knock him down.
In cruel *pink*, to-night your game pursue—
To-morrow pommel him in black and blue,
Now in a *turque*, now *en chemise*, assail him,
Till the poor devil flounders, and you nail him.
If I my *frock* have chang'd with some success,
And gained admirers in this regal dress;

If faithful Celia should your favour prove;
If pleased, you listen to her constant love,
If, tir'd with laugh, a sigh of pity ease you,
I'll be a very weathercock to please you:
The grave, the gay, alternately pursue.
Fix'd but in this—my gratitude to you."

The death of Mrs. Jordan at Paris excited less notice than might have been expected from the peculiar circumstances of her private history and professional character. After seven years, however, had passed away, public attention was drawn to the case of this unfortunate woman by the announcement of a dividend of five shillings in the pound to her creditors. Upon this, the daily Press opened its batteries with extraordinary vehemence against the illustrious personage, the father of her children. Some explanation, therefore, became indispensably necessary, to remove the impression made by these attacks; and accordingly, Mr. Barton, of the Mint, the confidential friend of the Royal Duke for thirty-six years, published an elaborate refutation of the evil reports that were in circulation.

This was all very well, but it must in fairness be allowed that the case of Mrs. Jordan was a distressing one, and I will not attempt to remove this blot on the escutcheon of the Duke of Clarence, for to the last, under any circumstance, he ought not to have deserted her.

But I will not dwell upon this painful affair

The death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales had opened a prospect to the throne to other members of the Royal Family, and the Duke of

Clarence, among others, was looking out for an alliance, thinking possibly that his offspring might succeed in one day ruling over the destinies of this country. In the year 1818 His Royal Highness made an offer of marriage to Miss Wykeham, who accepted him. The Prince Regent, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, sought an interview with the Queen at Windsor, to inform her of the happy event, who received the intimation with the most marked hostility. The Council, who sat twice upon the business, also determined to oppose it. So anxious was His Royal Highness to carry out his matrimonial views, that he proposed to announce them officially to the Privy Council, and forwarded the notification. Before, however, it was entered, the Prince sent to him, and with the Chancellor, Lord Eldon, urged him strongly to reconsider it. He then requested a day to consider, still determining to proceed in his intention; but in the meantime the Chancellor, Duke of York, Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool, attacked him so violently that at last he entirely gave up his love match. In less than three months the Duke was consoled for the loss of Miss Wykeham, a Princess of Saxe-Meiningen having accepted His Royal Highness.

The year 1818 was rife with royal marriages, for shortly after the lamented decease of "the fair-haired daughter of the isles, the love of millions," the Princess Mary was united to the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Augusta of Hesse to the Duke of Cambridge, the Princess Elizabeth to the

Prince of Hesse-Homburg, the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen to the Duke of Clarence, and the Princess Victoria of Leiningen to the Duke of Kent. The last I cannot pass over unnoticed, inasmuch as it restored to the people of this country all those advantages which were supposed to be entombed with their beloved Princess Charlotte. On the 13th of April a proposition for increasing the income of all the Royal Dukes was brought under the notice of Parliament, and met with considerable opposition. Mr. Sumner proposed an amendment to reduce the grant of £10,000 to the Duke of Clarence to £6,000, which was carried by a majority of one hundred and ninety-five to one hundred and eighty-four. On the 16th of the same month, Lord Castlereagh made a communication that in consequence of this decision the Duke of Clarence had broken off the negotiation respecting his marriage. The grant, however, was subsequently allowed. The marriages of the Dukes of Clarence and Kent were celebrated the same day, July 13th

A good story is told of the Prince of Hesse-Homburg in a letter from Mr. Charles William Wynn to the Marquis of Buckingham.

"I hear that a few evenings ago the Queen dropt her fan at York House, and Homburg stooped with so much alacrity to pick it up, that the exertion created so portentous a split, and produced such a display, that there was nothing left to the bride's imagination. Nothing remained but for the Royal brothers to interpose their screen,

and for him to retire as fast as he could. It was then proposed that he should go home, but he declined this, saying 'As the Duke of York was so much more large, dat he vas sure his breeches would go on over all.' The valet was called, the Duke's breeches were drawn on over the poor remains of Homburg's, and succeeded to admiration."

Unquestionably the writer of the above letter was not very prepossessed with the Prince of Hesse Homburg, as he refers to him as the "ugliest hound with a snout buried in hair," he ever saw. In those days there was a rooted prejudice in the minds of most Englishmen against capillary ornaments, and a man with a beard or a moustache, except when the latter was worn by the officers of Hussars, and of Hussars only, was looked upon as a monster.

King William evidently strove to realize the expectations of the people generally, and in nothing was this more evident than in the frequency with which His Majesty showed himself in public, particularly in such spectacles as were known to be the most popular. Although devoted to the blue-jackets, the King delighted to honour the red-coats, and shortly after his accession he reviewed all the troops in and near London. This was followed by a general promotion in both services, and the *Gazette* announced the restoration to his rank in the army of Major-General Sir Robert Wilson, and his promotion as Lieutenant-General, a measure that gave universal satisfaction; for though this officer had justly forfeited his position by his

conduct at a period of great excitement, his previous services had been very important, and a deprivation for ten years of the emoluments of his military rank was considered a sufficient punishment for that indiscretion—I might adopt a harsher word. This act on the part of the King was highly meritorious, as it was well known that Sir Robert Wilson's political creed was considerably in advance of that of His Majesty.

The King made himself extremely popular with the Etonians, more especially so when, on the 12th of June, 1832, their Majesties proceeded to Eton College to witness the celebration of the Montem, a pageant to which his revered father, George III., was particularly partial. As this time-honoured custom, like many others, has been swept away by the rapid strides of the march of intellect, a brief description of this ceremony may not be out of place. At an early hour in the morning every approach to Windsor and Eton was occupied by a small body of the scholars, who levied "black mail" or "salt" as it was called, from every traveller on foot, by coach, or on horseback. The procession, when properly marshalled, proceeded from Eton College to Salt Hill, every youth taking part in it being dressed in fancy costumes, naval or military uniforms. The effect was extremely picturesque, as no expense was spared to render the dresses attractive. Upon reaching Salt Hill, a small mound near the high road, the captain went through sundry evolutions with the national flag, the band playing "God save

the King" amidst the shouts of thousands of enthusiastic old and young Etonians and their friends. The object of the Montem was to collect a subscription for the benefit of the head-boy on the foundation, to assist him in prosecuting his studies at Cambridge. This usually amounted to a considerable sum; on the occasion referred to it reached £1,200, and the fortunate captain was the son of Mr. Williams, the bookseller of Eton.

Although His Majesty's early career had probably familiarised him with his protégé Tom Dibdin's nautical ballad "Tom Bowling," the King was a liberal supporter of high classical music, and in 1834 their Majesties, the Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Augusta, the Dukes of Gloucester and Meiningen, the younger Princes of the Royal Family, the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and other distinguished prelates and noblemen attended the Sacred Musical Festival, held in Westminster Abbey. These performances continued for four days, the amount received was £22,000, the profits being divided between the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical Fund, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Choral Fund.

Time passed on, and the Duke became King of England; one afternoon when walking on the East Cliff, Brighton, I met the Royal cortége, took off my hat, and remained uncovered; before I had proceeded many yards, my old friend the Earl of Erroll rode up to me, and conveyed their Majesties commands that I should dine that day

at the Pavilion. "What dress am I to appear in?" I anxiously inquired. "Evening dress, short breeches are indispensable." Off I ran to the York Hotel, where I was staying, and taking a pair of black trousers out of the wardrobe, desired the "boots" to take them forthwith to the nearest tailor. Following him, I told the man he must show me to a room where I could don the nether garment, so as to enable him to cut it down to a pair of shorts. This he accordingly did, promising faithfully that he would call at six at the hotel to try them on. Most strictly did he keep his word, and at seven o'clock I appeared in a pair of inexpressibles rather baggy about the knees, and which Stultz, the Poole of that day, would have been horrified to see on one of his customers. The command to dinner was again repeated, and certainly nothing could be more delightful than one of these gatherings. There was little or no state etiquette, the Queen was most gracious to all, and the King remained as hearty and unaffected as he had been when merely a Prince of the Blood. Although no sportsman, His Majesty patronised the turf, but "All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd" was a line of a song probably better known to William IV. than a parody of it, "On Epsom Downs the *Fleet* had met;' for bred as he was upon another element, he cared little for the race-ground, and there is a well known anecdote touching the rather incongrous association of the Sailor King with the turf, which it may not be out of place to repeat. Previous to the first

appearance of the royal stud in the name of William IV., the trainer had an audience with His Majesty, and requested to be informed what horses should be sent to Goodwood. "Send the whole squadron, and start them all if you can," replied the Sovereign, "some of them I suppose will win."

A witticism of William IV. is thus recorded. At a dinner given by the Sailor-King to the Jockey Club in 1836, the Marquis of Westminster, grandfather to the present Duke, bored the Royal host and fellow-guests by reiterating his panegyrics upon the speed and stoutness of his celebrated horse Touchstone. "I will name an animal to beat him," said the good-natured King, "and he will do it by a neck." According to the then prevailing custom at Jockey Club dinners, ink, pen, and paper were brought with a view to the conclusion of a match, and His Majesty wrote down his champion, which proved to be the Giraffe.

In his public career the Duke's judgment was not infallible; for in 1792 he opposed the abolition of the Slave Trade, in a very able, comprehensive, and impressive speech; rejecting all theories, and arguing from facts and experiences in favour of what he considered to be political and commercial expediency. During the King's reign an Act for the abolition of slavery throughout the British colonies, and for the promotion of industry among the manumitted slaves, and for compensation to the persons hitherto entitled to the services of such slaves by the grant from Parliament of

£20,000,000 sterling, passed August 28th, 1833, and slavery terminated in the British possessions on August 1st, 1834, when 770,280 slaves became free; and here, perhaps, I may lay myself open to the charge of egotism when I say that in my place in Parliament, as Member for King's Lynn, I supported the abolition of this nefarious trade.

One of the most interesting sights during William IV.'s reign was when, on the 3rd August, 1835, their Majesties, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and other civic authorities, paid a state-visit by water to Greenwich Hospital. There they were loyally welcomed by Sir Thomas Hardy, the companion and friend of Nelson, who conducted his Royal guests through the numerous apartments, where everything connected with the comfort of their occupants was anxiously inspected by the "Blue-Jacket King," and elicited his warmest admiration.

Early in 1837 symptoms of decline in His Majesty's health seemed to show themselves, and on the 18th of May he was prevented from holding a Drawing-room at St. James's, which had been appointed for that day. From this time, His Majesty's debility went on increasing till the beginning of June, when it caused serious alarm to his family. On Sunday, the 18th, the Sacrament was administered from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the manifest consolation of the afflicted monarch. It was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, and the King sent a message

to the Duke of Wellington, requesting that he would not on his account neglect to give his annual banquet to the officers engaged in that glorious action—a celebration of the event which King William, since his accession, had honoured with his presence. On the morning of the 20th His Majesty departed this life without a struggle. Without wishing to pay a fulsome panegyric to the memory of the departed King, I will merely borrow the words of an able historian, and say he was "a just and upright monarch, a forgiving enemy, and a sincere friend." Peace to his manes.

The opinions of William IV. entertained by those who had enjoyed the best opportunities of becoming familiar with his disposition were thus expressed in the House of Peers. Lord Melbourne referred to his death, as "a loss which had deprived the nation of a monarch always anxious for the interest and welfare of his subjects; which had deprived me of a most gracious master, and the world of a man—I would say one of the best of men—a monarch of the strictest integrity that it had ever pleased Divine Providence to place over these realms."—"The knowledge which he had acquired in the course of his professional education," added the speaker, "the knowledge which he had acquired of the colonial service, the knowledge which he had obtained in civil matters were found by him exceedingly valuable; and all the details of practical business were displayed by him in the most familiar and most advantageous manner." Lord Melbourne

appealed to every one with whom His Majesty had had business transactions, whether the details of public matters which His Majesty displayed were not of the most extraordinary character, and his attention to business, zealous and unremitting. He stated that since he had had the honour of being His Majesty's servant, he had often had access to him, and a more fair or more just man he had never met with in his intercourse with the world. His Majesty gave the most patient attention even when his own opinion was opposed to what was stated, being most willing to hear all that could be urged in opposition to it. "These," he added "were great and striking qualities in any man, but more striking in a monarch."

The Duke of Wellington, with whom his intercourse had been more confidential, said, "It has been my lot to serve His Majesty at different periods of difficulty. Upon all these occasions His Majesty manifested not only all those virtues described by the noble Viscount, but likewise that firmness, that discretion, that candour, and that justice and spirit of conciliation towards others, placed as he was in circumstances in which probably never Sovereign was placed before. I say that probably there never was a monarch who, under such circumstances, encountered the difficulties he met with, with more success than he did upon every occasion. Notwithstanding," continued the Duke, "I had been under the necessity of opposing His late Majesty, while Duke of Clarence, when employed in a high situation under

Government by taking measures which led to His Royal Highness's resignation of that office, that was far from causing any coldness in His Majesty when he came to the throne, for he employed me in his service, and ever treated me with the greatest tenderness, condescension, confidence, and favour, that so long as I live I never can forget."

Earl Grey thus expressed himself, "My Lords, I have, like the two speakers who have preceded me, had the honour of serving His late Majesty. I invariably found him a kind and indulgent master. I can bear my testimony to all those eminent qualities which my noble friend and the noble Duke have both enumerated; for a man more sincerely devoted to the interests of his country, and better understanding what was necessary for the attainment of that object—more patient in considering every circumstance connected with those interests, or in the discharge of his duty on all occasions—there never did exist; and if ever there was a Sovereign entitled to the character, His Majesty may truly be styled the 'Patriot King.' In addition to his other qualities of candour, of forbearance, of diligence, of activity, and attention, for which he was eminently distinguished, he had that of patience in investigating every subject; and still more the knowledge which he had acquired both of the parliamentary practice and the principles of the constitution and the interests of the country; and as my noble friend has stated, he listened to objections to opinions which he had

himself formed with the utmost kindness and attention."

Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, confirmed the opinions of the noble lords, for he said, "He did believe it was the universal feeling of the country that the reins of government were never committed to the hands of one who bore himself as a Sovereign with more affability, and yet with more true dignity, to one who was more compassionate for the suffering of others, or to one whose nature was more utterly free from all selfishness. He did not believe that in the most exalted or the most humble station, there could be found a man who felt more pleasure in witnessing and promoting the happiness of others."

After such eulogiums proceeding from men who would scorn to flatter, it would seem to be a work of supererogation to add another testimony of the worth of the Sailor King, yet the closing scenes of his career must be added to complete the portrait.

At a public meeting held in behalf of the Metropolitan Churches' Fund Society, the Archbishop of Canterbury stated, "It was not many days since I attended on His late Majesty during the last few days of his life, and truly it was an edifying sight to witness the patience with which he endured sufferings the most oppressive; his thankfulness to the Almighty for any alleviation under the most painful disorders; his sense of every attention paid him; his absence of all expressions of impatience;

his attention to the discharge of every public duty to the utmost of his power; his attention to every paper that was brought to him; the serious state of his mind, and his devotion to his religious duties preparatory to his departure for that happy world where he hoped that he had been called. Three different times," added the prelate, "was I summoned to his presence the day before his dissolution. He received the Sacrament first, on my second summons I read the Church Service to him; and the third time I appeared, the oppression under which he laboured prevented him from joining outwardly in the service, though he appeared sensible of the consolations which I read to him out of our religious service. For three weeks prior to his dissolution, the Queen sat by his bedside, performing for him every office which a sick man could require, and depriving herself of all manner of rest and refection. She underwent labours which I thought no ordinary woman could endure. No language can do justice to her meekness, and to the calmness of mind which she sought to keep up before the King, while sorrow was preying on her heart. Such constancy of affection, I think, was one of the most interesting spectacles that could be presented to a mind desirous of being gratified with the sight of human excellence."

The King's disease was enlargement and ossification of the valves of the heart, attended with a distressing cough and difficulty of breathing. Towards the close, respiration became more and more faint; the Queen Adelaide rested his head

upon her shoulder, her hand upon his breast, and in that position the kind-hearted William IV. dropped into a gentle sleep, from which he never awoke.

MONARCHS.

LOUIS XVIII.

CHAPTER III.

ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON I.—RETURN OF LOUIS XVIII.—GAIETIES OF PARIS—FÊTE ST. LOUIS—CONSECRATION OF THE COLOURS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD—LOUIS PHILIPPE DUKE OF ORLEANS—JEUX D'ESPRITS—FRENCH TURF.

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord."

RICHARD II. iii. 2.

AS a critical delineator of human nature, it may fairly be affirmed that the mind of Shakspeare ranked among the very highest order of human intelligences. It possessed a power of comprehension capable of grasping all subjects submitted to it, from the humblest to the most exalted; but there are exceptions to every rule, and in the subject of the memoir I am about to lay before my readers, will be found a proof that "divinity" doth not always "hedge a king," to keep treason aloof.

In April, 1814, Napoleon I. abdicated the throne of France, and during that month, Louis XVIII. quitted his retirement at Hartwell House,

and proceeded to Stanmore, when he was met by the Prince Regent, who congratulated His Majesty upon the change in his fortunes, the French Senate having readily accepted him as the legitimate claimant of the crown. From Stanmore, a long train of gentlemen on horseback, trumpeters, Horse Guards, and Royal carriages preceded the state-carriage, in which sat the restored King with the Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Prince Regent, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses; the procession being closed by a body of cavalry. The day was brilliant, and London sent out all its dense crowds to witness this interesting scene. The cavalcade reached Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle Street a little before six o'clock in the evening, amid the deafening cheers of the populace, and the waving of handkerchiefs by thousands of ladies from the windows. The French monarch then held a court, at which the Austrian, Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese ambassadors, with a multitude of English and French nobility, were present, when the Prince Regent congratulated the King in his own name, and in that of our nation, on his restoration to the throne. To which His Majesty made a feeling and suitable reply.

On the 21st April, 1814, a Chapter of the Order of the Garter was held at Carlton House. Every thing being prepared, the Prince Regent took his seat in a superb state-chair at the head of the table. The knights then bowed to His Royal Highness, and took their seats, and, dispensing

with the usual form of election, they unanimously declared His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII., King of France, duly elected a member. The two senior knights, the Dukes of York and Kent, retired to introduce the King from the Prince's closet. Their Royal Highnesses then presented the King to the Prince, when His Majesty knelt on a crimson cushion, and the Prince waved the sword of state, and conferred the honour of knighthood on His Majesty, and afterwards the Prince placed the garter of the order on the King's left knee. The King and the English Royal Family then retired to the Prince Regent's closet, where the King was pleased to take off the insignia of the Holy Ghost from his person, and invest the Duke of York with them. The royal assembly afterwards dined with the Regent. On the 23rd the King set off from London on his return to France, escorted by a party of light cavalry, making his solemn entry into Paris on Tuesday, 3rd of May.

During this time I was *attaché* to the Duke of Wellington at Paris, and had the honour to be presented to the newly restored monarch, Louis XVIII., and nothing could exceed His Majesty's kindness and affability. Whenever any of the Royal Family took part in the chase, and it was constantly attended by the King, and the Dukes d'Angoulême and De Berri, there was always a dinner after it, except when the meet was close to Paris. My chief was invited as a matter of course, and as I generally accompanied him I was included in the invitation. I therefore had an op-

portunity of meeting Louis at that entertainment which the ill-natured world said he was most devoted to—a good dinner; and during the Winter of 1814 I had constantly the honour of being His Majesty's guest at St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, and Chantilly. On the 24th August, Wellington went in state to the Tuileries to deliver his credentials, and I had the good fortune to accompany him, and here the ceremony that took place upon that occasion may not be uninteresting. The Duc de Noailles, whom the King had appointed to attend the Duke, Messrs. de Lalin and Dargainaraty, repaired to the Ambassador's residence, the Hôtel Borghese, with three royal carriages, each drawn by eight horses, to conduct His Excellency to the Tuileries. In addition to the royal carriages, the cavalcade was composed of three splendid court-carriages, belonging to the newly appointed ambassador, the state-coach of the Duc de Noailles, and that of Monsieur de Lalin, each drawn by six horses, highly caparisoned, and followed by a number of servants in handsome liveries. In the first carriage were the Ambassador's secretary, the late Lord Downes, and Monsieur Dargainaraty. In the second was Wellington, accompanied by the Duc de Noailles and Monsieur de Lalin; the late General Fremantle, Colonel Percy, and myself, attached to the Embassy, occupied the third royal carriage. The whole party alighted at the grand vestibule of the Tuileries, and proceeded to the Hall of Ambassadors. The Palace Guards were under arms. The King

having returned from mass, the Ambassador proceeded in cavalcade to the audience. The Marquis de Brèze, Grand Master of the Ceremonies of France, with his assistants, received the Duke at the foot of the staircase, and accompanied him to the Presence chamber. The Duc de Luxembourg, Captain of the Guards, came to meet His Excellency outside the Hall of Guards. The body-guard were under arms, and formed a passage for the Ambassador.

The King was on his throne, having on his right and left the Princes of the Royal Family and the Princes of the Blood. The great officers of the Crown were placed behind His Majesty's throne.

On entering the Presence chamber the Ambassador made a profound obeisance to the King, who rose uncovered. His Excellency, having reached the foot of the throne, was presented to His Majesty by Monsieur de Lalin. After the presentation, the King sat down, put on his hat, and made a sign to the Ambassador to do the same. The Princes of the Royal Family and of the Blood were also covered. The Ambassador then addressed a speech to the Sovereign, after which His Excellency presented his credentials, which His Majesty received and handed to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The newly restored monarch replied to the Ambassador's speech in the most flattering terms. The audience being closed, the Duke of Wellington and his suite retired in the same order as on their entrance, and were afterwards conducted to the

presence of Their Royal Highnesses Monsieur, Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Duc de Berri. The following was the reply of Monsieur to the Ambassador's address.

"The King and all the Royal Family view with the most lively pleasure the selection which the Prince Regent has made of a hero worthy to represent him. It is our wish and our hope to see a durable peace established between two nations made rather for mutual esteem than hostility."

Another ceremony shortly afterwards was held, which may be worth recording—the *Fête St. Louis.* For a length of time the celebration of this festival had not been suffered to take place. This august name, which reminded the French of the most brilliant epochs of their history, had for a number of years been only inwardly breathed by them. Now again was the enthusiasm for the patron saint revived; and many a Frenchman's heart beat high at the recollection of St. Louis—who was not destined to be the last martyr of his race—at the recollection of Louis XII., the father of his people; of Louis XIV., the pride of France; of Louis XV., under whose reign the arts and sciences flourished; or partly at the name of Louis XVIII., whose return to the throne of his ancestors was to the entire nation a pledge of peace and happiness.

The fête took place on the 25th of August, and never did the Court of the Tuileries exhibit a more brilliant spectacle. The great orders of the State,

the diplomatic body, the French marshals, the general officers, the various civil and military authorities, the courts of justice, the tribunals, and all the distinguished foreigners that had now flocked to Paris, were admitted to present their felicitations and homage to His Majesty. On returning from mass, the King and the Royal Family presented themselves at the balcony of the gallery of the chapel, and were enthusiastically received by the populace, who a few months afterwards hailed with even more intense fervour the return of Napoleon. To resume, nothing could exceed the expressions of love and devotion with which on the above day the Parisians hailed Louis le Désiré, and the Bourbon family.

The multitude of citizens of all classes presented a picture full of interest to those who could not be aware of the "hollow hearts" that reigned within them. Joy, confidence, and happiness were depicted upon every countenance. At the Opera house "Pélage, ou le Roi et la Paix" was represented; and at the Feydeau, "Les Héritiers Michau" was performed. The allusions presented by these two pieces were eagerly seized and appreciated by the people. "Le Tartuffe" of Molière was represented at the Théâtre Français, and when in the second act the following line occurs:

"Nous vivons sous un prince ennemi de la fraude,"

the whole audience rose, and received the sentiment with a burst of applause.

All the theatres were opened gratuitously to the

public upon this occasion, who filled them at an early hour. Those who were not fortunate enough to obtain seats consoled themselves with walking about the town to witness the illuminations, which were general and most brilliant. Among the transparencies were many bearing inscriptions that testified the love of the people to their long-wished for sovereign.

On the 29th of August a magnificent fête was given by the city of Paris at the Hôtel de Ville, which was continued with unexampled profusion and admirable order until the next morning. The fireworks were splendid, and a balloon ascended from the Pont Louis XIV., from which brilliant fireworks exploded, after it had ascended a few hundred feet the words "Louis le Désiré," surrounded by stars, were visible throughout Paris. Wine was made to play from twenty fountains in the Champs Elysées, and though there were thousands anxious to obtain a portion of it, there was no riot. The illuminations were general, and as the day and night were peculiarly fine, nothing occurred to damp the general gaiety.

Early in September, Louis gave a splendid banquet to the Ambassadors and distinguished civil officers, and I had the good fortune to accompany my chief to it. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the entertainment or the excellence of the cooking; for the Royal Bourbon, by some called Louis des *huitres* from his love of Marennes oysters, who was himself a *bon vivant* of the first quality, had given especial instructions to his *chef*

de cuisine upon this occasion to produce a feast worthy of his epicurean court, and being ably supported by a host of culinary artists, brought together from every private kitchen and *restaurateur* of note in Paris, who looked upon the affair in a national point of view. The dinner produced was one that would have gratified the heart of Vatel of old, or those of his modern followers, Beauvillier, Very, Borel, Robert, and Hennevue. At that period, *la science de gueule* was not cultivated in England in the manner it has been since the war of 1815. When peace was proclaimed numberless French artists came over to this country to enlighten us in "one of the arts that aggrandize human life—cookery," and at the present time we can vie with our continental neighbours in the luxuries of the table.

On the 7th, the ceremony of the distribution of honours and the consecration of the colours of the National Guard, took place in the Champ de Mars, and on that occasion I was in attendance on Wellington. The King left the Tuileries at ten o'clock, accompanied by a magnificent retinue, and was loudly cheered as he reached the ground. After the benediction had been given by the Archbishop of Rheims, M. de Talleyrand, His Majesty addressed himself as follows to the chiefs of the Legion and the officers of the National Guard: "Gentlemen, this is a delightful day to me; it is a new tie which I contract with my brave National Guard. What may not be expected from the French when one sees such troops whom zeal alone has formed?

Let the enemy come when he will—but he will not come—we have none but friends."

At the conclusion of this speech, a thousand voices repeated "Vive le Roi! vive Monsieur! vive Madame!" Monsieur, then turning towards the King, said, "Sire, the National Guard is deeply sensible of the great honour Your Majesty has done it, by presenting it with the colours yourself. I can assure you, Sire, that it is worthy of it. All are prepared to die for the person of Your Majesty; and among so many faithful subjects, there is no one more devoted than their Colonel-General." All hands were now raised, "Yes, we swear it. Vive le Roi!" Touched by these sentiments of affection the King held out his arms to Monsieur, who flew into them with transport. His Majesty pressed him to his heart, and tears flowed from many an eye.

Louis XVIII. was but a poor prophet in making the above harangue, for within a few months he was doomed to listen to the spirit, if not the letter, of the following unpalatable remarks: "Sire, celui que vous appelez à Paris l'ogre de Corse, qui s'appelle encore l'usurpateur à Nevers, s'appelle déjà Bonaparte à Lyon, et l'Empereur à Grenoble. Vous le croyez traqué, poursuivi, en fuite; il marche, rapide comme l'aigle qu'il rapporte; ces soldats que vous croyiez mourants de faim, écrasés de fatigue, prêts à déserter, s'augmentent comme les atomes de neige autour de la boule qui se précipite. Sire, partez; abandonnez la France à son véritable maître, à celui qui l'a conquise;

partez, Sire, non pas que vous courriez quelque danger; votre adversaire est assez fort pour vous faire grâce; mais parcequ'il est humiliant pour un petit-fils de Saint Louis de devoir la vie à l'homme d'Arcole, de Marengo, et d'Austerlitz." Napoleon it is well known was shortly afterwards reinstated by the popular voice, Emperor of the French.

During the whole of September the utmost gaiety prevailed in Paris, dinners, pic-nics, balls, concerts, races, reviews were daily and nightly carried on. Among the most distinguished of our own countrymen were the late Marquis of Wellesley, the late Marquis of Londonderry, Walter Scott, and Tom Moore. Madame de Staël had also arrived with a view of adding to her literary fame by writing a military history of the reign of Napoleon; but the proposal of the authoress of "Corinne" was rejected by the Government, and the project was abandoned. Early in the month of December Soult was appointed Minister at War, and a better selection could not have been made, for he possessed the entire confidence of the troops. A mischievous report was about this time spread that an attack was to be made upon the life of the King on his way to the Théâtre de l'Odéon, or during the performance. Every precaution was taken by the military and civil authorities, and the garrison of Paris was kept under arms. The rumour, however, turned out to be "a weak invention of the enemy."

When Louis was warned against going to the theatre, he replied with calmness and dignity,

"Que la volonté de Dieu soit faite; j'ai dit que j'irai au spectacle, et je m'y rendrai."

Wellington occupied the box opposite the royal one, and I could perceive that throughout the entire performance he was most anxious; for, although not very demonstrative, he would turn suddenly round when any noise from the shutting of box doors, or from the crowded pit and gallery, was heard. The evening was a most exciting one, for, notwithstanding the assurances to the contrary, many were of opinion that, among the number of disaffected Bonapartists, some one would be found to make an attempt upon the life of the King. The performance went off peaceably, and Louis returned to the Tuileries amidst the cheers of his loyal subjects, who were delighted at this additional trait of the courage of their sovereign. On the 8th of December, Wellington, accompanied by his suite, went to the Palais Royal to deliver to M. the Duc d'Orléans a letter of congratulation from the Prince Regent on the birth of his fourth son, the present Duc d'Aumale. We afterwards had the honour of dining with His Royal Highness, and attended a ball given by the Duchess.

Having made allusion to the Duc d'Orléans, (afterwards Louis Philippe) I trust I may be pardoned for a little digression in introducing the account of an interview I had some years afterwards with the fallen monarch. On the 26th of May, 1848, I went to Claremont to pay my respects to the ex-King and Queen of the French, and on my arrival was ushered into the presence

of His Majesty, who welcomed me most kindly, and begged I would be seated. I then informed His Majesty that I had the honour of being presented to him and the Queen when an attaché to the Duke of Wellington, upon the occasion when His Grace congratulated him, on behalf of the Prince Regent, on the birth of one of the Princes, "I remember," he replied, "the Duc d'Aumale." I then added that the Queen had given a ball on the occasion, and expressed a hope that Her Majesty was well. He said the Queen was in perfect health and would soon come in from her walk in the garden. The King then asked me after my brother, the Duke of Richmond, and expressed his regret at the death of my sister; talked of Epsom, said he highly disapproved of gambling on the turf, or in any shape; that he understood many persons had destroyed themselves in consequence of their severe losses; asked when Goodwood races took place; told me that the Duc de Nemours had gone to town to see a review, which I explained to be the guard-mounting upon the Queen's birthday, "Oh, yes!" he replied, "the flank companies." Shortly afterwards the Queen entered, and received me with the greatest warmth of manner. She asked after my sister, Lady Jane Peel, who, she said, had kindly come over to Newhaven to meet her on her arrival in England. The King said he believed Lady Jane lived near Newhaven. I replied at Kemp Town, Brighton. The King spoke of the Duke of Wellington; asked if I was still in the army, or unattached; and inquired if any

tidings had been heard of the missing Arctic vessels. He then talked of the handsome Lady Conyngham, whom he remembered as Lady Jane Paget, remarking that he knew the present Marquis as Lord Mountcharles, second son of the great friend of George IV. His Majesty next observed that affairs were more settled in England and Ireland, and referred to Mr. Mitchell having been found guilty in Dublin. He said he knew my father as General Lennox, and asked me all particulars of his death from hydrophobia; he also alluded to the crops, potatoes, and potatoe disease, and expressed his delight at hearing the accounts were favourable. I then took my leave; His Majesty accompanied me to the door, saying, "We have no bells in this room." I begged to be remembered to the Duc de Nemours. "Ah," said the King, "you met him at Boulogne, with his poor brother, the Duc d'Orléans." In referring to the above interview with Louis Philippe, my object has been to avoid all contrast between the peaceful retirement of Claremont and the splendour and excitement of the Palais Royal and the Tuileries, and still more to abstain from any remarks upon the rise and fall of departed greatness. My sole motive has been to point out the wonderful memory of the deposed monarch, who, amidst the cares of his altered position, and when he was entirely unprepared for my visit, conversed not only upon every topic that engrossed the public attention, but recalled to my mind events connected with my relatives and

friends which those more deeply interested in them would scarcely have remembered.

I now return to Louis XVIII. The year 1815 began with a solemn and august ceremony; for in pursuance of the orders of the King, on the 18th of January, the disinterment of Louis XVI. and his queen, Marie Antoinette, took place in the churchyard of the Madeleine, in presence of Monsieur Dambray, the Chancellor, and several other persons of distinction. On the 20th, the remains which had been discovered were placed in leaden coffins, and on the following day conveyed to St. Denis. Upon the night of the interment all the theatres were closed by order of the government. At six o'clock in the morning the whole of the garrison of Paris were under arms. At eight o'clock Monsieur and the Princes, his sons, arrived at the cemetery of the Madeleine, and were immediately followed by the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Bourbon. Everything being ready for the melancholy ceremony, the two leaden coffins were placed on the funeral car, and the procession commenced in the following order. A detachment of light horse led the way, followed by some companies of the King's and Queen's regiments of the line, with arms reversed, and muffled drums and trumpets. Several companies of the National Guards followed the Infantry of the Line; next came the National Guards on horseback, headed by General Dessolles, and a numerous staff; the royal grenadiers and two detachments of the Mousquetaires immediately preceded the three first

carriages of the procession. A detachment of lancers and hussars, with several general officers on horseback, followed, in front of the ten carriages hung with black, in which were the King's ministers, the grand dignitaries of the State, the bishops, and other ecclesiastics, and the chief officers of the palace; then came five carriages belonging to the Royal Family, drawn by eight black horses, with walking footmen in deep mourning on each side; five heralds on horseback, in grand costume, with crape scarfs, followed. Last came the funeral car, fourteen feet in length, and six in height, in the middle of which was the sarcophagus, which was raised more than three feet; four tiaras wrought in silver were at the four corners of the car, which was hung with rich black velvet. In the centre were the arms of the King and Queen, surmounted by a crown; around the sarcophagus, containing the two coffins, was a fringe of black velvet blazoned with silver crosses, terminated by funeral crape, and surmounted by the crown of France. The eight horses which drew this car were richly caparisoned with housings of black velvet, bedecked with escutcheons and surmounted with crowns. The car was surrounded by a detachment of Les Cent Suisses, and escorted by the body-guards, the gendarmes closing the procession.

The Bishop of Troyes (who thirty years before had, in the same sacred place, pronounced the funeral oration of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI.) was selected to deliver the funeral oration. Soult and Oudinot held the pall over the coffin of

the King; the presidents Barthélemy and Laine the pall over that of the Queen. The great gate of St. Denis was hung with black, and exhibited the following inscription in characters of silver:

"Dormiam cum patribus meis;
Condamque in sepulchro majorum meorum."

A more impressive ceremony, except that of the funeral of the immortal Duke, I never witnessed. During the whole of the above period, from the day we were presented to the King to that of our departure, on the 24th of January, for Vienna, I was honoured by the most marked attention, and therefore grieved was I when I learnt a few months afterwards that Louis had been dethroned.

"Chacun connait le retour de l'Ile d'Elbe, retour étrange, miraculeux, qui, sans exemple dans le passé, restera probablement sans imitation dans l'avenir. Louis XVIII. n'essaya que faiblement de parer ce coup si rude; son peu de confiance dans les hommes lui ôtait sa confiance dans les événements. La royauté, ou plutôt la monarchie, à peine reconstituée par lui, tremble sur la base encore incertaine, et un seul geste de l'Empereur fit crouler tout cet édifice, mélange infâme de vieux préjugés et d'idées nouvelles." So wrote Alexandre Dumas in one of his most interesting works; and Barrington, in his personal sketches, gives a graphic account of the effect produced in France upon the return of Napoleon:—

"The dismal faces of the Bourbonites, the grinning ones of the Bonapartists, and the puzzled

countenances of the neutrals were mingled together in the oddest combinations. Throughout the principal towns everybody seemed to be talking at once, and the scene was undoubtedly of the strangest character in all its varieties. Joy, grief, fear, courage, self-interest, love of peace, and love of battle, each had its votaries. Merchants, priests, *douaniers*, military officers were strolling about, each apparently influenced by some distinctive feeling; one sensation alone seemed common to all —that of astonishment."

I must now bring my readers back to Paris after the Imperial government had faded away, after Fouché had surrendered the capital to the invaders, and the gallant French soldiers, dispirited and crestfallen, had marched out of Paris to retire behind the Loire. The brave troops that had assembled at Villette, under the command of Davoust, and who would have rather died on the field than have turned their backs upou their opponents, had been compelled to join their comrades, and to consummate in temporary exile the downfall of their beloved Emperor. It was amusing to one like myself, who had heard the shouts of the Legitimists in the preceding year, and who had seen the white flag and the royal banners floating from every battlement and tower, to witness the transformation that had taken place within a few months. The tricoloured standard and the eagle were to be met with in every town we passed through upon our road to Paris, previous to the declaration of peace, and in another month, by the magic wand of Wellington, they

were again changed to the emblems of the Royalists. Among other jocosities, the following political and dramatic squib was posted one night over Paris, and created no little sensation :—

THEATRE DE L'AMBITION.
PLACE DU CARROUSEL, OU DE L'ELYSÉE BOURBON.

Aujourd-hui.
Au bénéfice d'une famille indigente de Corse.
La première représentation de
L'EMPEREUR MALGRÉ TOUT LE MONDE.
Pièce tragi-héroi-comique, ornée de tout son spectacle.
Cette pièce sera précédée des
PRINCES ET PRINCESSES SANS LE SAVOIR.
Folie Burlesque.
Le spectacle sera terminé par un Ballet
D'ESCLAVES,
Et une entrée des Cosaques, avec divertissement.
De l'Imprimerie de l'Infortune. Paris.

Part of the above announcement was shortly afterwards practically carried out by the grand "equestrian entry," as the circus play-bills call it, of the Cossacks into the Champs Elysées. On the 7th of July my chief entered Paris, and having been re-appointed to his staff, I again joined him and took up my residence in His Grace's house. The light-hearted Parisians, not in the least dejected by the late disastrous events of the campaign, walked, danced, chatted, smoked, and jested as if nothing had occurred. They laughed at the *sans culotte* costume of the Highlanders, nicknamed the Cossacks "*Les Cupidons du Nord;*" and from their green uniform gave the *sobriquet* of "*Les cornichons*" to the Russian infantry.

Among other witty productions was the following

acrostic made on the name of Louis, by a poet who possessed more talent than fortune :—

"L-ouis est un héros sans reproche;
O-n désire le voir aussitôt qu'on l'approche,
U-n sentiment d'amour enflamme tous les cœurs,
I-l ne trouve chez nous que des adorateurs;
S-on image est partout, excepté dans ma poche."

A prophecy of the King's "went," to use a common expression, "the round of the clubs;" it was occasioned by the serious illness of Talleyrand, when everyone was asking how this arch-diplomatist was settling his affairs with the clergy. "Soyez tranquilles," said Louis XVIII, "M. de Talleyrand sait assez bien vivre pour savoir mourir."

A vendor of gingerbread-nuts created much merriment by his roulette-table. I will attempt to anglicise part of his witticism. "Whoever wishes for a prize must first put down a Louis." He then proceeded, "Numbers one to twenty are vacant. *Dix-huit est le bon numéro, il est sorti une fois, il est sorti deux fois, et je crois bien qu'il sortira encore une troisième.*" This allusion to "*Le Prefét d'Angleterre,*" as the again restored monarch was contemptuously termed, was received with shouts from the Bonapartists.

Among other witty sayings may be mentioned one made on the furniture of the Tuileries. The curtains and hangings being still decorated with the imperial N, some one remarked, "*Ah! le pauvre Empereur, il a des N-mis (ennemis) partout.*" Nor did the triumphant car in the front of the palace escape jocose observation; for upon one occasion

when the King appeared at the window, a man in the crowd, seeing the car without the horses, exclaimed with more point than politeness, "*Voilà, l'inévitable Louis, oh! le char l'attend!* (*le charlatan*).

A political squib was shortly afterwards placarded over Paris, and ran as follows; no translation can do justice to it:—

"Les Royalistes visitant les travaux de Montmartre,"

Monsieur, malgré ces préparatifs, on dit que notre bon Roi va revenir avec sa famille par la Plaine des Vertus.

"Non, monsieur; j'ai l'ordre de la marche dans ma poche. Le Roi entrera *en fauteuil* par la Barrière *du Roule* le Comte d'Artois par la Barrière des *Bons Hommes;* le Duc et la Duchesse d'Angoulême par la Barrière des Martyrs; le Duc de Berri par la Barrière *du Gros Caillou;* Messieurs de Blacas, Château-Brillant, et tout le Ministère par la Barrière *de l'Enfer;* et enfin les alliés par la Barrière *de Pantin,* parceque la Barrière *du Trône* sera trop bien gardée."

On the 30th of November, 1815, the allied army broke up, but Wellington remained at Paris, previous to which His Grace received the order of the Golden Fleece from the King, who addressed the illustrious hero in the most grateful and flattering terms. The escape of Lavalette gave rise to many caricatures; the best of which represented the hero escaping in a female dress, too palpable to conceal him, and followed by a dog holding a stick in his mouth, with a lantern at both ends. The animal was called *un chien Barbé,* and was

meant to represent Monsieur Barbé Marbois, Minister of Justice, the lanterns showing the part the worthy functionary took in lighting the former through the passages of the Conciergerie. Nor were the epigrammatists less fertile in their imaginations upon public men and affairs, for the two following calembours shortly appeared. The King was described as *Louis deux fois neuf*, while the numerous lucrative places held by Messieurs Royer-Collard, De Serre, and Pasquier, gave rise to the following couplets:—

"Conjugaison du Verbe Cumuler.

'Cumulo,' dit Royer-Collard,
'Cumulabo' respond de Serre,
'Sat Cumulavi pour ma part,'
Ajoute Pasquier, leur compère.
Las de voir cumuler autant,
Amis, délivrons-nous sans scrupule
De tout ce trio cumulant,
Le peuple, qui ne rien cumule."

In private life Louis XVIII. was most estimable; few excelled him in the generous offices of social intercourse, and his *bonhomie* and kindness, wherever I had the good fortune to meet him, will never be obliterated from my mind. He died on the 16th of September, 1824, and was succeeded by his brother, Charles X. Of the public and political character of the King I will say nothing, preferring to quote the words of an able historian:—

"In 1824 died Louis XVIII., after a long and painful illness, borne with much patience and Christian resignation; for this monarch was firm in his religious principles, though by no means a

bigot; as a proof of which, it is asserted that no ecclesiastic attended the procession at his funeral. His departure was evidently calculated to renew in France scenes similar to those which occurred in England after the decease of Charles II.; for the brother of Louis was as great a bigot in religion as the brother of Charles, and the bigotry of both impelled these to acts of the most tyrannical complexion. The chief obstacles, during the late reign, to the completion of the French constitution, lay in what was termed the occult government organised and directed by the presumptive Heir to the Throne and his partisans, promoted by priests and Jesuits grasping at wealth and spiritual domination, preventing every stream of public justice, disturbing the harmony of family connexions, and thus poisoning the font of social happiness. There was scarcely a town or village in France to which ramifications of this diabolical confederacy did not extend, or where it had not its secret committee; from among the members of which it forced government to choose the agents of authority, all men of good sentiments as they were termed—that is all who were slavish in politics and superstitious in religion belonged to his class; of which, while many were sincere, more were hypocrites who assumed a mask in order to gratify their ambition and cupidity. The existence of such a faction, and the protection it enjoyed, exposed the good faith of the late king to suspicion, while it terrified the friends of the charter and exasperated the fierce democratical party, which fortunately was not ex-

tinguished in France; they soon drove his successor from the throne."

During the reign of Louis XVIII. Paris was the centre of attraction, the theatres were admirably managed, the restaurants were perfect, and every endeavour was made to encourage hunting, and keep up the glories of the turf.

The French boast, and justly boast, of the antiquity of their racing meetings, which commenced at Semur, a small town in the east of France (formerly the place of meeting of the States of Parliament of Burgundy), and which have been carried on ever since the reign of Charles V. The races have always come off on the same day—the Thursday after Pentecost. The prizes have undergone no alteration since 1350, and consist of a gold ring, a white scarf, a pair of gloves trimmed with golden fringe, and a purse containing forty francs. Century after century have these humble races been looked forward to at the appointed day by the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood, but several ages elapsed before their premature love of sport was engrafted into other parts of France. Before I find the annals of any other races I must put on my seven league boots, and leap from 1350 to 1776, from Semur to Paris, from Charles V. to Count d'Artois and the Duke de Chartres (Egalité). The Duke de Chartres visited England, where he was much taken with English customs and habits, more especially their mode of training horses.

On returning to France his Anglomania was so violent that he always appeared in public in leather

breeches and top-boots, and either a "pink" coat or a Newmarket one. His whole time and attention were given up to horses, bets, and jockeys; and the young nobles of the Court were delighted at finding this wide field of pleasure and excitement thrown open to them. The huge powdered wigs, the red heels, the silk and velvet coats and waistcoats, the lace frills, were thrown aside, and Paris looked like a vast stable-yard. The nation, indeed, frivolous as they were, saw with indignation the behaviour of the Duke de Chartres and the Count d'Artois. These princes not only associated with their grooms, and entered into all those scandalous combinations which this species of game offers, but treated the people at the race courses with the most ineffable contempt and savage ferocity. When the Count de Lauragais, a dissipated young nobleman, appeared at Court after a long residence in England, the King coldly inquired where he had been for some time? "In England," the Count replied. "What did you do there?" "I learned there, please Your Majesty, to think—" "Of horses," retorted the King.

It was an edifying spectacle to see the Duke de Lauzun running against Monsieur de Fénélon; the last fell from his horse, broke his arm, and lost his wager. The Duke betted with another nobleman as to which could reach Versailles and return to Paris the quickest in a single horse vehicle; the horse of the first died at Sèvres, and the other expired in the stable at Paris a few hours after his return.

These frivolous courtiers, not satisfied with exercising their inhumanity on their horses, exposed themselves to the derision of Paris by other kinds of races. The Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Lauzun, and the Marquis Fitzjames betted five hundred Louis d'or which could first reach Versailles on foot. Lauzun shut up about half way, Chartres about two-thirds; Fitzjames, arriving in an exhausted state, was saluted as winner by the Count d'Artois. He, however, like. Wolfe, Moore, or some other great hero, nearly expired in the arms of victory; but calling for a bed, and sending for a surgeon, who bled him, he won his wager, but caught an asthma. Not satisfied with the horse and foot racing by the courtiers, the Queen patronized donkey racing. She animated by her presence the countrymen in the neighbourhood of her palace, and the winner received for his reward three hundred livres and a golden thistle, allusive to the plant to which the steeds were partial.

On November 5th, 1776, a match was got up between the Duke de Chartres and Major Bankes, but it did not come off. On the following days there was some good running by Barbary and Concert, both belonging to the Count d'Artois; Partner, the property of the Duke de Chartres; Pilgrim, the property of the Duke de Lauzun; Nip, belonging to the Marquis de Conflans; and a French horse called L'Abbé, the property of the Prince de Guimenée, who carried off every prize.

In 1777, I again find L'Abbé beating eight

English horses; but whether he was *bonâ fide* of French or English extraction I am unable to decide. On the same day a sweepstakes for fifty horses came off at Fontainebleau. This was not a bad beginning for novices on the turf; but under this love of sport was hid a source of considerable public utility. France was at that period centuries behind our native land in the art of improving the breed of horses, and our continental neighbours, like children, must be amused while they are instructed. Napoleon I., in the midst of his political projects and stupendous undertakings, found time to encourage and foster this growing taste among the nobility. In 1805 he gave prizes to be run for, and in 1806 he regenerated on a footing of solid magnificence, the *haras*, or breeding establishments of the old Monarchy, in all their primitive splendour, adding to them every horse that was worth importing from Mecklenburg, Hesse, and Baden. Louis XVIII. continued to support the turf, and during the time I was attaché to the Duke of Wellington in 1814, His Grace was honoured by the King with an invitation to attend a grand meeting at the Champ de Mars. As it was a state affair I was free to go as I liked, so I took advantage of an offer made me by a sporting young Parisian to accompany him in his "buggy Anglaise" to the course. His vehicle was high and of a gaudy colour, with arms emblazoned on the panels, and harness so gorgeously decorated that it would have done for the Lord Mayor of London's "turn out" on the 9th of November.

The Champ de Mars, where the races were then held, is an immense oblong space between the Ecole Militaire and the river Seine. It is flanked by ditches faced with stone, has four rows of trees on each side, and is entered by five gates. The sloping embankments, extending nearly the whole length, were formed by the population of Paris, of both sexes and all ranks, in 1790, for the celebrated Fête de la Fédération, which took place on the 14th of July, when an altar, called L'autel de la Patrie was erected in the centre, and Louis XVI. seated in a superb amphitheatre facing the Ecole Militaire, made oath to maintain the new constitution. The embankment is sufficiently lofty to allow spectators to obtain a view of the races. This course was marked out by posts and cords, the centre being open to the public. It was well kept by the gendarmes. As to the sport on the day I refer to, nothing could be worse; but since that period the progress has been so wonderfully great that France stands high in the annals of the turf.

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MONARCHS.

NAPOLEON III.

CHAPTER IV.

MY INTRODUCTION TO PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON—INTERRUPTED DUEL—DINNER PREVIOUS TO HIS EXPEDITION TO BOULOGNE—CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON III.—EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS—VISIT PESTH AND BREDA—GAIETIES—CHARADES.

"J'ai gouverné sans peur, et j'abdique sans crainte."
"*Scylla.*"—JOUY.

"To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood
Even when he labours for his country's good."
COWPER.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born in the Palace of the Tuileries on the 20th of April, 1808, being the third son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, brother of the great Napoleon. It was the hero of Austerlitz and Jena, l'Homme du Siècle, who held in his arms the infant Louis, when the celebrated Cardinal Fesch performed in 1810, at Fontainebleau, the Christian rite of baptism, the Emperor Napoleon and the newly-married Empress Marie Louise standing sponsors.

By his marriage with Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Joséphine, the King of Holland had three sons, Napoleon Louis, born 1803, died 1807, Louis Napoleon, born 1804, died 1831, and the subject of this memoir.

The Imperial law of succession, settled by a *senatus-consultum*, confined the inheritance to the offspring of the brothers of Napoleon I., Joseph, King of Westphalia, and Louis, King of Holland. Neither the Emperor nor the Westphalian King had at that time children, but as the King of Holland had two sons older than Prince Louis, his chance as successor was not very great, and it was again reduced when in March, 1811, Napoleon II., created King of Rome, was born. George Browning relates that "the little Louis remained a constant visitor at the Tuileries, the favourite of the 'man with the eagle eye.' When Napoleon I. set out on his last campaign, the young Prince, hearing that his uncle would leave within an hour, became greatly agitated, and finding his way into the cabinet of the Emperor, though his uncle was then giving final instructions to one of his marshals, threw himself at his feet, clasped his knees, and burst into tears. The Emperor, rather astonished at the child's emotion, asked what ailed him, whereupon, the young Prince, sobbing violently, said, 'You will not go, the enemy will get you, and I shall never see you again!' Napoleon, deeply moved, took little Louis to his mother and said to her, 'There, embrace your boy, and teach him not to afflict himself about the

possible,' and then, just as he was turning away, he stopped suddenly, and putting his hand on the child's head, said: 'Look well to him. Perhaps, after all, this little fellow is the hope of my race,' and these, the last words Louis heard his uncle utter, naturally became, as event followed on event, more and more impressed upon his mind."

Whether from this moment an *idée fixe* entered his head that some day his uncle's prophecy might be realized, I know not, but events occurred to give him every reason to believe it would. The King of Rome, recognised by the Austrian title of Duc de Reichstadt, died at Schönbrunn, near Vienna in 1832, and during the previous year, Louis, the elder brother succumbed at Foli to a fever that seized both brothers when they were leading, in the Roman marshes, an insurrectionary force against the Papal Government. The force was beaten, and the future Emperor of the French escaped through France and Italy to England.

While on the subject of the first Napoleon, I am reminded of a saying of his which certainly I never could have given him credit for. I should have as soon suspected the Pope of making a *calembour* on the Vatican, as attributing a *plaisanterie* to the Emperor; but, according to a French writer, he perpetrated the following. Shortly after his marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise, in passing through a small town in the department of l'Aisne, he read on a triumphal arch, erected in his honour, the following ridiculous inscription, which the townspeople mistook for poetry:

"Il n'a pas fait une sottise,
En épousant Marie Louise."

This quaint simplicity appeared to tickle the fancy of the Emperor so much that when the Mayor, according to custom, made a suitable harangue, he presented that civic authority with a gold snuff-box, adding gaily:

"Et quand vous prendrez une prise
Vous songerez à Marie Louise."

I now commence my personal reminiscences of Napoleon III. My acquaintance with the Emperor of the French commenced in rather an extraordinary manner, but I am proud to say that it increased to a friendship which was carried on uninterruptedly to His Majesty's last day. One morning in the year 1839, I was awoke very early by my servant, who handed me a card, and said the gentleman, who was very anxious to see me upon important business, was waiting in the sitting-room. As those were the days of duelling, I began to turn over in my mind whether I had given offence to anyone; but my conscience was clear upon that point, so I made a hasty toilet, having desired my servant to tell Colonel Ratcliffe that I would wait upon him immediately.

Colonel Ratcliffe had served in the Inniskilling Dragoons under my late brother George, who for years commanded that gallant corps, and upon meeting me explained that his visit was to his former colonel, but that finding he had left town,

in waiting upon the Prince Consort, he wished my advice. He stated that upon the previous evening, a foreign gentleman addressed him at Fenton's Hotel, whom he ascertained to be Count St. Léon, and who sought his counsel. The Count informed him that, in consequence of an affront, he had sent a challenge to Prince Louis Napoleon, which had been accepted, and a meeting accordingly had been arranged. "Louis Napoleon," said the Count, "is a very expert swordsman, and I know little of that weapon. I, therefore, consider I have a right to select those weapons which would place us on an equality—I mean pistols. Being a stranger in this country, and hearing that you were a distinguished officer in Her Majesty's service, I venture to ask you to act as my second, and in your hands I place my honour."

Colonel Ratcliffe replied that the Count might depend upon his services, but that upon so important an affair as the choice of weapons he should like to consult an old friend, his late colonel. After talking the matter over, I gave my decided opinion that, being the challenged party, Prince Louis had an undoubted right to choose his weapons. Ratcliffe at once entered into that view of the subject, and expressed a hope that I should have no objection to have my name mentioned as his authority. To this I assented, and feeling that, perhaps, through the instrumentality of the seconds a hostile meeting might be avoided, I forwarded a communication to Prince Louis, stating the opinion I had given, and added that if he was at a loss to

find a friend, I should be happy to act as one, and see justice done to a nephew of the great Napoleon. A few days after the above communication, I read the following in the morning papers.

"*Interrupted duel between the Comte de Léon and Prince Louis Napoleon.*—On Tuesday morning, March 1st, an intended duel between Prince Louis Napoleon and the Count Léon, reputed natural son of the Emperor Napoleon, was prevented by the police. The parties met at seven o'clock on Wimbledon Common; Prince Louis Napoleon accompanied by Count d'Orsay and Colonel Pasquin, the Count Léon by Lieutenant-Colonel Ratcliffe. Count Léon having refused to fight with swords, the parties were preparing to use pistols, when the police came up and took them all to Bow Street. The policemen proved that a breach of the peace was intended, and the magistrate required the parties to give security to keep the peace. The principals entered into their own recognizances in £500 each, and produced sureties for an equal amount. The seconds were bound themselves in £100 each, and sureties of £100.

"The cause of the above quarrel is not accurately known; but it is said that Count Léon, on his arrival in London three weeks ago, called upon the ex-King of Spain, the ex-King of Westphalia, and Prince Louis, by neither of whom was he received. He then wrote a letter to Prince Louis, which the Prince declined to answer, but sent Colonel Pasquin to give explanations. These were

not satisfactory, and Count Léon sent a challenge to the Prince by Colonel Ratcliffe."

Some weeks after I was at an evening party at Lady Blessington's, when Count d'Orsay, whom I had known since the year 1814, came up and said that Prince Louis Napoleon was very anxious to be introduced to me; I was then taken up to the Prince, who held out both hands, shook mine warmly, and most gracefully and gratefully expressed his thanks for my considerate conduct upon the occasion of his challenge; adding that he trusted an acquaintance so commenced would lead to a lasting friendship. In my very best French I reciprocated the wish, and from that period until the last time I saw the Emperor, a few weeks before his lamented death, I basked under the sunshine of his favour. Many a happy evening have I passed with the Prince both in London and at Cowes, and upon every occasion I was struck with his judicious remarks. He said little, but what he did say was to the point. Politics were seldom introduced, he never spoke of France or the Government—the topics of the day usually formed the subject of conversation.

In the month of August, 1840, I received a formal invitation to dine with the Prince in Carlton House Terrace, and upon reaching the house found a large party assembled. With the exception of a medical gentleman, who had passed nearly all his life in Russia, I was, out of thirty-four persons, the only Englishman. During that awful half hour before dinner was announced, I was

introduced to almost all the distinguished guests; but as they were composed of different countries, I could only get on well with those who spoke French fluently or understood English. One or two leading political questions were put to me, more especially as to the feeling of my countrymen towards the exiled Prince, to which I gave very reserved answers, for I felt that the courtesy generally so universally shown to foreigners who sought our shores, had not been extended in the way I considered it ought to have been to a nephew of the great Napoleon.

As at dinner I sat on the right of my host, I had not much conversation with my next neighbour, who was a Polish officer, and not a word was uttered that gave me the slightest reason to suppose a *coup d'état* was about to take place, though I afterwards remembered certain little remarks on the subject which had fallen from some of the party. Before taking leave, my host called me aside, and said that, as we might not meet again for some little time, he begged I would accept a copy of a book he had recently published, "Etudes sur l'Artillerie." This he presented to me with the following inscription in his own hand-writing, "Souvenir de l'amitié, de la part de l'auteur, Louis Napoléon."

In expressing my thanks, I remarked that I hoped he would not be absent long, and that we should meet the following week at Her Majesty's Theatre. He, with a significant smile, replied, "J'espère que nous nous rencontrerons bientôt,

mais quand, et où, je ne saurai le dire." I then wished him good night, little dreaming that he was about to undertake that unsuccessful expedition to Boulogne; and here I may remark that, however rash such an enterprise may have been thought, an enterprise which laid the projector of it open to ridicule, it was not quite so mad a scheme as it has since been considered. Had there not been a change made in the garrison of Boulogne all might have gone well, for, if Napoleon had once been proclaimed as Emperor by any portion of the army, the rest might have followed suit, as was the case with the first Napoleon after his escape from the Isle of Elba.

History records that on the 6th of August Prince Louis, with about fifty followers, including Count Montholon, Charles Pasquin, and others, landed near Boulogne, from a steamboat hired in London. The result is known, he was seized by the authorities and conveyed to Paris to stand his trial.

On Monday, September 28th, the trial took place before the Court of Peers at Paris, when the Prince made the following address. He began by saying that it was for the first time he had occasion to address Frenchmen in France, and although now surrounded with guards, and a prisoner, he found himself with pleasure in that palace of the Imperial Senate, in presence of so many faithful servants of his family. He could not enter into a justification of his conduct and intentions, although he might do so without pride or weakness; but he

could not help observing, that during the last fifty years, since the reign of national sovereignty had been proclaimed, never did it manifest itself in a more solemn manner than in the framing of the constitution of the Empire. That act of national omnipotence had never since been revoked by France, and all that was done subsequently was illegitimate. "I was born," added the Prince, "of a father who preferred descending from the throne the moment he perceived that he could not reconcile the interests of his kingdom with those of France. The Emperor, my uncle, resolved on abdicating sooner than consent to the retrenchment of an inch of the Empire committed to his defence. Although fallen from the throne, and an exile for twenty-five years, I ever prided in the glory, and felt most anxiously devoted to the interests of France; and when in 1830 the people resumed its sway, I hoped it would repair a great injustice, and again sanction the votes of four millions of citizens given to my family. My intention was to abide entirely by the wish of the people, freely expressed in the assembly of the nation. I would have bowed to the principle of the sovereignty of the country, and whether it decided in favour of the establishment of a republic, a monarchy, or an empire, it would have found me full of respect for its decrees. My late attempt was culpable only inasmuch as I compromised a number of friends, who followed me blindly, without my explaining to them the motives that prompted me to act as I have done. In every struggle there are always

conquerors and vanquished. I am a vanquished enemy, and I know beforehand that I have no justice to expect from my conquerors."

After the Prince had concluded his address, the President said to him, "I do not think that what you have said is very favourable to your cause; you ought to have sought for other means of justification. You ought to have known how to appreciate in a better manner the sentiments of the country whose will you invoke." Sundry questions were then put to Louis Napoleon, as to his landing at Boulogne, his attempts to induce the custom-house officers to follow him, his issuing proclamations, &c. When asked if he did not desire Mesonau to see a general, and tell him that for ten years past he had the intention of making him a Marshal of France, the Prince said, "I will not reply to this question. I will not change my character of an accused person into that of an accuser." Messrs. Berryer and Marie appeared as his advocates. The speech of the former for the defence produced a profound impression upon the Peers. A more eloquent appeal was never made.

Three days after the trial, the Court reassembled, and the following sentences were passed. Prince Charles Louis Napoleon was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress, situated on the continental territory of France; Count Montholon and Charles Pasquin to twenty-years "detention," Captain Voisin, Forestier, and Ornano to ten years, and Colonels Montauban and Orsi to five years. Lieutenant Aladenize was condemned to transportation,

and various sentences were passed on others; two or three being acquitted altogether.

The Prince was then conveyed under a heavy escort to the fortress of Ham in Picardy, on the banks and among the marshes of the river Somme. Here he wrote several works, and after remaining a prisoner for more than six years, he escaped on the 25th of May, 1846, in the disguise of a workman. From Ham the fugitive returned to England. Again crossing the Channel, he reached Boulogne in 1848, and was elected deputy on June 27th. In December he was elected President of the French Republic, by a majority of four hundred thousand votes. In 1852, the height of the Prince's ambition was gained, when he was proclaimed Emperor of the French.

To resume. During the Prince's confinement at Ham some of the London newspapers were very virulent against him; so much so that I was induced to espouse his cause very warmly, forwarding the articles I had written to the prisoner. In one of them I quoted the following lines of Byron, which I rejoice to say I lived to see realized :—

"Farewell to thee, France! but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it again—
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!"

France did turn, and the chief of her choice was proclaimed Emperor of the French. Alas; for the

mutability of human affairs! despite the successful attempts of Napoleon III. to make France one of the most powerful nations in the world, he was doomed to exile. How truly might His Majesty have exclaimed :—

> "Farewell to thee, France!—when thy diadem crowned me,
> I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
> But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
> Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth!"

Looking at Paris during the reign of Napoleon III., as compared with that of his predecessor, there can be no doubt that bankers, merchants, and tradesmen felt under great and deep obligations to a government whose unceasing endeavours were to stimulate and assist every branch and department of trade. For a length of time they were convinced that the Empire was one of peace, whose main object was to encourage commerce.

In talking of England, the name of Richard Cobden was the one most frequently on their lips, as "in truth an international man." In fine, the banking, commercial, manufacturing, and trading classes were almost to a man amongst the most staunch adherents of a government which gave them freedom of trade, and with it increased prosperity.

The shopkeepers of Paris "always complain and always prosper," says a French farce, and there appears some truth in it. Occasionally, as during the American and Crimean wars, they found cause of regret in the more limited number of visitors to their capital, and fancied that the English did not

spend so much money amongst them as they used to do; they were truly sensible of the advantages they enjoyed under a Napoleonic dynasty, and, speaking for their own body, advantageously contrasted it with the eighteen years' rule of Louis Philippe. While all classes might refer to the splendour of Paris, with which the Second Empire was indissolubly identified, the statesman might say with just pride that the poor of Paris had never been overlooked or neglected in any way, while the philanthrophist could point both to the celerity with which the dwellings of the poor were improved, and to the fact that the hospitals in 1866 received eleven millions of francs against seven millions in 1848.

Here it would be unpardonable not to refer to one whose primary object was to promote the welfare of the humbler classes, to administer to their comforts, to visit the sick and needy. When cholera raged in Paris, the Empress Eugénie, despite the advice of her physicians, proved herself a "ministering angel" by attending the hospitals, devoting herself to the most repulsive tasks with unwearied kindness and assiduity, facing death with undaunted courage; shrinking from no duty, however terrible it might be. Of Her Majesty, it may be truly said in the words of Shakespeare,

> "See, where she comes apparelled like the Spring,
> Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
> Of every virtue gives renown to men!
> Her face the book of praises, where is read
> Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence

Sorrow were ever rased, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Her face like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory."

One of the keenest English essayists of the day, in an article published in a popular periodical, thus addresses Louis Napoleon. "Monsieur Le Président. I have to acknowledge an act of enlightened courtesy on your part towards my illustrious fellow-countryman, Mr. Robert Stephenson, engineer, who, says your Moniteur, has been named a knight of the order of the Legion of Honour. Besides the courtesy, there is a delicate touch of satire in the act, though I fear too delicate to be felt by the ruling powers of Perfidious Albion. We don't honour literature, science, or anything of that sort. We now and then acknowledge the existence of prodigious talent, when we happen to want it. . . . A few days ago we paid off a couple of ships' crews returned from the North Pole, making no more account of their gallant hardihood, the indomitable courage of the noble fellows—of courage exercised in the holiest cause—than if they had been so many stokers of the 'Daisy' and the 'Moonlight,' plying between London Bridge and Gravesend. I can imagine other treatment for such heroes in France. Why, Sir, they would have received a national acknowledgement, they would have been banqueted at the Hôtel de Ville, or at the Invalides. All France, in the person of the Minister of Marine, would have thanked the tars, sending them home with their hearts throbbing with a new love towards their

country. We do nothing of the sort. No, we 'accommodate,' so say the newspapers 'the brave fellows at the pay-table.' We throw down their wages, and there's an end. We discharge them as we would discharge a waterman who takes us from Battersea to Westminster. I learned with the greatest satisfaction that, with a delicacy honourable to yourself and a satire of us, you have distinguished that great man, that wonderful conqueror of the impossible, Robert Stephenson. M. le Président, allow me sincerely to thank you."

The Emperor encouraged sport of all kinds; and to his exertions the turf and the hunting field were greatly indebted. Three brilliant Imperial shooting parties took place at Rambouillet, St. Germain, and Compiègne in 1864, and were constantly renewed in after-times. At the first, at Rambouillet, six hundred head were bagged by eleven guns; and at the second, at St. Germain, six hundred and seventy fell to eight guns. The results attained on the third occasion at Compiègne were as follows: His Majesty the Emperor, one hundred and forty-five head; the Prince de la Moskowa, one hundred and four head; the Duc de Morny, one hundred and six head; General Mallard, seventy-seven head; the Baron de Villars, eighty-four head; the Viscount Onesippe Aguado, eighty-six head; the Count Frederic de l'Aigle, seventy-four head; the Baron de Bulach, ninety-three head; and the equerry in waiting, seventy-seven head. In all, eight hundred and sixty-six head; thirteen roebucks, one hundred and sixty-seven hares, one hundred and eighty-

seven rabbits, one hundred and forty-seven pheasants, fifty-nine red-legged partridges, two hundred and ninety-one grey partridges, and two woodcocks. All the staff of the men employed were entertained by the Emperor at breakfast, and after a *petit verre* every man received an excellent cigar. While on the subject of French shooting, I must quote from the talented author of "Notitia Venatica," who writes as follows:—"The number of foxes shot in France is very great, according to the summary published in the 'Journal des Haras,' for August 1837, the numbers returned as killed amounted to fourteen thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one."

It appears that during the reign of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King kept the "game alive" in his monarchical domain, and as a proof of this, and of the care with which the Royal forests of France were preserved, I give an extract from "Le Journal de Chasseurs," which contains the following returns, made by the keepers, of all the birds of prey and vermin killed in them from the 1st of January to the 31st December, 1846:—

Wolves . . .	3
Weasels . . .	5,127
Buzzards . . .	743
Hawks . . .	1,489
Owls . . .	1,737
Magpies . . .	3,644
Jays . . .	2,370
Crows . . .	3,026
Carried forward	21,139

Brought forward	21,139
Foxes . . .	949
Badgers . . .	155
Polecats . . .	1,161
Rats . . .	4,073
Stray Dogs . .	261
Cats . . .	1,170
Total	28,908

In the above list we find seventeen hundred and thirty-seven owls, and seven hundred and forty-three buzzards. Among the former, I believe, were a few specimens of that scarce species *Strix passerina*, or sparrow owl, which is about the size of a blackbird, and so uncommon in our country that not more than one in nine or ten years is to be heard of. Enfield is the spot where they are generally to be found. Of the latter, there were a few of that *rara avis*, the Honey Buzzard, of whose habits so little is known that naturalists are not even aware where they build their nests. With regard to vermin, the French keepers must have reversed the saying, "How difficult it is to catch a weasel asleep," for I find no less than five thousand one hundred and twenty-seven of these wide-awake animals falling under the ruthless hand of the *gardes-de-chasse*. The lover of the "noble science" must have mourned over the havoc made among the vulpine race, for nine hundred and forty-nine *foxes* became *martyrs* to this feudal law, worthy the days of our Norman conqueror. The stray dogs that were destroyed amounted to two hundred and

sixty-one—enough to melt the heart of "man's best friend," and to put all devoted to the canine race in a raging fever.

I see in my "mind's eye" some respectable individual patting or fondling his or her beautiful pet, apostrophizing him, and anathematizing our continental neighbours in the following terms, "Kill nearly three hundred stray dogs! oh, the brutes! Oh, those savage monsters!" To return to the list of the killed, I find one thousand one hundred and seventy cats destroyed in twelve months. If the French cats have (as our native ones are reported to have) nine lives a-piece, the slaughter must have been tedious as well as awful. The human tabbies ought to have petitioned the monarch against such an invasion upon their household goods. Four thousand and seventy-three rats, one thousand one hundred and sixty-one polecats, one hundred and fifty-five badgers, and three wolves were victims upon this sanguinary occasion. We have all read in our youth the nursery ballad,

"Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,"

but what are they in comparison with above six thousand jays and magpies ready to undergo a similar process?

"Oh! what a dainty dish 'twould be
To set before the king."

Joanna Baillie's popular lines so beautifully set to music by Bishop,

"The chough and crow to roost are gone"

were fully realized—three thousand and twenty-six of the latter having gone to their long roost.

To resume:—

In the month of December, 1862, I accompanied a friend to Bordeaux, and passing through Paris heard that the Emperor was expected back at the Tuileries the following afternoon. Anxious to show my respect, I went to the palace to write down my name, and as I was leaving the courtyard, His Majesty, who drove up in an open carriage, recognised me most graciously. At an early hour the next morning I left for the vinous city, where I remained a few days. Upon returning to the Hôtel du Louvre, the proprietor informed me that an hour after I had quitted the hotel, an aide-de-camp had brought me a message from His Imperial master, inviting me to the Tuileries. As I was compelled by "urgent private affairs" to return home at once, I addressed a few lines to Monsieur Mocquard, explaining the reason that had prevented my obeying the Emperor's mandate.

Some years after, I was awoke at a very early hour by a loud ringing of my door-bell in Prince of Wales' Terrace, and upon inquiring who it was that obtruded at such an unusual time, was informed that a foreigner with a small box insisted upon seeing me, or on receiving an acknowledgment in writing for a letter and parcel he was entrusted with. I got up, went down stairs, and found that the man, who was a messenger employed by the French Ambassador, was the bearer of a letter

from the Emperor, requesting my acceptance of a presentation copy of His Majesty's work "Cæsar," the second volume of which was subsequently forwarded to me.

At the conclusion of the war with Prussia, and shortly after the Emperor's return to England, I renewed my acquaintance, and was a constant visitor at Camden Place, Chiselhurst. Upon the arrival of the Empress, Lady William and myself were honoured with an invitation to drink tea with Her Majesty. Upon reaching Camden Place, we were told that the Emperor was busily occupied; but that the Empress, who was in the garden, would shortly join us. In about a quarter of an hour two ladies entered the room, and addressed us with a grace peculiar to the French and those that have lived much in France. At that moment, I had not the slightest idea that the lady to whom I devoted myself was the Empress, she looked to my mind much too young, and I rattled on in not too correct French, fancying I was addressing a lady-in-waiting. At length the Emperor entered the room, and shook Lady William warmly by the hand, expressing his gratification at becoming acquainted with the wife of an old friend. I then had nearly an hour's uninterrupted conversation with His Majesty, my wife taking part in a conversation with the two ladies and a gentleman attached to the Emperor.

Upon taking our leave, but not before we were pressed by the Emperor to re-visit Camden Place, I remarked to Lady William that it was unfortunate

we had not seen the Empress. "Not seen the Empress?" she replied, "why, you were conversing with her for nearly half-an-hour!" It was upon a subsequent occasion that the conversation turned upon the Marquis of Bute, who on the previous day had called at Chiselhurst, when the Empress asked me what relation Lord Bute was to the Emperor. I replied that Lord Dudley Stuart had married a member of the Buonaparte family. "Strange," said Her Majesty, "I was looking in the Peerage yesterday, and there I saw that Lord Dudley Stuart died, deeply regretted. Upon referring to the deaths of many illustrious noblemen I found no such notice. How do you account for that?" I was naturally at a loss to answer, for although Lord Dudley Stuart, as a friend to the Poles, was truly popular, there were many others whose loss was even more deeply felt by the public at large.

Much to the credit of the Imperial exiles, I never once heard them utter an unkind or uncharitable word against those who had deserted and maligned them. Whatever political errors the Emperor may have committed, there was no reason why the Empresss hould have been compelled to flee from Paris, hunted down by a reckless mob. They forgot her humanity and heroism in visiting the sick, when struck down by that awful scourge the cholera; they were unmindful of her deeds of charity, and many of those who had basked in her smile were now furiously maddened against her. Still no angry

feeling occupied her breast, she spoke of her enemies more in pity than in anger, and prayed fervently for the welfare of France. Upon one occasion, I was authorised to offer the Emperor and his suite a private box in the Epsom stand upon the Derby day, and a suitable conveyance, and with this object I drove down early to Camden Place. Nothing could exceed the kind manner in which His Majesty thanked me. "Under the circumstances," said he, "for I have heard sad news from Paris, I could not enjoy any amusement; my suite, too, I feel, entertain the same sentiments, but in no way will I interfere if any like to accompany you."

The death of Napoleon was a sad blow to his friends, whose name was "legion." Who could hear unmoved of the fall of one who had been so great, without a feeling of tender regret? Even his detractors were silenced by the indignant clamours of those who, acknowledging his errors, remembered his transcendent genius, his fervent devotion to France, his dauntless courage, and his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune. After many troubles, after much unmerited obloquy, Napoleon breathed his last at Chiselhurst; his bed was watched to his dying hour with anxious tenderness by his wife and child.

Having referred to one of the Buonaparte family, it may not be out of place to mention two other members, whom I met at Vienna—Eugène Beauharnais and the young King of Rome. Upon the

day of my arrival in that city in the suite of the Duke of Wellington, His Grace attended a reception at the Palace, where among others I was introduced to Eugène Beauharnais, stepson to Napoleon I., and a more delightful person I never met. As he was an idler in that city, I had many opportunities of seeing him, and we soon became sworn allies. At that time he was about thirty-three years of age, remarkably handsome, unassuming in his manner, and warm in his friendships. He inherited his good looks from his mother, Joséphine, whose graceful person and engaging manners had captivated the "little Corsican officer," when second in command of the army of the interior under Barras, and who was married to Napoleon Buonaparte on the 8th of March, 1796.

Napoleon adopted Eugène Beauharnais as his son, and settled on him the Italian kingdom in tail male. In 1810 he incorporated with it the legations of Ancona, Urbino, Macerata, and Camerino, because the Pope refused to obey his commands to adopt the continental system, and make war against England. In September, 1812, after the burning of Moscow, the flames of which drove out countless multitudes to perish in the midst of northern snows, from which their leader escaped, but only for a short period, to carry the news of his own defeat to Paris, Murat was left in the supreme command, which he basely deserted, and fled to Naples; it then devolved upon a far better man, Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy.

The new commander could scarcely, at first, collect behind the Vistula a thousand men capable of bearing arms. Only a few reserves and the garrisons of fortresses were remaining; but a sudden insurrection was prevented by these as well as by those in the countries still occupied, and by the certainty that Napoleon himself had escaped. The French army disorganized, Alexander pursued the enemy even beyond the boundaries of his empire, and thus brought about the emancipation of Europe.

In April, 1813, the battle of Mockern in Prussia took place between the French army under Eugène Beauharnais and the allied Russian and Prussian army, which latter was defeated with great loss. Being myself at that time young and ardent, I questioned him regarding

> "The story of his life,
> From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
> That he had passed,"

when with becoming modesty he

> "Spoke of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hairbreadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

At that period the Duke of Reichstadt, then in his fourth year, was at Schönbrunn, and being anxious to see

> "The young Astyanax of modern Troy,"

I paid a visit to the Palace. A *douceur* to the porter soon gained me admission into the garden

where the ex-King of Rome was playing. He was a remarkably pretty boy, with long flaxen ringlets, bright eyes, and a florid complexion. The conversation naturally turned upon a new toy with which he seemed highly delighted; it was a splendid specimen of those quadrupeds which, before the diffusion of useful knowledge, used to form the studs of childhood Eugène had heard of my visit to Schönbrunn, and was anxious to know the result. I described the interview, but as there was little or nothing of interest to record, the conversation soon took another turn, namely, to a projected journey to Buda and Pesth, which, having arranged our plans, we put into execution the following week.

Between Vienna and Buda there are few places of interest, but very anxious to see all we could, we stopped at Presburg, Newhausel, and Waitzen. This latter place is one of the oldest settlements of the Magyars. It was early on a fine Summer day that we left Waitzen, and after passing over the dry, sandy plains, sometimes totally without vegetation, frequently with scarcely enough to bind the sand together, we saw the town of Syent-an-Nas, situated on the island to which it gives its name; and in a short time the Castle of Buda or Ofen, proudly overlooking the river, towered before us. Passing by the side of the Danube, which is here very broad, but interrupted in its course by two or three islands, we reached Pesth. Pesth and Buda (or, as it is otherwise called, Ofen) form almost one city, which is the capital of Hungary.

They are separated by the Danube, here seen in all its majesty, over which is an easy communication by a bridge of boats, united by chains, and covered with planks. The length of the bridge is nearly three hundred yards; and it is so constructed that two or three boats, with their planks and railings, may at any time be removed. Every morning and evening, at stated hours, the vessels and the rafts of timber which navigate or float down the Danube are permitted to pass. During the Winter, owing to the large bodies of ice, the bridge is entirely removed; and for a period no communication exists between the two banks of the river, until the whole is so completely frozen as to afford a secure passage over the ice. Since the period of our visit, a handsome suspension bridge joins the two cities.

Buda, the seat of the Hungarian Government and the residence of the Palatine, situated on the right bank of the Danube, is commanding and majestic. Pesth, the Transacincum of the Romans, is built upon a plain, where it extends itself more and more every day. The amusements of Pesth and Buda differ but little from those of the chief German towns. In addition to theatrical amusements there are many coffee-houses, which are frequented in the evenings, and several public gardens, to which the people resort. A walk sheltered by overhanging trees along the western ramparts, overlooking the mountains and the vineyards, was the favourite place of assemblage when the weather was fine.

Having letters of introduction to one of the leading families, every attention was paid us, and we attended several assemblies, at which acting charades and tableaux formed the principal amusement. Upon one occasion I was highly delighted with a representation of the former. The word selected was *Jumeaux*. Some of the actors, coming forward as at a tavern, called for a bowl of punch, which the landlord proceeded to make, when the squeezing of the lemon formed the word *Ju* (for in charades more attention is paid to the sound than the spelling); others then appeared, the halt, the blind, and the maimed, representing those suffering under the various maladies and misfortunes "human flesh is heir to," thus acting the second syllable *meaux*. Finally a Hungarian cuirassier and a German student, at least six feet three inches in height, walked across the stage, dressed in frocks, pinafores, and leading strings, gigantic specimens of *Jumeaux*. The tableaux were also on a very large scale, and represented historical subjects. When the curtain drew aside, the actors were discovered fixed immoveable in their respective characters, like the sentinels in the "Critic." Thus they remained for some minutes, when a signal was given, and they all changed their position, representing some new action. Having then remained stationary for some time longer, a signal was again given, and the action proceeded one step further. After a time, a fourth change took place, and then, the curtain falling, the picture was hidden from our view. Hungary has long been celebrated for its pastures

and perhaps the only country in Europe that can vie with England in cattle. Their oxen are large and well shaped, generally of a milk or grey white colour, with lofty spreading horns. Some of the sheep are very fine, especially a peculiar breed with forked horns. Next to the cultivation of corn, and the breeding of cattle, the making of wine forms the most extensive branch of rural industry. The Hungarian wines vary greatly, both in taste and strength. The well known Tokay is the best, and after it come the wines of Rusth, Ocdenburg, Menes, St. George, Buda, and Erlau. There is a liquor called Slivaviaza, made from the fruit of the plum tree, which was in great request, and may be so still for all I know to the contrary. The celebrated Tokay is the product of the country around the town of Tokay, called the Submontine district, which extends over a space of about twenty English miles. Throughout the whole of this country, it is the custom to collect the grapes which have become dry and sweet, like raisins, whilst hanging on the trees. They are gathered one by one, and it is from them alone that the "Imperial Tokay," immortalized by Garrick in "High Life Below Stairs," is prepared.

During our stay at Buda we attended the horse market, the extreme end of which was formed into a circle by waggons placed together. The animals which had been broken in and were to be offered for sale formed another circle; while the other part of the space was surrounded with strong palings, divided into many partitions, each con-

taining from thirty to forty untrained horses. These are purchased by their appearance, without any opportunity being afforded of "walking them up," "trotting them down," or "feeling their legs," as the London dealers call upon you to do. At the gate of each partition stand five or six grooms, armed with long poles, with which, when a horse is to be taken, they enter the drove, sending the animals in all directions, until the one which is required has separated itself and taken refuge in a corner. Then they throw a lasso over its head, and according as it is more or less wild, either secure it by a halter to one that is already accustomed to the bridle, or throw it down, bind it, and carry it away upon a waggon.

After a stay at Buda we returned to Vienna, where I took leave of Eugène Beauharnais. In those youthful days, "those joyous days of youth" when the feelings are warm and sanguine, I indulged in visions of future meetings, of future happiness. Alas! they were never realized. During the following year I heard occasionally from my friend, but when the Atlantic separated us, all correspondence ceased; yet it was with intense grief that I read in the newspapers of the death of my former friend and companion.

WARRIORS.

WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER V.

MY INTRODUCTION TO SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, AFTERWARDS DUKE OF WELLINGTON—I ACCOMPANY HIS GRACE TO PARIS AND VIENNA—HIS PERSONAL STAFF—LORD RAGLAN—WELLINGTON'S SYMPATHY—HIS DEVOTION TO THE CHASE—ANECDOTE OF A BRAVE SOLDIER—WELLINGTON'S OPINION OF NAPOLEON I. —M. THIERS.

"War is honourable
In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
But is, in those who draw th'offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"Whilst History's muse the memorial was keeping,
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When after whole pages of sorrow and shame.
She saw History write
With a pencil of light
That illumed the whole volume Her Wellington's name.

"Hail star of my Isle! said the spirit all sparkling
With beams such as break from her own dewy skies,
Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For tho' heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot
And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of Fame,
But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name."

IT was during the Christmas holidays, when my father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, that I first saw the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, and at that time Principal Secretary. A feat of agility upon my part attracted his attention, and he warmly applauded me, adding that I ought to go to Astley's or Sadler's Wells theatre. "I hope better things for him," responded my mother. "William is ambitious to enter the army, and we must look to you for your kind offices." "Well, well," replied Wellesley, "there's plenty of time for that." No further allusion was made to the subject; it was not, however, forgotten by the Secretary, though it did not produce any result until he had long left behind him the pleasant scenes of his Irish official duties and had commenced his grand career in the Peninsula.

I pass over a few years, when one morning I was called up by Doctor Cary, then head-master of Westminster School, and "conscience which makes cowards of us all," gave me a pang, for it reminded me that on the previous day I had been out of bounds, a crime always attended with punishment, when discovered. Whether Dr. Cary imbibed the

love of flogging from a celebrated predecessor, I know not, but he certainly never "spoilt a child by sparing the rod," and it was said that the system at that time pursued at Westminster was founded on the practice of Doctor Busby, who for fifty-five years ruled over the destinies of that school with a rod of iron, or, more strictly speaking, with one of birch; and who was so notorious for his Spartan discipline that he flogged the boys every Monday morning because he knew they would deserve it during the week. On the occasion I refer to, I was wrong in my opinion for, with a kindly smile, Dr. Cary showed me the Gazette, in which I found myself, then within four months of my fourteenth year, appointed to a cornetcy in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), the Duke having, in the following letter to Colonel Torrens, recommended me for the first vacancy that occurred in that distinguished corps.

"Frenada, 7th, April, 1813.

"To Colonel Torrens

"In the event of the promotions recommended in the enclosed letter being approved of by the Commander-in-Chief, I beg leave to submit the name of Lord William Pitt Lennox for the cornetcy in succession.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"(Signed). WELLINGTON."

It was on the 7th of August, 1814, that, having been previously appointed *attaché* to the Duke,

then about to proceed to Paris as Ambassador to the newly-restored monarch, Louis XVIII, I drove up to the Duke's temporary residence in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, and at the hour named for our departure, His Grace entered the carriage followed by the late Colonel de Burgh and myself. We drove to Coombe Wood, where the Earl of Liverpool was in waiting to receive us, and a small party were assembled for dinner.

Early next morning we left for Dover. The Duke was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, for in the language of Southey "the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment upon the hero—the darling hero—of England." At three o'clock a salute from the batteries announced the arrival of Wellington at Dover, where he was met by Vice-Admiral Foley. That gallant officer said that as the wind was blowing very fresh from the west-south-west, and the weather was very boisterous, it would be impossible to embark from that port, and that preparations had been made for the Duke's reception at the hotel. "I must proceed, if possible," replied Wellington. "Could we not embark at Deal?" "Assuredly," responded the Admiral; "but I've only a small sloop of war there, and I fear the accommodation will not be suitable for your Grace." "Never mind that, I must make the best of my way to Brussels and Paris. Such are my orders."

In less than an hour we were on board the 'Griffon' sloop of war. The Iron Duke was a

wretched bad sailor, and as the captain had not sufficient time to prepare for so distinguished a guest, the Duke had to rough it upon the ordinary sea provisions—hard biscuits, salt pork, and fiery rum. After a very rough passage of twenty-four hours, we landed at Bergen-op-Zoom, for we failed to make Ostend. Here the Duke witnessed the scene of that untoward and fatal enterprise under Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, wherein Skerret, the intrepid defender of Tarifa, led the attack and fell, as did also Gore, Mercer, Carleton, and Macdonald. After inspecting the fortress, we left for Antwerp, and from thence proceeded to Brussels. After a brief stay in that city, the Duke, accompanied by the Prince of Orange, proceeded to inspect carefully the fortresses in the Netherlands.

At Namur, His Grace was received with the most marked enthusiasm by the inhabitants, who took the horses from the carriage and drew it into the palace. Although I have been chaired after an election, a custom now done away with; the only time I ever had the honour, and that honour was due to my chief, of being drawn in triumph by the populace, was at Namur. Here the Duke took leave of his former aide-de-camp, the Prince, and continued his journey to Paris, which he reached on the 23rd of August.

It is pleasing to reflect that the first subject which engaged his active and ardent mind was the abolition of the French Slave Trade. His conduct in making the abolition a leading question was the

more laudable on the part of the British Ambassador, from the fact of its being an extremely obnoxious proposition as regarded the mercantile interest, the nobles, and the people; and the Duke became the more earnest and pressing from this and other circumstances which came under his consideration. "From what I learn here," he writes, "I have reason to believe that the opinions in the legislature, and particularly in the House of Peers, are much against the abolition of the Slave Trade, and that several ships are now fitting out in Nantes and Bordeaux with the aid of British capital to carry on the trade on the coast of Africa." Wellington's noble efforts to extirpate one of the foulest and darkest crimes—the kidnapping system—the stealing and appropriation of man, which, bad as human nature is, can stain the worst of human characters—were successful, and Louis XVIII. agreed to co-operate with the British Government to put an end to the inhuman practice. At Paris His Grace took possession of the Hôtel Borghese.

I pass over the festivities of the "City of Frivolity" given in honour of the newly-appointed Ambassador, and will merely remark that at that period France could boast of a royal hunt. Wellington was devoted to the chase, and having an excellent stud of hunters, kindly mounted me whenever he took part in it. On the 5th of November the hounds met at Rambouillet, where for the first time my chief adopted the French hunting-costume—gold-laced coat, *couteau de chasse*, cocked-

hat, and jack-boots. Never shall I forget the smile that beamed upon his countenance when he looked at himself in the glass. "What would they say of me in England?" he exclaimed, "I should not dare to appear on this day, or they would surely take me for a Guy Faux." The Duke had a box at the Opera House and the Théâtre Français, where I had an opportunity of seeing Talma, Mademoiselle Mars, Mademoiselle Georges, Mademoiselle Bourgoin, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Messrs. Lafont, Fleury, Potier, Brunet, and a host of talent, tragic, comic, and operatic.

Over Louis XVIII. Wellington had obtained great influence; so great indeed as, much to the scandal of his chamberlains, to induce Louis occasionally to depart from the established etiquette of the French Court. And one instance shows in a remarkable manner the consideration which the Duke at all times showed to those of his own profession, whether his own countrymen or foreigners. Not only had the King admitted him, though a subject, to his dinner table, but he had even invited himself to meet the King of Prussia as Wellington's guest. The Duke cheerfully prepared to receive both his illustrious visitors; but on the morning of the projected entertainment a difficulty arose, for an officer of the Royal household who came, according to the usage of the Court, to see that all things were in due order, found a cover laid for which he was unable to account, and on inquiring learnt that it was for the officer on guard at the Duke's gate; the compliment of a guard of honour having been

paid him by the Government during his residence in Paris. The Chamberlain pompously declared, "C'est tout-à-fait impossible pour un roi de France de diner avec un sujet." The Duke's steward was equally certain of the orders which he had received from his master.

When appeal was made to Wellington himself, he, feeling with Major Dalgetty, that "a valiant soldado was a camarado for an emperor," declared that the officer on guard always dined with him, and always must do so. And so it was on this occasion, for though the Chamberlain reported the Duke's contumacy to Louis in its details, and besought His Majesty to vindicate his own dignity, by depriving the foreign commander of the honour of his company, Louis cared more for his dinner than for his dignity, and for the first time since the days of Louis XIV., an untitled officer of the French service sat at table as the worthy companion of his Sovereign.

On the 23rd of January Wellington left Paris to take part in the Congress of Vienna, and great was my delight to find that Colonel Fremantle and myself were to accompany His Grace. Our journey was a most delightful one, and often do I look back with feelings of unmingled gratitude and pleasure to the good fortune that enabled me to participate in so covetable a privilege as being the companion of the great hero. Anxious to lose no time, we never stopped on the road with the exception of four hours during the night, when the Duke's power of falling at once to sleep came into effect, for no

sooner did we reach the inn than His Grace retired to bed; and at the hour named for starting he appeared perfectly refreshed, having slept, dressed, and breakfasted during that brief period, while my brother *attaché* and myself looked what is called, with more truth than elegance, "awfully seedy," having passed our time in eating supper, and then lying down in our clothes before the hot German stove, until it was time to make our toilet previous to departure.

We certainly did not starve on our journey, for the carriage was well stored with Parisian *comestibles*, French and Rhine wines. Vienna was peopled with sovereigns, ambassadors, ministers of state, and generals, and there was a succession of festivities from morning till night. These festivities were suddenly put an end to by the escape of Napoleon I. from the Isle of Elba. A rumour had reached us early one morning that such had been the case, and Wellington immediately proceeded to the Palace. Shortly afterwards I met Eugène Beauharnais, Napoleon's step-son, who confirmed the report. From that moment, until the 29th of March, when we quitted Vienna for Brussels, my chief was entirely occupied in business or absorbed in thought. Upon arriving at Brussels, Wellington shook me warmly by the hand, and in a most feeling manner said, "That as he was anxious to replace on his staff those officers who had served with him in the Peninsula, he could no longer retain me." This sounded like a death-blow to my hopes; my disappointment was, however, consider-

ably lessened by His Grace adding, "I will appoint you to the first vacancy." Most strictly did he keep his word, for a few days before the allied army entered Paris after the Battle of Waterloo, I, then an extra aide-de-camp to General Maitland, encamped with the Guards in the Bois de Boulogne, received a few lines from the Duke, saying, "That in consequence of the lamented death of Colonels Gordon and Canning, two vacancies had occurred, one of which I was to fill up."

I lost no time in joining my chief, a few days before he made his triumphant entry into Paris, and here I may remark that the Duke was extremely attached to all his staff, more especially those who had gone through the deprivations, the difficulties and dangers of the Peninsular campaign; I select this period from a desire not to be egotistical, and certainly those who composed it were, generally speaking, young men of active habits and good constitutions, possessing courage, judgment, quickness and decision.

The staff consisted of the late Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan; another gallant Plantagenet, his nephew, the late Duke of Beaufort; the late Duke of Richmond, then Earl of March; Lords George Lennox and William Russell; the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, Harry Percy, Alexander Gordon, Colin Campbell, John Fremantle, Canning, and last not least the Prince of Orange, or "Slender Billy," as he was irreverently called by his brother aides-de-camp. The hunting-field in England had made most of the staff fully competent for a not

very unimportant part of their duty—that of conveying orders to distant posts, which, in a wild mountainous country, with an enemy on the look out, was no easy task.

It was a surprise that the French officers could not get over, when they saw the striplings that attended the British Commander-in-Chief; for in their army few under the rank of full colonels were attached to the Emperor or his generals. Yet these young soldiers—I still refer to the Peninsular staff—did their duty in the most meritorious manner, so as to gain the thanks and confidence of their chief.

Never shall I forget the look of astonishment the Emperor of Russia gave me, when, at a review of his troops, I addressed myself to His Majesty on the part of my General, Wellington. I was afterwards told at dinner, by a Russian officer, that his Imperial master could scarcely believe his senses when he heard that a youth in his sixteenth year held so distinguished and responsible a situation as extra aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief.

Upon another occasion, when the Duke inspected the Russian and Prussian armies and a sham fight took place, I was sent by Wellington to order a regiment to retire, the combatants having got too much in earnest, and I had the greatest difficulty in checking their ardour, the Prussian Colonel looking rather incredulous, and I must add somewhat contemptuous, at the message delivered him by a boy aide-de-camp.

To the "gentlemen of England, who live at

home at ease," and whose ideas of hardship are very like those of the young Guardsman who said, or rather is reported to have said, "he could manage to rough it on beefstakes and port wine," I must point out that the duty of an aide-de-camp of Wellington's, although one of the highest honour, was not quite the bed of roses many suppose it to have been. Fancy a long ride of some fifteen leagues, under a broiling sun, or the "pelting pitiless storm," over a wild mountainous tract, or through plains intersected with rivers and ditches; a straggler from the enemy's ranks, deserter from your own, or pilfering peasant of the country, looking out to enrich himself by quietly shooting you through the head. You reach the place of your destination, deliver your despatches, devote the half-hour your chief has allotted you to rest and refreshment, and retrace your steps to head-quarters. The next morning the note of preparation is heard, an action is anticipated; the eagle-eye of Wellington burns with unusual fire, some deed is to be done before sunset. Before noon you are in the midst of it; you are ordered to the right of the line to bring up a regiment to support another nearly overwhelmed by the superior force of the enemy. You gallop along the ensanguined field, strewed with the wounded and the dead; you reach the commanding-officer, deliver the brief order of Wellington, written with pencil in his own hand, and torn from his memorandum book, and then hasten to return to your chief. A few straggling dragoons of the enemy, having left

their main body, recognise you by your dress to be a staff-officer; they wheel round, and make a dash at you—your trusty steed answers to your touch, and away you go like Mazeppa's wild horse "upon the pinions of the wind." At one time the unevenness of the ground gives them a chance, but on a level your charger, a high-mettled racer, leaves them far behind, to anathematize you in no very measured terms.

The day is over, our arms are crowned with victory; but even then what thoughts come over you! It is true you are spared, but many of your dearest and best friends have fallen. The reflection is mournful, and nothing but the excitement of the time could keep up your spirits. In the depth of the night, when lying on your straw pallet, exposed, perhaps, to the inclemencies of the weather, to the heavy bursts of rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, the loud claps of thunder, the furious gusts of wind, the thoughts of "home" and those dear to you will come over the mind of the bravest, and fill it with reflections easier to be understood than depicted.

To give an instance of the promptness and fidelity with which the duty of the aides-de-camp was carried on, I will quote an anecdote, which, among many others, occurs to me. Upon one occasion, during an action, my late brother, the Duke of Richmond was sent with an order to one of the most gallant regiments in the service, the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who were suffering greatly from the enemy's fire. Just as he reached this distinguished

corps, he observed that some of our guns had ceased firing. Addressing the artillery officer, he mentioned the object of his mission, and suggested that, if he would only continue to pour some grape into the enemy's cavalry, the Fusiliers would get rid of a formidable opponent. "Enemy's cavalry!" said the artillery officer; "they belong to the German Legion." "You are wrong," replied the young aide-de-camp, "I am confident they are French. Remember, I have no orders for you to fire, but if you ceased under the impression that they were friends, not foes, I advise you again to blaze away." In a second the artillery officer took the hint, and again "opened the ball" in a way that made the French take to their horses' heels. When this was mentioned to Wellington, he applauded the judgment and energy of his aide-de-camp.

Anecdotes of Wellington are plentiful as blackberries, and books have been written to record his sayings and doings. Many of them remind one of a remark made by a celebrated critic to a compiler of anecdotes. "Sir," said he, "your book contains much that is new, and much that is true, but unfortunately that which is new, is not true, and that which is true is not new." New I could tell many stories that have been made for the Duke, but will content myself with one or two:—

"Of the Duke's perfect coolness under the most trying occasions," so writes Rogers, the poet, "Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance. He was once very nearly lost at sea, the captain came to

him and said : "It will soon be all over with us." "Very well then," responded Wellington, "I shall not take off my boots." Another instance will suffice. "The Duke of Wellington," says a compiler of anecdotes, "left his umbrella behind him at a fancy fair held at Twickenham, for charitable purposes. Upon discovering it Lady P— (no name is given) immediately asked, "Who will give twenty guineas for the Duke's umbrella ?" A purchaser was soon found, and when the fact was communicated to His Grace, he good-humouredly replied, "I'll furnish plenty of umbrellas, if they can be sold to such advantage to the charity."

Now the stories of Wellington's boots, and of Lady P——, who, like other fashionable hawkers at fancy fairs, under the cloak of charity, picked the pockets of the unwary, may be very amusing, but they lack one great feature—truth; nor are these fallacious remarks confined to this country, for I find in a French newspaper, the "Gaulois," the following anecdote related of the late Lord Raglan. "Lord Raglan," says the writer, "possessed only one arm, the right, and this is how he lost the other. He was engaged to be married, and departed for Waterloo, wearing on a finger of his left hand, *son anneau de fiançailles* (his engaged ring). A shot took off his arm, when turning to his aide-de-camp, he said *avec ce beau sang-froid,* which he exhibited later at Inkerman, "Go and look for my ring." Unfortunately, this story, so truly touching and complimentary to the late Lord Raglan, must be marred when I state

that it was during the previous year the above gallant officer, then Lord Fitzroy Somerset, was married to Emily Harriet, second daughter of William Earl of Mornington.

I quote from Burke's Peerage, the Human Stud-book, as it has been felicitously called. Moreover, at Waterloo Lord Fitzroy was aide-de-camp and Military Secretary to the Duke of Wellington, and therefore had no aide-de-camp of his own to turn to and order him to "look for his ring," and lastly the left arm was not shot off during the battle, but the right was amputated shortly after it. Wellington saw at that time that Lord Fitzroy would follow in his leader's steps, for in a letter to the Duke of Beaufort, after describing the wound, he adds, "I hope that your brother will soon be able to join me again; and that he will long live to be, as he is likely to become, an honour to his country, as he is a satisfaction to his family and friends."

Wellington has been accused of want of sympathy for individuals, and of having an insufficient sense of the services of his army. He certainly was not demonstrative when on duty, his habitual reserve often concealing feelings that he was chary of displaying; but he was always fair and just, when circumstances did not involve a compromise of system, or interfere with his sense of the public advantage. I could give many instances of his kindness of heart, but two must suffice. Although the Iron Duke was ever foremost in the fray, he was never wounded except upon one occasion and that was at Orthez, where he received a severe contusion

in his hip from a spent ball. This prevented him directing in person the last movements of the army on that day, but he did not quit the field until Soult had begun to retreat. In this engagement, my elder brother, the late Duke of Richmond was most severely wounded while leading his company to the attack. The wound was pronounced to be mortal.

On the following morning Wellington was enabled to get about upon crutches, and his first walk was across the square to the house in which his former aide-de-camp lay, for Richmond, like a good soldier, had quitted the staff to do duty with his regiment, the gallant 52nd Light Infantry. His Grace hobbled into the room, where the patient was still in a most precarious state, and the late Dr. Hair, the surgeon, who exhausted with fatigue was resting upon a mattress, started up at the entrance of the Duke, and made a sign that the wounded man was sleeping. For a second, Wellington leant against the mantel-piece. He, the sternest of the stern, where the claims of duty invoked the suppression of natural impulses, gave way to the most poignant grief. Suddenly my brother awoke, and recognising his chief, expressed a hope that he had been successful on the previous day. "I've given them a good licking," replied the great man, "and I shall follow it up.

The exhausted youth then turned to doze again, and as his chief left the room he appeared broken-hearted at the thought that he had taken a last farewell of the son of one of his oldest and dearest

friends. It has always occurred to me that the above would furnish an excellent subject for a picture, that is, if faithfully represented. I say faithfully, because unquestionably many pictures that have appeared cannot claim that epithet. Among others there is one of the ball given by my mother, the night before the Battle of Quatre Bras, and at which I was present. Byron has made the most of the subject in his beautiful lines, but the artist goes far beyond him, for he makes the house a splendid mansion, with ladies leaning over the spacious balusters, and gives moustachios to all the officers, except those of the Hussars, who alone were entitled to wear them.

Then again in the scene after the battle of Waterloo, where the hero of that day is writing his despatches, we see a bed that would have done credit to a Parisian house, but not such a one as was to be found in a small village, or the camp-bed the Duke always occupied. Then in the meeting of Wellington and Blücher, on the 18th of June, I find the Life Guards and Blues encased in jack-boots, a dress alone worn when on duty in London. The above remarks may sound hypercritical, but I mention them with a view to warn others for the future, more than to censure the errors of the past.

To take up the thread I have dropped :—

The other instance occurred on the night after the Battle of Waterloo. There was brief rest for Wellington that night, nature claimed some relief, and after a frugal meal he threw himself upon his

cloak, laid over some bundles of hay, for his attached aide-de-camp, Sir Alexander Gordon, severely wounded, had been placed upon the Duke's bed. Wellington's sleep was sound, the sleep of the good man and the brave. At three o'clock in the morning he was aroused by Doctor Hume, who found His Grace sitting up on his rude pallet, covered with the dust of the previous day. The kind-hearted surgeon informed him that the spirit of Gordon had fled; the gay and gallant now lay a corpse in the adjoining room.

Wellington was deeply affected at hearing of this and other casualties, tears dropped fast upon his friend's hand which he held in his, and were chasing one another in furrows over his dusty cheeks. Brushing them suddenly away with his left hand, the Duke said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Well, thank God, I don't know what it is to lose a battle, but certainly nothing can be more painful than to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends." The latter feeling weighed heavily upon his spirit, but the gain was above all price. He felt it proudly as a soldier, humbly as a Christian, and if at the commencement of the struggle he spoke in the animated tones of the Fifth Harry, like him he now exclaimed:—

> "O God, thy arm was here,
> And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
> Ascribe we all."

In a letter addressed to his niece, he thus writes:—"The finger of Providence was upon me,

and I escaped unhurt," and in another addressed to General Charles Kent he says: "Would you credit it? Napoleon overthrown by the gallantry of a British army? But I am quite heartbroken by the loss I have sustained. My friends—my poor soldiers! How many of them I have to regret!"

The late Earl of Dudley, in writing to Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff in Januaary 1816, remarks. "After the battle the Duke joined in the pursuit, and followed the enemy for some miles. Colonel Hervey, who was with him, advised him to desist, as the country was growing less open, and he might be fired at by some stragglers from behind the hedges. "Let them fire away," said Wellington, "the battle is won, and my life is of no value now."

With regard to an insufficient sense of the services of his army, I will merely quote the Duke's own words. "Nothing could surpass, or indeed equal, the British troops in the field. The sense of honour among officers existed in no other service to the same degree. I always felt confident when I put a detachment into a post that they would maintain it against any force until they dropped." The above passage is extracted from Lord Palmerston's "Tour to Paris" in 1815. I may further add, that at a dinner at head-quarters just after the battle of Toulouse, the conversation turned upon the late immediate movements of the two armies, when Wellington exclaimed, "I will tell you the difference between Soult and me. When he gets

into a difficulty, his troops don't get him out of it; when I get into one, mine always do."

Wellington was a great lover of field sports, and was devoted both to hunting and sporting. While in Portugal, he wrote to my father to the following effect—it forms a postscript to an interesting detail of his military movements:—"I was at the family seat of the Villa Vicosa, the property of the Duke of Braganza, some days ago, and shot with ball ten head of deer. The park in which they were is immense, and I dare say did not contain less than five thousand head. Many of them red deer. This is pretty good sport." The Duke was so thoroughly a fox-hunter, that he never allowed heat, wet, or cold to interfere with the sport, and during the Peninsular campaign, and the occupation of France by the Allied Armies, he kept a pack of fox-hounds at head-quarters. His object was not only to enliven the leisure hours of himself and his officers during the monotony of Winter quarters, but to encourage a manly and invigorating amusement; and he often quoted cases to prove the advantage of field sports.

An anecdote mentioned by His Grace will fully justify his opinions, and at the same time do honour to the self-sacrifice of a gallant soldier. During the Peninsular War the late Colonel Felton Hervey of the 14th Light Dragoons (the fighting fourteenth), who had lost an arm when in pursuit of the enemy flying from Oporto, always mounted himself and his orderly upon English hunters, so as to ensure their safety, should they at any time

be unexpectedly surrounded. Upon one occasion, when reconnoitring, he rode up by mistake to a small body of French cavalry, who fortunately for the British officer, were dismounted, and busily employed cooking their rations. No sooner was the Colonel discovered and his rank recognised, than the order to mount was given. Hervey and his orderly, finding the odds greatly against them, started off at a tremendous pace to reach their own lines. The French hussars were quickly in their saddles, for the prize was worth gaining, and amidst wild shouts gave chase to their flying foes. The noise attracted the attention of some of the enemy's lancers, who being posted nearer the English Forces, were enabled to cut off the retreat of the fugitives. The clattering of the horses' hoofs, who had thus joined in the pursuit, sounded like a death-knell to the two brave soldiers. "Your only chance, Colonel," said the faithful orderly, "is to make for that ravine." Hervey followed the suggestion, the ravine was narrow, with only space for one horse to enter. No sooner had he gained it than, on looking round, a terrible sight presented itself, the devoted trooper, knowing that the life of his commanding officer could alone be saved by the sacrifice of his own, had placed himself across the narrow opening, and thus nobly fell under sword and lance, a practical exemplification of His words who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." The delay thus occasioned enabled Hervey to pursue his flight, and gaining the open he was soon out

of sight of his pursuers. And here let me mention a fine trait of character, truly gentle, and worthy the spirit of Bayard, which was displayed by a French officer of the 13th Chasseurs à Cheval, in the cavalry combat of "El Boden" in Spain. He had raised his sword to cut Felton Hervey down, when perceiving his antagonist had only one arm, he instantly stopped, brought down his sword before Hervey in the usual salute and rode past.

The above subject has been cleverly handled by Mr. R. Beavis, the artist of 38 Fitzroy Square, in a picture full of life and spirit.

While on the subject of the "Fighting Fourteenth," I cannot refrain from referring to Captain, afterwards General, Sir Thomas W. Brotherton, who, when leading his men on, on the 18th of July, 1812, had a sword thrust through his side, yet he was again on horseback on the 22nd, and being denied leave to remain in that condition with his own regiment, secretly joined Pack's Portuguese in an undress, and was again wounded in the unfortunate charge at the Hermanito.

Perhaps the most delightful time I passed during the three years that I had the good fortune to serve on Wellington's staff, was at the Château Mont St. Martin, a few leagues from the head-quarters at Cambray. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of Wellington, or his desire to promote the amusements of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. Our mornings, when off duty, were devoted to shooting, and fox and wild boar-hunting; our evenings to dancing and private theatricals,

and any stranger paying a passing visit to the château, who witnessed the unaffected manner, the unostentatious display, the simple habits of the host, would scarcely have imagined that he was in the presence of "Le Vainqueur du Vainqueur du Monde."

I have already said that Wellington was devoted to hunting, and had he been trained earlier in life to it, would have been (as in a military point of view he was) difficult to beat. He possessed an ardent love for the sport, had a quick eye, and no lack of courage. I can see him now, "in my mind's eye," mounted on a thoroughbred English hunter, galloping over the plains near Vienna, with Lord Londonderry's hounds, after a bag fox. I again have a vision of being in the forests of Fontainebleau, St. Germain, and Compiègne with the French Royal stag-hounds; and over the wild country that surrounded his residence, the Château of Mont St. Martin near Cambray, with the wild-boar hounds. I see his animated look beaming with joy, as escaping from diplomatic or military duties, he enjoyed a gallop with the hounds, encouraging by his own example officers under his command to participate in this manly exercise, which he knew full well was not alone conducive to health; but, like the heroes of antiquity, who were μαθγται κυνηγίας, disciples of hunting, rendered them hardy and courageous; their exploits against wild animals being a prelude to their future victories.

During the time I was on Wellington's staff, the Duke took part in two boar-hunts at which I was

present; one near Paris in 1815, the other not far from Cambray during the following year—at Paris the pack of boar hounds belonging to a French gentleman. They were of the Norman breed, very large and powerful, with large heads, long ears, and dewlaps; they were marked similarly to fox-hounds, had excellent noses, were very steady, and from the depth of their cry were particularly adapted to forest hunting. The following is the manner in which sport was carried on. The *garde de chasse* went out at daybreak, leading with him a *limier* or finder. The dog generally used for this purpose was a small, ugly, wire-haired animal, not unlike the Scotch terrier. This species is remarkable for the acuteness of their sense of smell; and it is a well established fact that they have been known to run the boar twenty-four hours after he has passed. When the *garde de chasse* reached his ground, he began by looking out for the print of the boar's feet where they had crossed the avenues during the night. In this he was assisted by his *limier*, who gave him immediate intimation upon crossing their track. As soon as he found one he proceeded all round the *enceinte* (so they term any particular part of the forest, which is generally surrounded on all sides by avenues). If it did not appear that the animal had quitted this spot, his labour was over for the present; if, on the contrary, he could trace him across any of the other avenues, he proceeded in the same manner until he had found the precise *enceinte* in which the boar had taken up his quarters, and which he very rarely

gave up during the day, save and except from what the politicians call "a pressure from without."

When the sportsmen arrived, the *garde de chasse* was thus enabled to take them at once to their game. They generally attacked with only two steady old hounds at first, as, if they were to lay on all the pack, some of them might break away after the roes or other deer, of which the forests are full. When the game was fairly on foot, and had *débouché de l'enceinte*, as it is termed, the pack was laid on.

To return to the immediate hunt. A goodly assemblage of foreign and English sportsmen were at the cover side, enjoying what in our country is called "the coffee house part of hunting," when "Roland" and "Neron," two celebrated boar-hounds gave tongue, "Have at 'em!" exclaimed a young Englishman, preparing for a start. "*Vive la chasse!*" cried a Frenchman, accoutered in jack-boots, green and gold coat, cocked hat and feather, *couteau de chasse*, velvet saddle, embroidered housings, and holsters.

> "'Vocat ingenti clamore Cithœron,
> Taygetique canes.'"

I spouted, recently emancipated from a private tutor. "If you are in luck, you are now in for a good thing for an hour or two," said the Duc de Guiche, and he was right; for in a few minutes the boar broke cover, and the country, except in respect of there being but few fences, was excellent. In those days hunting was in its infancy in France,

and she could not boast, as she did some years afterwards, of such noble and gallant sportsmen as the Prince de Wagram, Comte de Plaisance, Marquis de la Ferté, Comtes Edmond de St. Aldegonde, Alberic de Bernis, Henri and Charles Greffulhe, Charles and Elzear de Vaque, Vassy, Lagrange, Beyenval, Marquis de Precontal, Macmation, Perthins, Boisgelin, Despailles, De Salures, De Croix, De Coislin, Prince de Chimay, Vicomte de Mainville, and Baron de la Rochette. Alas! few of them I fear are left. Now

> "The deep-mouthed boar-hound's heavy bay,
> Resounded up the rocky way;
> And faint, from farther distance borne,
> Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

And away went our islanders, followed by the master of the pack, the Duke de Guiche, and a few others determined to witness the death of the boar. After an excellent run of nearly an hour, during which the master of the hounds got an awkward fall, but was soon in his place again, the tusked animal succumbed to his fierce pursuers. At Cambray, the boar-hounds which gave us an excellent day's sport belonged to Lord Hill, and upon the occasion I refer to, a savage boar, slightly wounded, attacked Wellington's horse, but a blow of a sharp spear from the hand of one of his staff, the late General Cathcart, soon gave the animal his quietus.

Although Wellington was not professedly a wit, there were touches of pleasantry in his conversation

which rendered him a most agreeable companion. His reply when asked if it was true that he had been surprised at Waterloo by Napoleon, "I was never surprised till now," is well known; not perhaps so well known is a conversation that took place at his table, when a lady of rank requested him to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo, which reminds one of the French countess who seized a philosopher at the supper-table, and exclaimed, "While they are cutting up the fowls, and we have got five minutes to spare, do tell me the history of the world, for I want to know it so much." "Ah!" said Wellington, "Battle of Waterloo. Very easily told. We pommelled the French, they pommelled us; I suppose we pommelled the hardest, so we won the day."

Wellington has been censured for want of judgment in selecting the plains of Waterloo as his battle ground, French military critics contending that the Duke fought the battle in a position full of difficulty. This charge he indignantly repelled, and, after thoroughly exonerating himself, concluded by saying, "My plan was to keep my ground till the Prussians appeared, and then to attack the French position, and I executed my plan." I am indebted to a very able historian for the following anecdotes, the truth of which I can vouch for:—

"It was not, however, exclusively by dealing with great matters that the Duke delighted his auditors. When speaking of his own wars he had numberless stories to tell, both of individuals and of corps, some of them very ludicrous—all of them

deeply interesting. For example, he used to say of his old aide-de-camp, Sir Colin Campbell, who died at last Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth, a man gallant, trustworthy, and naturally intelligent, 'that he knew no language except his own, and that very incorrectly.' I had a French cook in Spain, and Colin had charge of my domestic affairs. The *batterie de cuisine* was not, as you may suppose, very perfect, and the cook came to Colin to complain. Neither understood a word of what the other was saying, but I overheard this pass between them, '*Mais, Monsieur, comment travailler?*' '*Travel,*' replied Colin, 'why, you always travel in a coach,' and as for *batteries* and your *quizying*, I know nothing about them.'"

"On another occasion, when we were in St. Jean de Luz, I had the mayor and all the magnates to dine with me. In going away, the mayor took up an umbrella which belonged to Colin, upon which Colin seized the other end of it, and said with a low bow '*C'est moine.*' Later in the evening this worth Scot wished to say, 'I would if I could, but I cannot,' which he thus rendered '*Je voudrais, si je coudrais, mais je ne cannais pas.*'

"At Paris, in 1815, Colin told us one morning at breakfast that he proposed dining early, so as to go to the play. We felt surprised, as he had always declined to join in any theatrical amusement. 'But to-night,' said he, "there's to be a grand performance. I find by the play-bills "*Relache*" is to be given at all the theatres; that must be something worth seeing.' We allowed him to

remain in a happy state of ignorance. Great was his disgust at driving up to the Vaudeville, to find the doors closed. At Cambray in the following year, it so happened that all the staff except Campbell were out hunting, so he was told by the Duke to invite Count Brosin to a small evening party. The note ran as follows:

"'Cher Brosin.

"'Venez ce soir, le Duc a un petty patty de musique.

"'Toujours votre,

"'COLIN CAMPBELL.'"

The anecdote of Wellington, when told he was to make a Latin speech, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, that he should ask his physician, who from his prescriptions was up in that language, to write one for him is well known, I shall here, therefore, only give some lines which were written in anticipation of the above event, and which appeared in "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," January 22, 1834.

"Rich in the wreaths of glory's race, full run,
Sated with spoils—transcendent Wellington.
One trophy yet awaited thee; one band
Of laurel, yet ungather'd at thy hand.
Twine it about thy front, in Oxford's name,
To crown her honours and complete thy fame;
Stamp thy bold brows with Oxford's sacred sign,
Champion of Christendom! by right 'tis thine."

That the Duke could be extremely stringent in

his style when occasion called for the *fortiter in modo*, instead of the *suaviter in re*, may be seen by the following remark made by His Grace to some importunate individual who had preferred a formal complaint against the late Mr. Mackenzie, the Commissioner for British claims on the French Government. "From the specimen the Duke of Wellington has received of Mr. ——'s peculiar style of writing to persons filling responsible situations, he is not surprised that Mr. Mackenzie should have given directions that his letters should be returned to Mr. —— unopened, an example which the Duke proposes to follow."

The delicate hint conveyed in the following letter to one of the Royal Dukes, proves that Wellington did not stoop to flatter princes.

"Bruxelles, April, 14, 1815.

"Sir,

"I have had the honour of receiving Your Royal Highness's letter of the 8th inst., respecting Colonel ——. I have already informed —— that it was not in my power to employ him upon the staff. The Army is very small, and the staff very numerous, and I cannot find employment for those already belonging to it. I am sorry, therefore, that he should have given Your Royal Highness the trouble of writing to me on a subject which he knows that if I could have gratified him, I would have done so without the aid of Your Royal Highness's powerful influence.

"(Signed), WELLINGTON."

The following conciliatory reply to an angry application made by a distinguished officer to be appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath reflects the greatest credit on the writer, as it evinces the amiable impulses of a good heart, and proves that Wellington harboured no angry or vindictive feeling even when falsely accused of injustice. The Duke, to adopt his own words, determined to communicate "a piece of his mind" to the imprudent though gallant soldier, and addressed him in the following terms:

"Vienna, February, 5, 1815.

"If you had known these facts, I hope that the same spirit of justice by which I have always been animated would have induced you to spare me the pain of reading the reproaches and charges of injustice contained in your letter, and that you would have defended me with the —th Regiment; and would have shown them that the regulation, and not I, deprived you of those marks of honour which they wished to see you obtain. As these facts are in the knowledge of everybody, it is scarcely possible to believe that you were not aware of them; and I attribute the harshness of your letter solely to the irritation which you naturally feel in considering your own case. However, the expression of this irritation, unjust as it is towards me, and unpleasant to my feelings, has not made me forget the services which you and your brave corps rendered upon every occasion on which you were called upon; and although I am afraid it is

too late, I have recommended you in the strongest terms to the Secretary of State."

Wellington was ever just towards those who opposed him. When asked what he really thought of the talent of the Emperor Napoleon as a great general, he said, "I have always considered the presence of Napoleon with an army as equal to an additional force of forty thousand men, from his superior talent, and from the enthusiasm which his name and presence inspired into the troops." On another occasion the Duke also said, that he thought Napoleon superior to Turenne, Tallard, or any of the old generals of former times; but Napoleon had this advantage over every other general, himself in particular, that his power was unlimited. He could order everything on the spot as he pleased; if he wanted reinforcements, they were sent; if to change the plan of a campaign, it was changed; if to reward services, he could confer honours on the field of battle; whereas he, the Duke, and other generals were obliged to write home to Ministers, and wait their decision, perhaps that of Parliament; and he himself had never had the power of conferring the slightest reward on any of his followers, however deserving.

To the honour of the French nation, a champion has sprung up in the person of Monsieur Thiers, a historian not very easily suspected of partiality to England or the English, who thus expresses himself. "There is no use in denying it—every circumstance considered, the Duke of Wellington *was* the

greatest general whom the late wars have offered for human contemplation; his mind was so equally poised, notwithstanding the vivacity of his genius, that he was always ready, and equally prompt on every occasion. He united the powerful combination of Napoleon to the steady judgment of Moreau. Each of these mighty captains was, perhaps, in some degree superior to Wellington in his peculiar walk. Napoleon may have had more rapidity of view and plan upon the battle-field, and could suddenly change his whole line of battle as at Marengo. Moreau everywhere understood better the management of a retreating army before an exulting enemy. But the exquisite apprehension and intelligence of Arthur Wellesley served him instead of both, and took at once the conduct and the measures that the occasion required.

"Many of our military men have contested Wellington's genius, but no man can deny him the most equable judgment that was ever met with in a great soldier. It is this admirable judgment, this discerning wisdom of the mind, which has misled Europe as to his genius. Men do not expect to see in the same person the active and the passive spirit equally great; nor does nature usually bestow such opposite gifts on the same person.

"In Napoleon, a steady judgment and an endurance of calamity were not the concomitants of his impulsive genius and tremendous activity, while Moreau had all his passive greatness; but the Duke of Wellington had united the two qualities, nay, more, the noble army he had so long com-

manded gradually learnt to partake of the character of their leader. No soldiers in the world but the English could have stood those successive charges and that murderous artillery which they so bravely bore at Waterloo."

Another French author, Monsieur Maurel, has done the Iron Duke equal justice, while Alphonse de Lamartine writes as follows:—"Let us add, in order to be just, that Wellington and his army equalled by their intrepidity the first generals and the best soldiers of France. The English General possessed the true genius adapted for desperate struggles, the determination not to be conquered. His troops possessed the real genius of defence. passive obedience unto death. The Scotch regiments covered, without yielding an inch, the spot on which they were ordered to die."

The above eulogiums must be gratifying to every Englishman, for they tell of the military deeds of our illustrious hero. Perhaps, however, the most touching tribute paid to the Iron Duke, is from the pen of one who fully appreciated that unalloyed patriotism. which held everything second to the two great principles of rendering loyal obedience to his Sovereign, and faithful service to his country. What can be more beautiful, more expressive, more feeling, than the following extract from the Queen's Diary. It is dated:

September, 16, 1852,

"We got off our ponies, when Mackenzie returned bringing letters; amongst them there was

one from Lord Derby, which I tore open, and alas! it contained the confirmation of the fatal news, that England's or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she had ever produced, was no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss! God's will be done! The day must have come, the Duke was eighty-three; but what a loss! One cannot think of this country without the Duke, our immortal hero! In him centred almost every earthly honour a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had. Above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the Sovereign, and *how* simply he carried these honours. With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided. The Crown never possessed, and I fear never *will*, so *devoted*, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter. To us (who alas! have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends) his loss is *irreparable;* for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and his knowledge of the past were so great too; he was a link which connected us with bygone times, with the last century."

No one ever experienced the truth of the saying, that "popularity is shortlived, dependent upon the time, and dying in its very praise and triumph," more than Wellington. How truly could he have exclaimed:—

"A habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart,"

or he might have added in the words of the noble Roman.

"Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate.
He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland."

I can well remember the time when the Duke returned to England after his brilliant campaigns, crowned with the Battle of Waterloo; at that time he was cheered by the people wherever he went, and lauded to the skies. Afterwards, at the period of the Reform Bill, in 1832, the fickle people forgot all his services, and constantly hooted him in the streets. One day, coming from the Tower on horseback, the rascally mob attacked him with so much virulence and malice, that he was exposed to considerable personal danger in the street. I was, in that year, at a ball given by him at Apsley House to King William IV. and his Queen, when the mob were very unruly and indecent in their conduct at the gates; and on the following days they proceeded to such excesses, that they broke the windows of Apsley House, and did much injury to his property. It was then that he caused to be put up those iron blinds to his windows which remain to this day as a record of the people's ingratitude.

Some time afterwards, when he had regained all his popularity, and began to enjoy that great and high reputation which he carried to the grave, he was riding up Constitution Hill in the Park, followed by an immense mob, who were cheering him in every direction. He heard it all with the most stoical indifference, never putting his horse out of a walk, or seeming to regard them, till he leisurely arrived at Apsley House, when he stopped at the gate, turned round to the rabble, and then pointing with his finger to the iron blinds which still closed the windows, he made them a sarcastic bow, without saying a word.

"He died
As he had lived, his country's boast and pride,
Statesman and warrior, who with patient toil
Scant and exhausted legions taught to foil
Skill, valour, numbers—one who never sought
A selfish glory from the fields he fought,
Lived, breathed, and felt but for his country's weal,
Her power to 'stablish, and her wounds to heal.
The dread of France, when France was most the dread."

Of Wellington it may be truly said, as it was of the illustrious Agrippa, "His death appeared not the private loss of his own family, but the public affliction of the entire realm."

In conclusion:—

"Peace to him! Let him sleep near him that fell
Victor at Trafalgar; by Nelson's side
Wellington's ashes fitly may abide.
Great captain—noble heart! Hail to thee, and farewell!"

WARRIORS.

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

CHAPTER VI.

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY—THE DASHING HUSSAR—HIS PROWESS AT SAHAGUN—BEAUDESERT—HIS MILTTARY AND POLITICAL CAREER.

> "I do not think a braver gentleman,
> More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
> More daring or more bold, is now alive
> To grace this latter age with noble deeds."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

I KNOW no one who merits a niche in the Temple of Fame, or who deserves to be placed by the side of Wellington, more than Henry William, Marquis of Anglesey, whose daring deeds contributed so essentially to the victory of Sahagun, and whose name is associated with the glories of Waterloo. My acquaintance with him commenced at Brussels in 1815, and terminated in a friendship which lasted until his lamented death in 1854. Lord Anglesey was born in 1768, and entered the army under the Duke of York, in the early part of the war with

revolutionized France, as Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of infantry; from which exchanging into the Hussars, he subsequently distinguished himself during Sir John Moore's campaign, being present at that brilliant affair at Sahagun, in which four hundred English horsemen of the 10th and 15th Hussars surprised and totally defeated seven hundred French cavalry.

On the 17th of June, 1815, nothing could exceed the judicious dispositions made by Anglesey, then Lord Uxbridge, commander of the allied cavalry, in covering the army retiring from Quatre Bras to Waterloo, the movements partaking more of a field-day in the time of peace than an operation executed in the presence of a powerful enemy. It was here that the 7th Hussars made a gallant but ineffectual charge against a body of French Lancers in the pass of Gemappe, but when these Lancers, elated with success, debouched on a wider space, Lord Uxbridge charged them with the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, and fairly rode over them. But to my earliest reminiscences of this gallant soldier, to whom I was introduced soon after my return with the Duke of Wellington from Vienna. I had recently left his son, an old Westminster "chum," at Vienna, where he was an *attaché* to the English Ambassador, Sir Charles Stewart, and this acted as a passport to his father's kind feeling. About a month before the Battle of Waterloo my father and mother entertained a large military party at dinner, including the Prince of Orange, who had won his spurs under the Iron Duke in the

Peninsula, Lord Uxbridge, and other heroes, now alas! no more.

So numerous were the guests, and so comparatively small was the dining-room in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, a spot immortalized by Byron as the scene of the ball, the night before the Battle of Quatre Bras, but now no longer existing, that two or three young officers and myself were placed at the side-table. Lord Uxbridge had a noble presence—his carriage was erect, his figure betokened strength and activity, and his demeanour was dignified; in his splendid uniform he was the *beau-idéal* of a dashing Hussar, reminding one of "le jeune et beau Dunois." Of course, in the presence of royalty and so many distinguished officers we youngsters were somewhat cowed, and upon our best behaviour, when, during a dead silence, Lord Uxbridge rose from his chair, and in the blandest manner said, "May I have the pleasure of drinking a glass of wine with the sideboard." In our confusion to honour the toast a slight smashing of glasses took place, but we all stood up, and bowed respectfully to our noble patron. This is a set off to an ill-natured, unfounded story, which was once the topic of conversation of many a mess-room, to the effect that Lord Uxbridge, when Lord Paget, and in command of the 7th Hussars, upon being asked to drink a glass of wine with a young officer recently joined, replied, "I don't drink wine with my cornets."

The next time that I saw Lord Uxbridge was in the village of Waterloo, on the morning of the

battle. He was about to mount his charger when he recognised me, and shook my hand warmly, remarking, "We shall have a smartish affair to-day;" and here I must for the moment turn egotist, and introduce the offensive pronoun I. Many of my acquaintances, and the subject has been referred to at public dinners, imagine that I was (what is usually termed) at the Battle of Waterloo—it is true I was there, but being on the sick-list did not take actual part in it.

A short period before the battle I met with a severe accident at Enghein, where I was quartered, then doing duty as extra aide-de-camp to General Maitland, who commanded a brigade of Guards. Through a fall from a horse, I not only lost the sight of my right eye, but was trepanned, and broke my arm in two places. Though comparatively speaking recovered, I was still under the surgeon's care when the war commenced, and the injunctions were to keep me quiet, so as not to endanger the sight of the other eye. My brother aide-de-camp, Lord Hay, was killed on the 16th, so on the morning of the 18th I ordered my horse to be ready at an early hour, and proceeded to join my general. I had little difficulty in finding the brigade of Guards; but on presenting myself, I was told that I was not in a proper state to remain on the field, and unquestionably my appearance was anything but warlike. The scar on my forehead, where I had been trepanned to ascertain whether the skull was fractured, was covered with black plaster, after the fashion of Baron Munchausen in the prints of that

renowned hero, a green shade covered both eyes, and my sword arm was in splints. Unfortunately, too, my charger was rather unmanageable, especially so when the firing began.

After remaining a short time with Maitland, I joined the Duke of Wellington, who told me that the field was not a fit place for one under the surgeon's care. After remaining about an hour with my chief, I rode off to the left of our line, to see an old friend in Picton's division, and there witnessed the attack upon it from the right of the French position. At this time the firing was very heavy, bullets whistling about in every direction, round shot ploughing up the ground before me, men and horses falling on every side, so I began to think discretion was the better part of valour, and turned my horse's head towards Brussels, which I reached in safety. This adventure threw me back a little, but I was enabled to join my General at Vilette before peace was proclaimed. However, we had no more fighting, and in a few days the Guards were bivouacked in the Bois de Boulogne; the General, his brigade-major, and myself occupying a small château not far from the camp.

Let me return to Lord Uxbridge. I had seen him on the morning of the 18th, in the pride of manly beauty, sound in limb; the next time I met him he was supported by two crutches, and was hobbling about, still erect as ever, but at that time unable, as he had formerly done, and subsequently did "to witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Upon two occasions I had the pleasure of accompanying Lord Anglesey to Beaudesert. In those days railways were not even in prospective existence, and to those who could afford it nothing was more delightful than a journey on the road in a light travelling chariot, and four good post-horses, more especially with an agreeable companion by your side. The distance from London was one hundred and twenty-five miles, and this was easily accomplished in twelve hours and a half. Beaudesert is a magnificent stone building, ornamented in front by a handsome light portico, beneath which is the entrance, leading into a spacious gothic hall, with a lofty arched ceiling, and a splendid painted window at the west end. The mansion is wholly enveloped with luxuriant timber, and is situated on the acclivity of an eminence which shelters it from the severity of the winds, and exhibits between the house and the summit traces of an extensive encampment, called Castle Hill, from whence there is a a most delightful prospect into nine different counties.

Grouse abound in the neighbourhood, and the covers were strictly preserved; in one wood called Woodcock Wood, a large number of these migratory birds were to be found. The morning after our arrival we had a splendid day's grouse shooting, and it was wonderful to see the noble owner, on a well-broke pony, knock over the birds in a most sporting-like manner. There was a story, the truth of which I will not vouch for, though it sounds genuine, that upon one occasion the noble Marquis

shot a Welch clergyman through the hat, which rather upset the nerves of the clerical target. "Don't be alarmed, my dear fellow," said the gunner, "I'm a perfect master of the weapon." It was also stated that riding to the coverts one day, with the late Earl of Lichfield and a young friend, Lord Anglesey asked the tyro, "whether he could shoot well?" "I flatter myself I am as good as my neighbours," responded the youth. "The devil you do? with Lichfield one side of you, and your humble servant on the other." Lord Anglesey was in the habit of saying to those around him, when requiring a book, a map, a gun, or any other article, "Just step and fetch it," and this *sobriquet* was attached to his name, when upon one occasion, having left his gun some two miles off, he begged a companion "Just to step and fetch it." Another name, and it was one he might well be proud of, was the rather vulgar appellation of "Old Peg," referring to the loss he sustained at Waterloo. One day at dinner the Marquis said, "I hear that in my regiment (the Royal Horse Guards, Blues), almost every officer has a nickname, there's the Giant, the Shaver, Miles, and others. I suppose they will soon give me one." "Why, bless you!" exclaimed one of his sons. "They've called you 'Old Peg' ever since you have had the regiment." "Peg!" responded the dashing Hussar, "I don't object to, but perhaps they will kindly, in future, leave out the old."

To dwell on the military career of Lord Anglesey

would be superfluous. No individual could have been selected with higher qualifications to take the command of the cavalry than the hero of Sahagun, his cool resolution, his unshaken courage, his unexampled presence of mind, his unparalleled quickness in detecting every movement of the enemy, his readiness to avail himself of any error of his opponents, his rapidity of attack had pointed him out as the man best calculated for this dashing yet arduous service. I pass over his political career, and will merely say that in March, 1828, his Lordship was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; in March, 1829, he was succeeded by the Duke of Northumberland; in December, 1830, he was reappointed, and again in 1835, thus ruling over the destinies of the sister isle for nearly eight years. The recall of Lord Anglesey in 1828 was attributable to the following cause. No sooner had Wellington resumed the reins of government than Irish agitation, which gratitude or prudence had partially suppressed during the two previous administrations, instantly revived in all its force; for the great Duke had ever been one of the most energetic opponents of Catholic Emancipation, and Peel was considered as representing the Church and Tory party of England. As the year advanced the state of Ireland assumed a fearful aspect, for the Protestants becoming irritated by the virulent language of the principal agitators, alarmed by the menacing attitude of their headstrong followers, and disgusted by the apparent apathy of the British Government, began to unite in self-

defence, reopening the Orange lodges, and organizing new associations, under the title of Brunswick Clubs.

Serious riots followed, and the whole country was in a blaze when the Association issued a proclamation, exhorting the peasants to desist from meeting in large bodies. Amid this state of illegal organization and impending anarchy, the only declaration which Ministers substituted for active measures was a private letter sent by the Duke of Wellington to Dr. Curtis, Catholic Primate of Ireland; in which while he expressed the greatest anxiety to witness the settlement of the question, and confessed that he saw no prospect of such a consummation, he concluded with this somewhat enigmatical and temporising suggestion, "If we could bury it in oblivion for a short time, I should not despair of a satisfactory result." Dr. Curtis immediately communicated the contents of this letter to the Lord-Lieutenant, who took a decided opposite view of it. "I differ," said he, "from the Duke, with respect to burying the question for a short time in oblivion, first, because the thing is utterly impossible; and next, if it were possible, I fear advantage would be taken of the pause, by representing it as a panic achieved by the late violent re-action, and by proclaiming that, if Government peremptorily decided against concession, the Catholics would cease to agitate; then all the miseries of Ireland would be re-acted. I therefore recommend that the measure should not for a moment be lost sight of; that anxiety should

continue to be manifested; that all constitutional means should be adopted to forward the cause, consistent with patient forbearance and submissive obedience to the laws; that the Catholics should trust to the justice of that cause, and to the growing liberality of mankind, but should not desist from agitation."

This led to the recall of Lord Anglesey, who in May, 1829, a few weeks after the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, moved in the House of Lords for certain papers and documents illustrating the transaction; but the motion was negatived without a division. Previous to moving for these papers, the noble Marquis made an explanation of the circumstance that occasioned his removal, which reflecting on the Duke of Wellington, elicited an answer from His Grace defending himself. Thus these two warriors, who had fought side by side in the field, had a war of words in that august assembly of which they were such brilliant ornaments.

Early in the year 1828 I visited Dublin, taking up my residence at the Shelbourne Hotel, Stephen's Green; hearing that the Lord-Lieutenant was at the Phœnix Park, I immediately proceeded there to write down my name, and great was my delight at receiving a few lines from the Viceroy, inviting me to dinner that day. No one could be more kind or more hospitable than the noble Marquis, who upon my taking leave said, "If I do not hear to the contrary, I shall expect you every day at seven o'clock during your stay in Dublin; if you

have any other better invitation do not think of coming here." I need scarcely say that, with the exception of dining once at the Royal Barracks, and once with an old Dublin friend, I put in an appearance at the Phœnix Park punctually at the hour named.

During the last three or four years of Lord Anglesey's life I was a constant guest at Uxbridge House. The plan adopted by the noble owner with his intimate friends was to tell them there was a slate left in the hall, and that anyone putting down his name before twelve o'clock would find a cover laid for him at dinner that day. This was unlike those vague and general invitations practised by so many, who express a hope that "if you are coming their way, they trust you will pay them a visit," or of those who say, "I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you." What Lord Anglesey said he meant, and often when through delicacy of feeling, especially after Easter, when London was filling, I failed to write down my name, he would ride up to my door at the bottom of Hay Hill in Berkeley Square (the smallest house, I believe, in the West End, and which Count D'Orsay, from its shape being broader at one end than the other, was wont to call the "Piano-forte"), and leave a verbal message or a card, saying that, as I would not enter my name he had entered it on the slate, and trusted that I was disengaged. At these snug parties, generally consisting of from six to twelve persons, I met some of the most distinguished men in the United Kingdom. Among

them the late and great Lord Chancellor, Brougham, Lord Campbell, Lord Robertson, who might well be termed the Scottish Yorick, for nothing could exceed "the gibes, the gambols, the songs, the flashes of merriment" of this brilliant wit and learned judge; Liston, the surgeon, the cleverest operator, an excellent yachtsman, and the best fellow in the world; Dr. Gully of Malvern, who had been of great service to the Marquis, who was a victim to that dreadful malady the tic-douloureux; occasionally an old 7th Hussar; often the officers of the Blues, the Cadogans, Sydneys, Sandwiches, and the Pagets—among them Alfred Paget, one of the most popular and practical yachtsmen of the day, Clarence, a first-rate naval officer, and George, the smartest of Hussars, who rode in the "Charge of the Six Hundred" at Balaclava. My memory does not serve me sufficiently well to record the names of those who formed the snug dinner parties at Uxbridge House, suffice it to say that there every profession was well represented —the army, navy, law, medicine, in addition to which were politicians, prose writers, poets, artists, each and all men of distinction and of high social qualities.

I remember once the conversation turning upon the manner in which the Sabbath day is observed in England, when a very pious lady declared that in her opinion no hot dinners should be served, and that servants should have an entire day's holiday and a day's rest. The argument pro and con was warmly discussed, when the host was appealed

to. "I quite agree with Lady ——," said he, "and as far as I am concerned, I should be perfectly willing to adopt her plan." "I thought so," responded the lady, highly delighted at having so influential a follower. "But," he continued, "with this reservation, that all work be abolished, for if my cook is not to provide a hot dinner for me, I do not see why another should have to boil water for breakfast, midday, and evening teas, or to do the housemaid's work. I am perfectly ready to make my own bed, light my own fire, attend to the kettle-boiling, lay the cloth, and, if I fancy it, cook a mutton chop, thus giving the whole establishment a holiday, but half-measures I totally disapprove of." The lady, I need scarcely add, looked highly disconcerted, and with the single exclamation, "I could not do without my tea," allowed the subject to drop.

Of Lord Anglesey it might be truly said, "He was a worthy soldier, animated with high sentiments, ever fulfilling his duty with the greatest energy and courage. Amidst the most terrible fire, in the most furious struggle, his countenance remained calm and intrepid, at the same time encouraging and affectionate for all. Constantly at the head of his cavalry, he animated by his presence and daring both soldiers and officers. Sahagun and Waterloo had spared him, and he was not destined to die the death of a soldier on the field. Full of years and honour, he breathed his last on the 29th of April, 1854. It was a day of mourning in the army, for it felt the real

loss it had sustained. It was a grief to all hearts, for everyone loved and appreciated him. Honoured be the memory and the names of all the brave, both living and dead, who fought under the immortal Wellington. In the lines of the poetess of the passions, Joanna Baillie, whose noble sentiments, classical and vigorous language, were rarely excelled :

"Oh, who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
When, but for those, our mighty dead
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare—a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen
The lofty marks of what hath been."

And here the military services of Lord Anglesey may not be out of place. Lord Anglesey was appointed lieutenant-colonel on the 12th September, 1793, having been appointed to the 80th Regiment which his father had raised. In 1794 he joined the army of the Duke of York in Flanders, in command of the 80th. In the retreat, he had the temporary command of Lord Cathcart's brigade. He accompanied the Duke of York's expedition to Holland in 1799, and commanded the cavalry in the action of the 2nd of October. Late in the evening, the enemy's cavalry having been defeated in the attempt which they made on the British Horse-Artillery on the beach, and having been charged by cavalry under Lord Paget, were driven with very considerable loss to Egmont-op-Zee. In the

retreat of that army he protected the rear with his cavalry, and some skirmishing having taken place, in which several pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the enemy, his Lordship with one squadron attacked the force under General Simon, amounting to six times his own number, repulsed them, retaking the British guns, and capturing at the same time several pieces of the enemy's cannon. In 1809 he proceeded to the Peninsula in command of two brigades of cavalry, and defeated a body of the enemy at Sahagun. During the retreat of Sir John Moore he brought up the rear, and was engaged with the enemy at Mayorga and Benevente. Commanded a division of the army under Lord Chatham on the Walcheren Expedition in 1800, also the cavalry during the campaign of 1815; engaged in frequent charges on the enemy in protecting the rear of the infantry on their retreat on the 17th of June. Towards close of the Battle of Waterloo was struck on the right thigh by a cannon shot. Leg amputated. Lieutenant.-Colonel, September 12th, 1793; Colonel, May 3rd, 1796; Major-General, April 20, 1802; Lieutenant-General, April 25th, 1808. General, August 12th, 1819; Colonel, Royal Horse Guards (Blues), December 20, 1842; Captain, Cowes Castle, March 25th, 1826.

WITS AND DRAMATIC ARTISTS.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

CHAPTER VII.

THEODORE HOOK'S "SAYINGS AND DOINGS"—HIS LINES ON HARWICH, AND MISS COX—THE TIPPERARY CLUB OF WITS—GAY'S MOLLY HOGG.

DR. JOHNSON says: "No man can write the life of a man, but one who has eat, and drunk, and lived in social intercourse with him." Now thus far I am qualified to be the biographer of Theodore Edward Hook, for I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life in his society; moreover in Barham's "Life of Hook," the following flattering notice appears. After referring to Disraeli's novel "Coningsby," the writer adds, "The best of these attempts to depict Hook's character is a slight sketch, only too slight, by Lord William Lennox, who could well appreciate the brilliant qualities of his friend—Reginald Sparkle (so he is called) appears, if we remember right, but once (as with Mercutio it was necessary

to get rid of him soon) and then at a dinner party, a scene certainly the best calculated for the display of his powers, and drawing proportionally on those of the author. It is, however, admirably sustained, abounding in point, but natural withal and life-like." After the above flattering eulogium I feel justified in giving my impressions of Hook, and in so doing will try to avoid repeating what has already appeared in print. Certainly of him it may be truly said.

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal:
> His eye begets occasion for his wit;
> For every object that the one doth catch
> The other turns to a mirth-moving jest."

I first became acquainted with Theodore Hook at a dinner party given by the late Richard Barham ("Ingoldsby") some fifty years ago, and was at once struck with his wit and readiness at repartee. Cannon, to whom I have already alluded, was present, and the evening passed off delightfully. At a late hour, or rather at an early hour in the morning, our host showed some signs of weariness, and, being called out of the room, his health was proposed and drunk with the usual honours. On his return, Hook said, "We have had the pleasure of drinking your health in your absence." "And," replied Barham, "it will give me great pleasure to drink yours in your absence." After this broad but proper hint, we rose to take our departure.

"You know everything," said Cannon; "what's going on?" "I am," responded Hook, suiting the action to the word, but not before he had invited the whole party to dine with him on the following Monday. From that period until his latest hour, I was constantly in the habit of meeting him, both in country and town houses, where he was always the life and soul of the party.

I once drove down with him to Epsom, during the whole journey he kept up a regular running fire of pun, anecdote, and improviso. "*Hawes*, surgeon," said he, "that reminds me of two lines I made on a saw-bones of that name, during the severe frost of 1814.

> "Perpetual freezings and perpetual thaws,
> Though bad for *hips* are good for *Hawes*."

As we reached Vauxhall Bridge, I remarked, "I wonder if this bridge pays?" "Go over it, and you will be *tolled*," was the reply. "So," said he, addressing the gatekeeper, who was very hoarse, "you haven't recovered your voice yet." "No, Sir," the man answered, "I've caught a *fresh* cold." "But why did you catch a *fresh* one? Why didn't you have it *cured?*" On we went, from subject to subject, from pun to pun. The sign of the "Three Ravens," suggested the reflection, "The owner must be *ravin* mad." Soon afterwards, we discerned a party of labourers employed in sinking a well. "What are you about?" inquired Hook. "Boring for water, Sir," replied a gaping clod. "Water's

a *bore* at any time, besides you are quite wrong; remember the old proverb 'Leave *well* alone.'" "Did you see in the paper this morning that the Exeter Theatre is burnt down?" I asked. "Oh, yes, quite dramatic—*Enter* a fire. *Exit* a theatre." The conversation turned upon duelling, and I questioned my companion as to whether he was the author of the lines on the meeting between Tom Moore and Jeffrey, on which occasion it was said that the pistols were not loaded with ball, and which lines had been attributed to James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." "I plead guilty," responded Hook, repeating them:—

"When Anacreon would fight, as the poets have said
A reverse he displayed in his vapour,
For while all his poems are loaded with *lead*,
His pistols were loaded with *paper*.
For excuses, Anacreon old custom may thank,
The indulgence don't let him abuse,
For the cartridge 'tis known is always made blank,
That is fired away at *Reviews*."

Upon returning home he wrote the epigram in my album, with the following remark. "These lines were written by me, when a duel between Thomas Moore and Mr. Jeffrey, the Edinburgh Reviewer, was stopped by the police. Upon that occasion some silly jokes were made about the mode of loading the pistols, which, however untrue, are good, since they gave rise to the above quibble."

An advertisement of Gowland's Lotion gave my

companion an opportunity of saying "I wonder they don't wash Mount Etna with it, in the hopes of preventing an *eruption*." Another instance of the readiness of his wit occurs to me. The late Duke of Beaufort, who was to have been one of the knights at the Eglinton Tournament, was lamenting that he was obliged to excuse himself, on the ground of an attack of the gout. "How" said he, "could I ever get my poor puffed legs into those abominable iron boots?" "It will be quite as appropriate," replied Hook, "if Your Grace goes in your *list* shoes." Again an illiterate vendor of beer wrote over his door, "*Bear* sold here." "Quite right," said Hook, "He means to apprise us, that the article is his own *Bruin*." One day, when coming late to dinner, his host remarked that he had quite given him up, and had supposed that the weather had deterred him. "Oh," replied Theodore, "I determined to come *whether* or no."

Upon one occasion when Hook was busily employed writing a song for the "John Bull" newspaper, he was much annoyed by a fiddler straining harsh discords under his window; he threw out sixpence to him, at the same time requesting him to take his departure, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient. Two silly brothers, who were very much about town in Hook's time, took pains by dressing alike to deceive their friends as to their identity. Some one was expatiating upon these modern Dromios, at which Hook grew impatient. "Well," said his friend, "you will admit that they

resemble each other wonderfully. They are as like as two peas." "They are," retorted Theodore, "and quite as *green*."

A young gentleman was asked to sing at a party where Hook was, but he assured the company that he could not sing, and added that they only wished to make a *but* of him. "Oh, no," said the wit, "all we want is to get a *stave* out of you." "You're master of this house, I think," said Hook, as he drove up to a rural inn door. "I am, Sir," responded Boniface. "I thought so," continued Hook, "for your wife's been dead these six months." We stopped to lunch at Epsom, where the landlord produced an excellent bottle of old port. "There's food and drink in this wine," exclaimed Hook. The landlord looked surprised. "Port wine with a *crust*." What remark Boniface made in his bar-parlour with respect to the joke, which he did not seem to understand, I know not.

I may here remark from my own long acquaintamce with Hook, that a most agreeable feature in his social character was that he had no envy, and was as pleased to listen to the jests of others as to jest himself; and here, although I may lay myself open to a charge of egotism, I can give a striking instance. In Barham's Diary the following appears: "May 5th. Dined at Hook's. Lord William Lennox, Mathews, Yates, Cannon, Allan Cunningham, Professor Millington, Horace Twiss present. Hook had hung black crape over Peel's picture, which was on one side of the room, and

Horace Twiss, being Under Secretary of State, thought it incumbent on him to remove it. The piece of mourning proved more strongly fastened than he had anticipated, which induced Lord William Lennox, on seeing him bungling at it, to say, 'Ah, it's of no use, you will never be able to get him out of his *s-crape*."

In the presence of such a party of professed wits, my remark was made in an undertone to Hook, on whose right hand I sat, who, wishing to encourage me, repeated it to the company in a loud voice, adding "Capital, capital." Like single-speech Hamilton, I sat silent the rest of the evening, contenting myself with the effect my solitary pun had produced.

Hook's exuberance of fun, which was irrepressible, often led him to commit actions and indulge in personal satire perfectly unjustifiable. To give a few instances, one day he observed a pompous gentleman walking in very grand style along the Strand; instantly leaving his companion, he went up to him and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but may I ask are you any one in particular?" bowing respectfully, and passing on before the astonished magnifico could collect himself to give a practical or other answer to the query. During supper one evening, for supper was then the fashion, conversation turned upon the late Sir George Warrender, who was one of the greatest gourmands of his day. "Sir George," said Hook, "was once obliged to put off a dinner-party, in consequence of the sudden death of a relative; and sat down to a haunch of

venison by himself. While eating, he remarked to his butler that it would make an admirable hash next day. 'Yes, Sir George,' said the man, 'if you leave off now.'"

The above reminds me of a story I once heard, the scene of which was at Avignon in France. "By my faith," said the President of the Tribunal to an interested auditor, "we have just had a superb turkey, tender as a chicken, fat as an ortolan, aromatic as a thrush. By my faith, we left nothing but its bones." "And how many were there of you?" inquired the curious hearer. "Only two," answered the *gourmet*, with a self-complacent smile. "Only two!" ejaculated the simple auditor, with amazement. "Precisely so," the lawyer answered. "Only two. There was myself, and there was—the turkey." This judge was a man of infinite jest, but in gluttonous ability he was surpassed by an Englishman of letters and politics, who at his solitary dinner in an Old Bailey beef-shop, ate seven pounds and a half of solid meat, sliced from a round of boiled beef. As his customer ate, the keeper of the shop regarded him with increasing anger, for diners at the establishment were at liberty to eat as much as they pleased for a stated sum. "Excellent beef!" said the gourmand, graciously, when he at length rose from his seat; "a man may cut and come again here." "You may *cut*, Sir," responded the purveyor of dinners, "but I'll be blowed if you shall *come* again." To return to Hook, upon Shelley's poem "Prometheus Unbound" he was unusually severe:

"Shelley styles his new poem "Prometheus Unbound,"
And 'tis like to remain so while Time circles round,
For surely an age would be spent in the finding
A reader so weak as to pay for the binding."

Upon one occasion, when Theodore Hook and the Reverend Richard Cobbold were guests of the then Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Honourable Charles Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury, at Mistley Hall, Mr. Cobbold produced the following eulogium on Harwich, whether a true or exaggerated account I know not, never having visited that town.

"Old Harwich stands
Along two strands,
Between the sea and the Stour,
With a bold redoubt
To keep folks out
Who would land upon her shore.

"In stormy nights,
Two harbour lights,
Invite the wanderers in,
And they need not doubt
As to whereabout
Their safety may begin.

"The markets full,
The prison dull,
The gardens sweet senses arouse,
And a man may pass
On pavement of glass
By the door of the Custom House.

"The streets you will own
Are all cleanly grown,
Cheerful as month of May,
And the Esplanade
Will for every grade
Afford a bright holiday,

"In the library
All books we see,
And a piano rich in tone;
By the Mayor's grace
Works of art we trace,
And a cast of Laocoon.

"On the various slips
We see great ships,
In the harbour a man of war;
At the bright flood tide
See the sails in pride
Steer'd home by the British Tar.

"The harbour and fort
From Dover Court,
And the breakwater's noble spray,
Show that Harwich taste
Will let nothing waste
Whilst she looks for a brighter day.

"If at Mistley Hall,
Within railway call,
With your carriage you like to stay,
You may, if you please,
Remain at your ease
Whilst to Harwich I take my way."

Hook's extemporaneous reply was:

"Old Harwich stands
Along two strands
Between the sea and the Stour,
Its grand redoubt
Might keep folks out,
If it had but a better door.

"In wintry nights
Two harbour lights
Invite the stranger in;
But he'd turn, no doubt,
To the right about
If he could but see the inn.

"The market's shut,
The prison's not,
And the gardens smell of lobscouse;
And we could not pass
For the length of the grass
By the door of the Custom House.

"The streets, be it known,
Would yield, if mown,
Some tons of excellent hay,
And the Esplanade,
For those who can wade,
Is passable half the day.

"In the library
No books we see,
But a harpsichord out of tune,
Toys, bonnets, lace,
An alderman's face,
And a plaster Laocoon.

"From the filthy slips
We saw the ships,
And we counted just thirteen;
Four on the flood,
Three in the mud,
And six in quarantine.

"The harbour view
Is fine, 'tis true,
If you only knew where it lay;
But the houses are placed
In such excellent taste
That they all look the other way.

"From Mistley Hall
'Tis what folks call
Eleven miles in a carriage;
But as long as I may
At Mistley stay,
Be hang'd if I go to Harwich."

The following lines upon a Mr. Rosenhagen, who

entered the room while Hook was extemporising a song, are well known, but they will bear repetition.

"Yet more of my muse is required,
Alas! I fear she is done,
But *no*, like a fiddler that's tired,
I'll *Rosen-again* and go on."

One evening at Brighton the conversation turned upon a young lady of the name of Cox, at that time residing there, when Hook sat down to the pianoforte and sang the following lines, which, as an unstudied effort, were never surpassed. He had previously been given, as a subject, King William IV. "The King, that won't do, he's no *subject*," was his ready response. Miss Cox's name was then suggested.

"When straying alone on the shore
A-picking of weeds from the rocks,
I beheld (I ne'er saw her before)
The charming and pretty Miss Cox.

"I followed this Grace to a door,
Where she gave to the rapper some knocks;
She entered, I dared do no more
But learn that her name was Miss Cox.

"There is *sugar* that grows in the West,
There is *rum* in the ships in the docks,
But none of these equal at best,
The *sweetness* and *spirit* of Cox.

"Oh! were she immured in a cave,
Confin'd by bars, fetters, and locks,
Every danger on earth would I brave,
To liberate pretty Miss Cox.

"I saw her once travelling the road,
Sitting placidly up on the box;
I envied the carriage its load,
And long'd to be sitting by Cox.

"I once saw her nursing a dog,
The whitest of all little *Shocks*.
I'd consent to be even a hog,
To be fondled and petted by Cox.

"Dull men who unmoved can behold
Such a creature must surely be blocks.
The hearts of the old and the cold,
Must be warm'd by the beauties of Cox.

"If I go by myself to the pier,
Where the billow insultingly mocks,
And see other females appear,
I cannot help thinking of Cox,

"'Pretty chickens,' Macduff called his brood,
To which cruel Macbeth gave such shocks.
But I'm sure were they never so good,
That none of his *hens* were like *Cox*,

"I'm wearing and wasting away,
And had I the strength of an ox,
To a shadow I soon should decay,
If frown'd on by charming Miss Cox.

"But she knows not my name, nor my means.
If I'm poor, or have cash in the stocks;
She's hunted by lords and by deans,
And I shall be robb'd of my Cox.

"I'm shy, and I'm pale, and I'm thin,
And I wear fleecy hosiery socks,
Fleecy hosiery next to my skin.
Which, perhaps might not please sweet Miss Cox.

"My hair is, perhaps, getting grey;
I'm *pitted* a bit with small-pox,
My limbs too, are wasting away.
Oh, would I were *pitied* by Cox!

"If she's kind, I shall quickly get sound,
My hair will grow curly in locks;
No flannel about me be found,
If warm'd by the smile of Miss Cox.

"When I walk on the beach and I see
Little children a-playing in frocks,
I think what a thing it would be
If I should get married to Cox,

"But though she's so coy, and so shy,
I fancy her sometimes a fox;
Yet, though beautiful girls can be sly,
Sure not such a beauty as Cox.

"There are lovers who say, yet won't do,
(The *nihil preterea vox*)
But such is not *he* who would sue
For the lily-white hand of Miss Cox,

"When the moon is all bright in the sky,
What delight under cover of *Nox*,
Just to walk and to talk, and to sigh
With that charmer, the lovely Miss Cox.

"The young Roman virgin, when press'd,
Used to blush, and to whisper out 'Mox.'
How truly would that man be bless'd
Who could get such an answer from Cox.

"To church let me lead her, and there,
With a service, the most orthodox,
Put an end to this teasing affair,
By changing the name of Miss Cox,"

Clever as the above extemporaneous lines are, they were nearly equalled by the following song in praise of Miss Rowe, written one night extemporaneously by a club of gentlemen, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. It was

agreed that each member should, off-hand, write four lines, and they produced the following verses. The date is July 8, 1773:—

"A whimsical pain has just caught me,
Much worse than the gout in my toe;
What damsel on earth could have taught me
To love but enchanting Moll Rowe?"

SIR HARRY CLAYTON.

"When chatting or walking or drinking,
No person or subject I know,
For all my whole power of thinking,
Is employed about sweet Molly Rowe."

JOHN MACKLIN, ESQ.

"Some people love hunting and sporting,
And chase a stout buck or a doe.
But the game I am fond of, is courting
A smile from my dear Molly Rowe."

THOMAS DENEDON, ESQ.

"In the dance, though the couples are scudding,
How graceful and light does she go!
No Englishman ever lov'd pudding,
As I love my sweet Molly Rowe."

T. AMORY, ESQ.

"In the dumps, when my friend says, 'How goes it?'
I answer him surly, 'So so.'
I'm sad, and I care not who knows it;
I suffer from charming Moll Rowe."

W. BINGHAM, ESQ.

"Tho' formerly I was a sloven,
For her I will turn a great beau;
I'll buy a new coat to make love in,
And dress at my tempting Moll Rowe."

JOHN O'ROURKE ESQ.

"She's witty, she's lovely, she's airy,
Her bright eyes as black as a sloe;
Sweet's the County of sweet Tipperary,
The sweetest nymph in it's Moll Rowe."

OLIVER ST. GEORGE, ESQ.

"So great and so true is my passion,
I kindle like fire and tow;
Who's the pearl of the whole Irish nation?
Arrah! who should it be, but Moll Rowe?"

TOPHAM STEVENS, ESQ.

"Your shafts I have stood, Mr. Cupid,
And oft cried, 'A fig for your bow!'
But the man who escapes must be stupid,
When you shoot from the eyes of Moll Rowe."

THOMAS MOLYNEUX, ESQ.

"Come fill up in bumpers your glasses,
And let the brown bowl overflow;
Here's a health to the brightest of lasses,
The Queen of all toasts, Molly Rowe.

THOMAS BUTLER, ESQ.

Hook possibly may have read a ballad by Gay, entitled "Molly Mog, or, the Fair Maid at the Inn," and may have borrowed an idea from it, but that does not take away from his great extemporaneous powers.

"Says my uncle, 'I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes:
Why you pine and you whine like a lover!'
'I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.'

"'Oh, nephew! your grief is but folly,
Here pass me that bumper of grog,
In London you'll meet with a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

"'I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are best at a clog;
But I'm not so easily frighted
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

"'The schoolboy's desire is a play day;
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog,
The milk-maid's delight is in May day;
But mine is in sweet Molly Mog,

"'Will-o-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog;
But no light can set me a-madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

"'For guineas in other men's breeches,
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

"'The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

"'Who follows the dance and the measure,
Who revels at feasts like a hog?
But there's nothing can give such good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

"'I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

"'A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

"'If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at Court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance at my sweet Molly Mog.

"'Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

"'Those who toast all the Family Royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

"'Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another Eclogue;
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

"'When she smiles on each guest like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog,
To be sure she is loved by the Vicar
And so I shall love Molly Mog.'"

I am rather at a loss to understand what Hogan and Nog mean, but I presume they are the names of wine-merchants of that day.

On the subject of wit let me quote Sydney Smith, a great wit himself:—Profound wits," he writes, "though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. In short, the character of a *mere* wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit, where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. Wit is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were all witty men; so were Cicero, Shakespeare, Demosthenes, Solon, Socrates, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Walker, Cowley, Dr. Johnson,

and almost every man who has made a figure in the House of Commons.

"When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men, than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfréezing coldness, teaching age, and care, and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely *the flavour of the mind.* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfume to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

Hook undoubtedly was a man of great original talent, sweet tempered, warm-hearted, humane, charitable, and generous. Under a better, sterner

discipline of life in his early years, he would probably have taken rank with the first minds of his time—as it was, his wit did not come up to that high standard which Barrow so ably describes:—

"It is when it enlightens the intellect by good sense, conveyed in jocular expression, when it infringes neither on religion, charity, nor on peace, when it maintains good humour, sweetens conversation, and makes the endearments of society more captivating; when it exposes what is vile and base to contempt; when it reclaims the vicious, and laughs them into virtue; when it answers what is below refutation; when it replies to obloquy; when it counterbalances the fashion of error and vice, playing off their own weapons of ridicule against them; when it adorns truth; when it follows great examples; when it is not used upon subjects improper for it, or in a manner unbecoming, in measure intemperate, at an undue season, or to a dangerous end."

Another writes:—

"If Hook was a wit withal, it was *malgré soi*, for fun, not wit, was his aspiration. Yet the world calls him a wit, and he has a claim to his niche. There were, it is true, many men in his own set who had more real wit. There were James Smith, Barham, Tom Hill, and others. Out of his set, but of his time there was Sydney Smith, ten times more a wit; but Theodore could amuse, Theodore could astonish, Theodore could be at home anywhere; he had all the impudence, all the readiness, all the indifference of a jester, and a jester he was."

Whether he was more than a jester may well be doubted; yet Coleridge, when he heard him, said, "I have before in my time met with men of admirable promptitude, of intellectual power and play of wit, which as Stillingfleet says: 'The rays of wit gild wheresoever they strike.' But I never could have conceived such readiness of mind, and resources of genius to be poured out upon the mere subject and impulse of the moment." The poet was wrong in one respect, genius can in no sense be applied to Hook, though readiness was his chief charm.

Another lyrist writes:—

"Hook now remains in the memory of men only as a wit that was, a punster, a hoaxer, a sorry jester, with an ample fund of fun, but not as a great man in any way."

Hook died on the 24th of August, 1841, a small unpretending tombstone in Fulham Churchyard marks his resting place.

DRAMATIC ARTISTS.

MISS O'NEIL.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE—MISS O'NEIL'S EARLY DRAMATIC DAYS—HER BRILLIANT CAREER IN LONDON—HER AMIABILITY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

"I saw her tread the mimic scene,
With true Siddonian grace,
Ere yet the bloom of sweet sixteen
Had flushed upon her face."

IT was during the Christmas Holidays, in the year 1810, when my father was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, that I first became acquainted with Miss O'Neil, afterwards Lady Becher. A brother of mine and myself, then Westminster boys, always passed the Winter vacation at the Phœnix Park, Dublin, and as we had, from an early age, been devoted to theatricals, our first thought on reaching Phœnix Park was to show off our histrionic powers. Like other aspirants for dramatic fame, we considered tragedy our forte, and soon prevailed upon our parents, with the aid of some young

companions, to get up "Jane Shore," and a popular farce of the day. One day, when rehearsing, an aide-de-camp of my father's entered the room, and remarked in a voice loud enough to be heard by us, though such was not the speaker's intention, that he feared the laughter of the audience would be so excited by the tragedy that there would not be a smile left for the farce; this, albeit not very flattering, we felt might be true, so we substituted a scene from the "Lady of the Lake," an act of "Douglas," for I had set my mind on appearing as "Young Norval," and a Christmas Pantomime.

The eventful evening arrived. I pass over the scene from Walter Scott's poem, and will merely say we were far from perfect in the words; indeed we fully realized Sheridan's remark, who, being asked whom he liked best at an amateur play, replied, "the prompter—for I heard more and saw less of him than anyone else."

With regard to the act from Home's tragedy, when the blood of Douglas flows through the treachery of a foe to the house, my death was hailed with cheers, whether from the fine conception I had of the part, or the delight of the audience at not seeing me again, must ever remain a mystery, save in the breasts of those who were present upon that occasion.

The pantomime would have gone off admirably well, but for an untoward event. On the morning of the performance the "spangled" hero, in taking a jump, sprained his ankle, and we had the greatest difficulty in finding a substitute. At last I got hold

of a young colleger, who undertook it, "barring the leaps." As, however, a leap through a clock had been a prominent feature in our play-bills, I turned over in my mind whether I could not change my clown's dress, put on that of harlequin, and take the leap. This I felt I could accomplish by having my motley garb made loose, so as to cover the party coloured dress. All went off well during the first scenes. I had taken the leap as harlequin, and had retired to the back of the temporary stage to put on my clown's dress, when the event, to which I have referred, took place. My brother who personated pantaloon, the real harlequin, and the young and graceful columbine had promised to give me ample time, which they did, by carrying on what is termed the "business" of the stage. Unfortunately, in the midst of their antics, the prompter gave a signal, the scene was drawn up, disclosing that which requires the pen of a Dickens or the pencil of a Leech to describe. There was I, sitting half harlequin, half clown, while my dress was being changed, enjoying the luxuries of a pint of Dublin stout out of a pewter pot. The audience shouted, down went the curtain, and the performance terminated.

A few evenings afterwards my brother and myself were taken to the Theatre Royal to witness the performance of the "Lady of the Lake," and "Harlequin and Mother Goose." Miss Walstein acting "Ellen," and Miss O'Neil the crazed and captive Lowland maid, "Blanche of Devon." Excellent as Miss Walstein was as "Ellen Douglas,"

my attention was entirely absorbed by the exquisite acting of the "helpless injured" Blanche. At the termination of the play we were taken by the manager into the green-room, and there presented to Miss O'Neil. Nothing could be more delightful, or more natural, than her manner. She playfully referred to our amateur performance and gave us an excellent piece of advice, which it would be well for all non-professionals to follow, namely, to pay every attention to the author's meaning, and then laboriously study how best to delineate it.

At this period Miss O'Neil was about twenty-one years of age; she was loveliness personified; her voice was the perfection of melody; her manner graceful, impassioned, and irresistible. Inferior to Mrs. Siddons in dignity and in depicting the more terrible and stormy passions of human nature, she excelled that great mistress of the histrionic art in tenderness and natural pathos. In "Lady Macbeth," "Constance," "Volumnia," "Margaret of Anjou," and "Lady Randolph," the Siddons was unrivalled, while O'Neil in her matchless representation of feminine terderness as "Juliet," "Belvidera," "Isabella" and "Mrs. Haller," was faultless; and this reminds me of an anecdote of Byron, who was some few years afterwards so jealous of Miss O'Neil's reputation interfering with that of his favourite Edmund Kean, that in order to guard himself against the risk of becoming a convert, he refused to go and see her act. Tom Moore endeavoured sometimes to persuade him into witnessing at least one of her performances, but his answer

was, (punning upon Shakespeare's word "unannealed"), "No, I'm resolved to continue *un-O'Neiled.*"

To resume, so delighted were we with the performance above recorded, that we prevailed upon our parents again to visit the theatre, and during the holidays we saw Miss O'Neil in many of her best characters. "Beatrice" was perhaps the greatest, and here I may remark that this artiste was to my mind as great in comedy as in tragedy. I have never seen any one that could represent "Lady Teazle," and "Mrs. Oakley," half as well as she did. I once saw her as "Maria" in the "Citizen" in Dublin, thus proudly exemplifying the axiom, that though *mediocre* talent is always struggling for the best part, *true genius* is not afraid to encounter the worst.

Unlike the author of "Childe Harold," I never lost an opportunity of seeing Miss O'Neil; and being abroad when she made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 14th of October, 1814, I was unable to attend, but upon my return to England I scarcely ever missed an evening when she acted, and was present at her last appearance in London, on the 13th of July, 1819, as "Mrs. Haller." It was not announced as a final performance, but merely as her closing night before Christmas. To me, with my young feelings as yet in their full flow, this performance was so exquisitely touching, so like reality, that when she recounted her remorseful sorrow to him she had injured, I indulged in loud sobs, until frowned down and

stared into their suppression. Miss O'Neil acted afterwards in Dublin and Edinburgh, and finally at the private theatre in Kilkenny.

Never shall I forget the first evening that I saw Miss O'Neil as "Juliet," at Covent Garden Theatre. No sooner did the balcony scene open than a breathless silence ensued, which was instantaneously followed by shouts that rent the air,

> "Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omnis
> Contremuit domus—"

Juliet appeared—the applause increased. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the audience. After a time she commenced,

> "O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
> Deny thy father, and refuse thy name."

These words were uttered in such a tone, and given with such expression, that my whole feeling was with the artiste, my attention was riveted to the scene. I could think of nothing else. I listened, I gazed, I watched every movement, every expression—not a word, not a look, escaped me; and though perhaps the opinion of so youthful a critic may be deemed presumptuous, I have never had any reason for changing the impression thus early formed, that Miss O'Neil in "Juliet" stood unrivalled.

I have since seen the "supernatural" John Kemble as "Coriolanus," the fiery George Frederick Cooke as "Shylock," the chivalrous Charles Kemble as "Falconbridge," the majestic Siddons as "Con-

stance," the classical Young as "Brutus," the impassioned Kean as "Richard III.," the dignified Somerville as "Hermione," the accomplished Macready as "Virginius," the talented Charles Kean as "Richelieu," the inimitable Fechter as "Hamlet," the pathetic Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean), as "Desdemona," that brilliant star, Rachel as "Camille" in "Les Horaces," the dignified Ristori as "Lady Macbeth," the Garrick of the French stage Talma, in "Orestes," the graceful Mars as Charlotte, in "Le Tartufe," Salvini as "Othello," Irving as "Hamlet;" and one and all, in their respective characters, have evinced the finest conceptions, the most admirable portraitures of the noblest creations of Shakespeare, Corneille, and Molière; still they have not erased from my mind the effect produced by Miss O'Neil in the delineation of Capulet's ill-fated daughter. Nor am I singular in my admiration of this talented lady, for there was scarcely a critic that did not do justice to her transcendent powers. Through green-room gossip and theatrical *canards*, the public have been told that Miss O'Neil never experienced that feeling which brought tears into the eyes of many of her audience, and a story was current that when as Belvidera, she exclaimed in a voice that caused a breathless silence, "Remember twelve," she added, *sotto voce*, but in a theatrical tone, addressing Charles Kemble at the wing, "Lobsters and champagne at the midnight hour."

Sheil, the orator, the rival of the great O'Connell, was enthusiastic in his praise of Miss O'Neil.

In his preface to "Bellamira," he thus refers to the heroine, "Miss O'Neil has added to the many obligations already conferred upon me, by a second exertion of her supremacy of dominion over the two great sources of emotion, which has decided the bias of the public towards the tragic drama in this country." Certainly nothing could be more exquisitely touching than her exclamation,

> "Now, villain, strike,
> Strike thro' a mother's bosom.
> Oh! mercy, mercy! help me, nature, help me,
> Sinano, spare my child!"

In Monk Lewis's tragedy of "Adelgetha," her death scene was terrific, and the anguish she evinced when uttering the words, "Bless thee, farewell! Oh, I am guilty! guilty! Pray for my soul's repose! Pray too—hereafter, our spirits—in a better happier world. Heaven! heaven! 'tis past!" brought tears into the eyes of her audience.

Frederick Reynolds, so long at the head of affairs at Covent Garden Theatre, remarks, "From the day Miss O'Neil commenced her theatrical career till she concluded it, she faithfully fulfilled her duty, both towards the public and the manager. I only recollect two characters which she refused; the one was "Mary Stuart," altered from Schiller; the other was "Imogen." Regarding the performance of this latter character, Mr. Harris, the then manager, was most urgent in his requests; but nothing could induce Miss O'Neil to appear in boy's clothes. That there was no affectation or assumed delicacy in her decision, I am perfectly

convinced; yet it should be remembered that if every other actress were to indulge the same scrupulous feelings, not only "Cymbeline," but "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Philaster," "The Country Girl," and many other of our sterling plays, would never again be performed."

With the exception of Miss O'Neil, I consider Maria Treè, afterwards Mrs. Bradshaw, one who was not only a vocalist of superior ability, thus upholding the charms of pure English song, but who, for exquisite pathos and feminine softness, stood unrivalled. Mrs. Clive's remark upon Mrs. Siddons, "Her acting was all truth and beauty from beginning to end," was applicable to Miss M. Tree's "Clari," which was perfection, and this reminds me of an anecdote connected with that lady. Daniel Terry, the comedian and friend of Walter Scott, was one evening in the green room of Covent Garden Theatre, when the question of casting this popular drama in some anticipated trip to the provinces, was discussed. "I suppose," said Terry in his harsh voice, "I must become the tender father and study the part of Rolamo. "I hope you will," responded Harley, who happened to have paid a visit to the rival establishment, "for if you are not *clari*-fied, I know full well that Maria Tree will be *terri*-fied."

French critics were equally struck with the talent of the subject of this brief memoir, for V. Fournel in his "Curiosités Théâtrales Anciennes et Modernes, Françaises et Etrangères," thus speaks of Miss

O'Neil, "J'ai vu à Londres des Français qui n'entendaient pas un mot d'Anglais, s'attendrir et pleurer aux seuls accents de la voix touchante de Miss O'Neil."

In conclusion, this gifted lady's marriage with Sir William Wrixon Becher, though a great gain to him, was a sad loss to the public. Her conduct in private life was exemplary to the highest degree; to her latest hour she was ever mindful of those who were struggling against fortune in the profession of which she had been so brilliant an ornament, and would aid them with her counsel and advice. She had a hand open as melting charity for those in distress, relieving them to the utmost extent of her power; moreover, she was proud of her early career, and would talk with rapture of her theatrical days. How unlike some fashionable ladies I could name who eschew the past, and give themselves the airs of tragedy queens, seeming themselves to forget, though others do not, the humble walk in which they formerly figured on the boards, and which hardly fitted them for the rôles of fine ladies. In the above remark I except the late Duchess of St. Albans, the Countesses of Craven and Derby, Lady Thurlow, Mrs. Bradshaw, and the present Countess of Essex.

THEATRICALS.

CHAPTER IX.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS IN BYGONE DAYS—CATO AT LEICESTER HOUSE—PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY PRINCE GEORGE, AFTERWARDS GEORGE III.—EPILOGUE BY THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA AND PRINCE EDWARD—THEATRICALS AT HOLLAND HOUSE—ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE—KILKENNY THEATRICALS—THOMAS MOORE.

"Of all the various passions that engage
Our best, our purest pleasure is the stage,
Here scenes, by forcible examples, reach
Beyond what wisest moralist can teach,
By Fraud forewarn'd, by Folly rendered wise,
Inspir'd by Virtue, and incens'd at Vice,
All bosoms feel Truth's sacred form impress'd.
And each deep instance penetrates the breast."

From an Occasional Address written for the Amateur Theatricals at Kilkenny.

THERE never was a period when private theatricals were more patronised than they are at the present moment; in bygone times it was with the greatest difficulty that ladies could be prevailed upon to appear on the mimic boards, though, of course, there were some brilliant exceptions. Now we can boast of many a fair one who realizes the lines, and appears as

"Thalia's most favourite daughter
Whose sportive effusions convulse us with laughter.
Yet who, versatile, can each soft passion impart,
Where feeling's required to speak home to the heart."

Before, however, I refer to amateurs of our day, I will take a retrospective view of those of past times.

To go back then, some five hundred years, I find that in 1378 a petition was presented by the scholars of St. Paul's School to Richard II., praying the King "to prohibit some inexpert people from representing the History of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expense in order to represent it publickly at Christmas." In the same reign, I meet with the representation of dramas of a similar description by the Society of the Parish Clerks. The parish clerks were incorporated into a guild by Henry III., about the year 1240. It was anciently customary for men and women of the first quality, ecclesiastics and others, to be admitted into this corporation, who were usually hired as a band of vocal performers by the nobility. In the year 1391, the parish clerks played certain interludes at Skinners' Wells, near London, for three days successively, the King, Queen, and many of the nobility being present at the performance; and in the year 1409 they represented at the same place "a great play which lasted eight days, a sort of compendium of universal history; there were to see the same the most parte of the nobles and gentles in England."

I must now put on my seven-league boots and jump over two hundred and sixty-seven years, when the following notice appeared:—

COMUS, A MASQUE.
Presented at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Bridgewater,
The President of Wales.
The chief persons who presented were:
The Lord Brackley.
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother.
The Lady Alice Egerton.

In an edition of Milton's poems in 1645, in reference to the above, the following extract from a dedication to John, Viscount Brackley, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, appears: "My Lord. — This poem ("Comus") which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you."

The Princes of the House of Brunswick have ever been partial to theatrical entertainments. George II. frequently visited the theatres, notwithstanding his imperfect knowledge of the English language, which prevented his enjoying the beauties of the drama as much as he must otherwise have done. His Majesty was at Drury Lane Theatre when the Culloden despatches from the Duke of Cumberland were presented to him. The instant he opened them, and collected the substance of their contents, he started up, the tears streaming from his eyes, ejaculated his thanks to God, and announced the victory. Garrick caught the transporting sound,

by his orders the orchestra struck up the National Hymn, and the whole audience joined in the spirit-stirring chorus.

Prince Frederick of Wales possessed a similar taste for the drama to his father, and was very fond of instructing his children at an early age to repeat speeches out of plays.

While his family were still very young, the Prince had plays at Leicester House, in which the children of His Royal Highness sustained the principal characters. These were got up under the direction of Quin, the actor, and it was in reference to the instructions he then gave Prince George that, on hearing of the graceful manner in which he delivered his first speech from the throne, he exclaimed with pride and exultation, "Ah! I taught the boy to speak."

On the 4th of January, 1749, the young Princes and Princesses, aided by some of the juvenile branches of the nobility, performed the tragedy of "Cato" before their Royal parents, and a numerous audience of distinguished personages. The following formed the dramatic corps on the above occasion,

Portius . . .	Prince George.
Juba	Prince Edward.
Cato	Master Nugent.
Sempronius . .	Master Evelyn.
Lucius . . .	Master Montagu.
Decius . . .	Lord Milsingdon.
Syphax . . .	Master North, (Son of Lord North.)
Marcius . . .	Master Madden.
Marcia . . .	Princess Augusta.
Livia . . .	Princess Elizabeth.

Previous to the rising of the curtain, Prince George, then eleven years of age, came forward and delivered the following prologue:—

"To speak with freedom, dignity, and ease,
To learn those arts which may hereafter please,
Wise authors say—let youth, in earliest age
Rehearse the poet's labours on the stage.
Nay, more, a nobler end is still behind—
The poet's labours elevate the mind;
Teach our young hearts with gen'rous fire to burn,
And feel the virtuous sentiments we learn.
T'attain these glorious ends what play so fit
As that where all the powers of human wit
Combine to dignify great Cato's name,
To deck his tomb, and consecrate his fame?
Where liberty—O name for ever dear!—
Breathes forth in every line, and bids us fear
Nor pains, nor death, to guard our sacred laws,
But bravely perish in our country's cause.
Patriots indeed! Nor why that honest name,
Through every time and station still the same.
Should this, superior to my years be thought,
Know 'tis the first great lesson I was taught.
What, though a boy! it may with pride be said,
A boy in *England* born—in *England* bred;
Where freedom well becomes the earliest state,
For there the love of liberty's innate.
Yet more; before my eyes those heroes stand,
Whom the great William brought to bless this land,
To guard with pious care that gen'rous plan
Of power well bounded which he first began.
But while my great forefathers fire my mind,
The friends, the joy, the glory of mankind,
Can I forget that there is one more dear?
But he is present, and I must forbear."

After the tragedy had been performed in a manner highly creditable to the juvenile aspirants for histrionic fame, the Princess Augusta, afterwards

Duchess of Brunswick, and Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of York, delivered the following epilogue :—

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

The prologue's filled with such fine phrases,
George will alone have all the praises,
Unless we can (to get in vogue)
Contrive to speak an Epilogue.

PRINCE EDWARD.

George has, 'tis true, vouchsaf'd to mention
His future gracious intention
In such heroic strains that no man
Will e'er deny his soul is *Roman*,
But what have you or I to say to
The pompous sentiments of Cato?
George is to have imperial sway;
Our task is only to obey;
And trust me I'll not thwart his will,
And be his faithful *Juba* still—
Though, sister, now the play is over,
I wish you'd get a better lover.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Why, not to underrate your merit,
Others would court with different spirit,
And I perhaps might like another
A little better than a brother.
Could I have one of *England's* breeding,
But 'tis a point they've all agreed on,
That I must wed a foreigner,
And cross the seas—the Lord knows where—
Yet, let me go where'er I will,
England shall have my wishes still.

PRINCE EDWARD.

In England born, my inclination,
Like yours, is wedded in the nation;
And future times I hope will see
Me General, in reality—

Indeed I wish to serve this land,
It is my father's strict command;
And none he ever gave will be
More cheerfully obey'd by me."

Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu, Esq., dated January 22nd 1761, gives the following account of an amateur performance: "I was excessively amused on Tuesday night, there was a play at Holland House, acted by children; not all children, for Lady Sarah Lenox and Lady Susan Strangways played the women. It was "Jane Shore." Mr. Rice, Lord Barrington's nephew, was Gloucester, and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox, as Hastings, a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour, and the two girls were delightful, and acted with so much nature and simplicity that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from 'Jane Seymour,' and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed, too, on seeing Mr. Fox's little boy (Henry Edward) six years

old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he could hardly speak plainly." Lady Sarah Lenox, above alluded to, married Sir Charles Bunbury, when the following satire appeared:

"For as for the Shrewsburys and all such trumpery,
To them she prefers her black-legged Bunbury."

Lady Sarah was afterwards married to Colonel George Napier, son of the fourth Lord Napier; Lady Susan Strangways, the Alicia in "Jane Shore," daughter of the first Lord Ilchester, had evidently strong dramatic propensities; for not only was she clever on the boards, but afterwards played a more important rôle, by running away with and marrying Mr. O'Brien, the actor.

Another old play-bill runs as follows:—

February 1st, 1791.

CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

As performed at Mr. Conduit's, Master of the Mint, before the Duke of Cumberland, &c.

Performers.

Cortez	Lord Lempster.
Cydario	Lady Caroline Lenox.
Almerio	Lady Sophia Fermoy.
Alibech	Miss Conduit, (Afterwards Lady Lymington.)

The audience, as recorded in a chronicle of the day, included the Duke of Cumberland, Princess Mary, Princess Louise, Lady Delvaine and her daughters, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Earl

of Pomfret, Duke of Montague, Tom Hill, Dr. Desaguliers.

I now turn to Ireland, which has long been famed for its private theatricals, for it appears that in 1759 a performance of "Midas" was given at Lurgan, the seat of William Brownlow, one of the representatives of the county of Armagh. Upon this occasion the author, Mr. Kane O'Hara, acted the part of Pan; the other characters being undertaken by members of the Brownlow family. In 1760, Mr. Thomas Conolly, another distinguished member of the Irish Parliament, got up some theatricals at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, and among the most successful performances was the first part of Henry IV.

The Earl of Kildare, afterwards Duke of Leinster, opened Carton, in 1761, to a series of similar entertainments; among the pieces played, was "The Beggar's Opera, with the following cast:—

Captain Macheath	Captain Morris.
Peachem	Lord Charlemont.
Lockit	Rev. Dean Marlay, (Afterwards Bishop of Waterford.)
Filch	Mr. Thomas Conolly,
Polly	Miss Martin.
Lucy	Lady Louisa Conolly.
Mrs. Peachem	Countess of Kildare.
Jenny Diver	Miss Vesey.
Coaxer	Miss Adderley.

A prologue was spoken by the Dean, the production of his own classic pen, in which, in allusion to himself, he writes:

"But when this busy mimic scene is o'er,
All shall resume the worth they had before;
Lockit himself his knavery shall resign,
And lose the gaoler in the dull divine."

About the end of the year 1774, a taste for dramatic amusements was very prevalent in the county of Kilkenny. Plays were got up at Knocktopher, Farmley, and Kilfane, the seats of Sir Hercules Langrishe, Mr. Henry Flood, and Mr. Gervase Parker Bushe. Henry Grattan was a member of this theatrical society, which passed from house to house to enjoy their histrionic recreations. Among other plays they performed "Macbeth," and it is curious to reflect that of the two contending heroes in the play, "Macbeth" became the lot of Mr. Grattan, while that of "Macduff" devolved on his then latest rival in the senate, Mr. Flood.

In the year 1776, the Right Honourable David La Touche gave a theatrical fête at Marlay, upon which occasion the masque of "Comus," was performed. In 1785 Slanes Castle, in the county of Antrim, the seat of the Right Honourable John O'Neill, who was afterwards raised to the peerage, became the scene of theatrical festivities. The bill of November 28th announces "Cymbeline," with an epilogue written and spoken by the lady of the house, in the character of a "Sylph;" the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald taking the part of the "Second Lord." The Right Honourable Luke Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, opened a private theatre in 1778, at the Lodge he then

occupied in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, when "Macbeth" and "The Citizen" were acted, the Duke of Rutland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and his family, honouring the performance with their presence.

Early in 1786, the Countess of Ely had the upper part of her mansion in Ely Place, Dublin, converted into a play-house, which was not inaptly called "The *Attic* Theatre." Here "The Distressed Mother," and the farce of "All the World's a Stage," were admirably represented, as was "King Lear." Shaw's Court Theatre, Dublin, was opened by the Shanes Castle Association, on May 8th, 1786, when "The Force of Love" was represented. At Dromana, December 14th, 1787, the Earl and Countess of Grandison got up "Venice Preserved," and "Rosina," upon which occasion the performance was honoured by the presence of Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence and William the Fourth; a second representation took place on the 17th, when "The Provoked Husband" and "The Beggar's Opera" (condensed) formed the programme, the Earl of Grandison taking the part of "Lord Townly."

In 1789, the Attic Theatre was again opened, with the comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," and the farce of "Lethe." The tragedy of "King John" followed a few nights afterwards, and upon both occasions the newly appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Buckingham, and his court were present. In 1793 and 1794 a *corps dra-*

matique of noblemen and gentlemen engaged the theatre in Fishamble Street, Dublin, for a series of performances. In the following year French plays were got up at Roebuck Castle, the seat of Lord Trimleston; among others, Piron's comedy of the "Metromanie," in which his Lordship, Mr. Bramwell, and the Comte M'Arty, supported the principal characters.

I now approach the private theatricals in Kilkenny. The circumstances that led to the formation of this establishment may be gleaned from the following statement, which appeared in one of the public prints:—"The hospitable mansion of Kilfane was not long since enlivened by a few theatrical representations, got up by the highly gifted family there (the Powers), with the aid of some of the principal gentlemen of the county. Their little labours, undertaken for the mere purpose of their own private amusement, have led to a public result of a very interesting nature; for the same gentlemen have been prevailed upon to exert those talents for the drama, which they lately evinced at Kilfane, to promote the cause of charity in Kilkenny."

The first season commenced on the 2nd of February, 1802, and closed on the 6th, during which period three performances were given. On the first night "The Orphan," an occasional prologue, and a pantomime were performed; on the second "Venice Preserved," and "The Poor Soldier;" on the third "Venice Preserved" and a pantomime. The last performance took place on the 28th of October, 1819, when "Richard III."

and "The Agreeable Surprise" attracted a numerous audience. Between the years 1808 and 1819, the following tragedies, comedies, operas, farces, and pantomines were acted. Tragedies:—"King John," "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," "Cymbeline," "Hamlet," "Henry IV," first part, "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Merchant of Venice," "Othello," "Richard III.," "Romeo and Juliet," "Count of Narbonne," "Douglas," "The Gamester," "Jane Shore," "Oronoko," "Barbarossa," "The Orphan," Pizarro," "Revenge," "Venice Preserved." Comedies:—"Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "All in the Wrong," "Beaux Stratagem," "Clandestine Marriage," "Dramatist," "Honeymoon," "Inconstant," "Know Your Own Mind," "Love for Love," "Poor Gentleman," "Rivals," "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," "School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Way to Keep Him," "West Indian," "Wild Oats," "Wonder." Plays:—"The Mountaineers," "Siege of Damascus," "Surrender of Calais," "The Wanderer." Operas:—"Lionel and Clarissa," "Castle of Andalusia," "Inkle and Yarico." Farces:—"Agreeable Surprise," "Anatomist," "Apprentice," "Bombastes Furioso," "Deserter," "Devil to Pay," "Divorce," "Fortune's Frolic," "High Life Below Stairs," "Liar," "Lock and Key," "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," "Lovers' Quarrels," "Love à la Mode," "Lying Valet," "Minor," "Matrimony," "Mayor of Garret," "Midnight Hour," "No Song no Supper," "Of Age to-morrow," "Padlock," "Peeping Tom," "Poor

Soldier," "Prize," "Raising the Wind," "Three Weeks after Marriage," "Village Lawyer," "Review," "Rosina," "Sultan," "Sylvester Daggerwood," "Tom Thumb," "Weathercock," "Who's the Dupe," "X Y Z." After pieces:—"Children in the Wood," "Don Juan," "Oscar and Malvina," "Rugantino," "Valentine and Orson." The company included the names of Messrs. R. Power, R. Langrishe, Tighe, H. Tighe, Rothe, Lyster, G. P. Bushe, Corry, Glascock, H. Butler, Ponsonby, Bryan, Becher, Ashe, "Anacreon," Moore, Lords Monck, Mountjoy, Hawarden, and James Stuart, Sir E. Denny, Sir J. Strange, Sir J. C. Coghill, Mesdames Cooke, Johnson, Hitchcock, Weston, M'Culloch, C. Connor, H. Johnston, Miss O'Neil, afterwards Lady Becher, Miss Stephens, the present Countess of Essex, Miss Walstein, Miss Smith, afterwards Mrs. Bartley, Misses Dyke, Locke, Lacy, Curtis, Kelly, Rock, A. Walstein, Johnston, and Davison.

The continuance of the above plays from the year 1802 to 1819 inclusive, is a substantial proof of their merits, and their successful career can only be attributed to the attractions they possessed. Some for a while might flock to the theatre, to cheer a friend more than applaud an actor. Charity for a while might induce others to become spectators, and as we know that "charity covers a multitude of sins," she might have forgiven a multitude of faults; but fourteen returning seasons of dull exhibition would have outlasted any mortal friendship, or any Christian charity. In addition to the talent of the actors there was one feature

which tended greatly to the success of the performances, namely, an absence of jealousy, and a willingness to support the general good by individual sacrifices. Thus we find Lord Mountjoy descending from Orlando in "As You Like It" to Roger in the "Mayor of Garret," and a Drinking Gentleman, in the "School for Scandal." Sir J. Strange, after performing Inkle in "Inkle and Yarico," did not think it beneath his dignity to appear as one of Macheath's gang in the "Beggar's Opera," while Mr. Becher doffed his Roman garb as Cassius, and donned the livery of Richard in "Raising the Wind;" Lord Monck, after making a hit in Moses, in the "School for Scandal," would walk on as the tailor in "Katharine and Petruchio;" Mr. Rothe would appear as "King Lear," Pierre, Mark Antony, the Ghost in "Hamlet," Falkland in the "Rivals," and Horatio; Mr. R. Power proved his loyalty to the cause by taking the part of Brush in the "Clandestine Marriage," after acting Hamlet, Iago, Macbeth, Rolla, and Romeo. Mr. Crampton, after performing Petruchio, would appear as Harlequin or the Favoured Lover in a comic ballet; Mr. Tighe, "the Jew that Shakespeare drew," would take David in the "Rivals," and Huncamunca in "Tom Thumb." Nor were the ladies less anxious to make themselves generally useful. Miss O'Neil of whom it was said in the closing epilogue,

> "And, ere she fill'd the highest niche of fame
> Our praise *prophetic* of her future name,
> Here fair O'Neil, with nature, feeling, charm'd,
> And won the *wisest*, and the *coldest* warm'd,"

paid as much attention to the part of Maria in the "Citizen," as she did to those glorious creations, Juliet, Desdemona, and Belvidera. Miss Walstein did not think it derogatory to play Fanny in the "Clandestine Marriage," Kitty in "High Life Below Stairs," Nell in "The Devil to Pay," after charming the audience in the parts of Rosalind, Lady Macbeth, Constance in "King John," and Portia; Miss Stephens poured her sweetest warblings as Ophelia, and delighted all as Margaretta in "No Song no Supper."

In 1808 "Anacreon" Moore joined the company, and remained with it until the close of the season of 1810, during which period he appeared as David in the "Rivals," Spado in the "Castle of Andalusia," Trudge in "Inkle and Yarico," Peeping Tom, Mungo in the "Padlock," Sadi in the "Mountaineers," Risk in "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," La Gloire in the "Surrender of Calais," Sam in "Raising the Wind," Robin in "Fortune's Frolics," and Walter in "The Children in the Wood." The critics thus spoke of Moore's talents as an actor. "Peeping Tom was admirably supported by Anacreon Moore. The vivacity and *naïveté* of his manner, the ease and archness of his humour, and the natural sweetness of his voice have quite enamoured us. He speaks and moves in a way that indicates genius in every turn." Again, "Mr. Moore's 'Risk' was as happy as any other of his performances. His presence always animates the stage. The melody of his voice, the easy yet modest self-possession of his manner, and his

peculiar *enjouement* make him one of the most interesting actors on the stage. His songs were as usual all encored." "Mr. Moore as David (Rivals) kept the audience in a roar by his Yorkshire dialect and rustic simplicity." "The 'Children in the Wood' was chosen for the afterpiece, to give Mr. Moore an opportunity of exhibiting in Walter that combination of humour and feeling with which the character abounds; in all of which he was very successful, his songs being loudly encored."

On the 3rd and 19th of October, 1810, Mr. Moore recited a melologue on National Music written by himself; and a more beautiful composition, or more delightful piece of recitation was never heard. The "Bard of Erin's" voice was to a degree musical, his accents pure, his elocution articulate, and his manner simple, spirited, and feeling. The effects of hearing the national strains of Ireland were variously and appropriately described, according to the peculiar character of each country. The allusion to his native land was painfully pathetic. As it was said at the time, "the composition was conceived in the genius of poetry, and delivered with all the fire of patriotism." On his last appearance at Kilkenny, Moore took leave of the audience in the following song:—

"Here at the Shrine* we lov'd so long,
To-night we breathe our parting Song;
And while our hearts with sorrow swell,
We bid our partial friends farewell,
Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

* Alluding to a bust of Shakespeare at the back of the stage.

The critics of the day pronounced the Kilkenny performances to be worthy of the regular boards, and there can be no doubt that such a phalanx of amateur and professional talent never before appeared, and probably never will again. Although there exist at the present time some excellent amateurs, I question much whether they would be able effectively to put upon the stage the pieces, tragic and operatic, in which the above *corps dramatique* excelled. In addition to the amusement afforded to the inhabitants of Kilkenny, its neighbourhood, and the country at large, considerable sums were distributed in charity. In addition to a gift of £100 presented to its charitable institutions, from the private subscriptions of the Theatrical Society, the amount handed over to the above, was as follows: "Received from the year 1802 to 1808 inclusive, £1,678 11*s.* 6½*d.* In 1817, the receipts of eight performances amounted to £1,040. Besides which, the sermons and balls during the theatrical season generally averaged £100 each; so in round numbers the Institutions may be said to have benefited £5,000 by the performances.

THEATRICALS.

CHAPTER X.

BLENHEIM THEATRICALS — MILES PETER ANDREWS — MARLBOROUGH, A GLORIOUS CONSUMER OF GUNPOWDER—PLAYS ACTED AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL—AMATEURS OF OUR DAY—A BYGONE AMATEUR—ROMEO COATES—THEATRICALS AT BERKELEY CASTLE —CLANDON PARK—LOTON PARK, AND BRUSSELS—AMATEURS NOT ALWAYS ACTORS.

"Il y a un proverbe qui dit qu'il n'y a rien de plus à redouter qu'un diner d'amis, et un concert d'amateurs. Les proverbes sont la sagesse des nations, et rien n'est en effet plus sage et plus véridique que la maxime que nous venons de citer."

SO writes Adolphe Adam, the composer of many charming operas, and that most exquisite ballet music "La Giselle," and if we alter the word "concert" to "representation," the proverb will be equally correct. I now return to England, and find that in 1787 the whole metropolis was infected with a mania for private theatricals.

Drury Lane and Covent Garden were almost forgotten in the performances at Richmond House; and the Earl of Derby, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Mrs. Hobart, and Mrs. Damer, in the "Way to Keep him" and "False Appearances," were considered,

by crowded and fashionable audiences, equal, if not superior, to Kemble, Lewis, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby; but Macklin, the actor, no mean judge, said that they only exemplified what he had always asserted, viz., that the best private who ever trod the stage was not *half as good* as one Davies, a third rate performer of that day.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, imitating and emulating the example of the Duke of Richmond, erected a splendid theatre at Blenheim, with the intention of there producing a theatrical representation which should totally eclipse all previous attempts. The theatre, originally a green-house, but enlarged and embellished, was deemed capable of accommodating upwards of two hundred spectators.

The performance on the opening night, consisted of Kelly's "False Delicacy," and Mrs. Cowley's "Who's the Dupe?" The characters were thus sustained:

FALSE DELICACY.

Cecil . . .	Lord Henry Spencer.
Sydney . . .	Lord William Russell.
Sir Harry Newbury .	Honourable Mr. Edgecombe.
Colonel Rivers . .	Lord Charles Spencer.
Lord Winworth . .	Mr. Spencer.
Lady Betty Lambton .	Lady Elizabeth Spencer.
Miss Marchmont . .	Lady Caroline Spencer.
Mrs. Harley . .	Miss Peshall.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

Doiley . . .	Lord Henry Spencer.
Gradus . . .	Lord William Russell.
Charlotte . . .	Lady Charlotte Spencer.

Granger, Sandford, and Elizabeth by debutants.

On the above evening, Frederick Reynolds the dramatist, and Miles Peter Andrews, writer of epilogues, were present, and the former gives a graphic though not very flattering account of the performance. "During the first act of the comedy, the beauty of the young Ladies Spencer much attracted Andrews' attention, but in the second act he grew rather fidgetty, yawned, coughed, and exclaimed, 'Tiresome, fusty stuff!' Reynolds, who could not hear one line of twenty which these *really private* actors uttered, expressed a wish that some friendly person would hint to them that the entertainment of their audience would not be diminished if they would condescend to speak audibly."

"'I wish quite the contrary—quite the contrary,' responded Andrews. 'If you knew anything of the matter, you would be aware that *not to hear them* is our only chance of getting through this tiresome evening. Now at Richmond House, there were Lord Henry Fitzgerald and Mrs. Damer, but I am afraid we have no hope of seeing even one good performer here.'

"At this moment the Duke's porter appeared on the stage in character, and exclaimed: 'A letter, Sir Harry!' These words he delivered in such a strong, natural, audible tone of voice, that on his exit Andrews loudly applauded him.

"During the serious love-scene between Sir Harry Newbury and Miss Rivers, and at the very moment Sir Harry was on the point of rushing into the heroine's arms, a footman who was dispensing

that which cheers yet not inebriates, energetically exclaimed, 'Some of the company want more tea,' then, turning to the occupiers of the front seats, added, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you shall be served immediately.' Shortly afterwards, a dance by the characters was executed so elegantly as to attract the attention and applause of the whole audience. Indeed, the ease and grace of their manners, now they assumed their natural characters, and proceeded to practise the art they *really* understood, made the audience doubt whether they were the same persons who, a few minutes previously, had displayed so much awkwardness and stiffness. During the farce of 'Who's the Dupe?' an Italian air, sung most delightfully by Lady Charlotte Spencer, tended not a little to the success of the farce. After the performance, Reynolds and Andrews were invited to join the Duke and Duchess in the green-room, where the latter again commenced his criticisms on private acting.

"'My dear friends,' said he, addressing the *corps dramatique* for your own sake I speak my mind—you have chosen a dull obsolete play. Even real, sterling talent could have done nothing with the heavy walking ladies and gentlemen in "False Delicacy." You should have acted one of Murphy's pleasant comedies,' and he added, in great earnestness, as if he had purposely meant to make an allusion of which he really was unconscious—'For instance, "*All in the Wrong!*"'

"The spleen of the whole party, being already moderately excited, they deemed this *unintentional*

sarcasm *intentionally* personal. The ladies fanned themselves, and the gentlemen commenced a frowning retreat. But these hints did not in the least degree discompose Andrews, who still, without the slightest idea of giving offence, thus continued: 'To be sure, I liked the dancing and the Italian air; yes, my dear friends, and I like the servant with the letter, now *that* is real nature. *That* man is born a comedian, worth already above two pounds per week; but you see, though an actor may be a gentleman, it does not follow that every gentleman——" At this moment supper was announced, and all immediately quitted the green-room, leaving Reynolds and Andrews to make the best of their way to Oxford, the Duchess fearing that, if they had been invited to stay for supper, some more unpalatable remarks might have been made.

Miles Peter Andrews was a popular dramatic writer, rich in the possession of a large income arising from his gunpowder-mills at Dartford and Faversham, mixing in the most fashionable society, extremely hospitable, very entertaining, though dreadfully irritable. On their journey to Oxford Andrews, though terribly out of humour, recovered his temper, and laughed heartily when his companion, Holman, whom they had taken with them, whimsically said "At any rate, Andrews, you ought to acknowledge that there was one great actor in the Marlborough family."

"When? which, my dear Sir?"

"Why, their heroic ancestor—the glorious consumer of *gunpowder*."

Amateur plays at Westminster School can be traced back to the year 1695, when I find that Lord Buckhurst spoke a prologue written by Prior to Dryden's "Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero." Again in 1747, another performance took place. In 1748 the first part of Henry IV. was acted at Mr. Newcome's school, Hackney, for which Hoadley wrote a prologue, which was spoken by the Falstaff of the evening.

About the year 1789, the Westminster boys played "King John," and "High Life Below Stairs," M. J. Lewis acting "Falconbridge," Charles Wynne "Pandulph," the eldest Bunbury "King John," Henry Bunbury "Prince Arthur;" and a son of O'Keefe, the author of 'The Castle of Andalusia,' "Fontainebleau," "Modern Antiques," "The Agreeable Surprise," "The Poor Soldier," "The Farmer," "The Highland Reel," and numerous other dramatic works, appeared as Constance. During their rehearsal, little Bunbury objecting to leap from the walls of his prison, the scene opened and discovered him on the ground, under the walls, supposed to be dead. M. J. Lewis, manager, director, and treasurer, wrote an epilogue, and spoke it himself—Sir Archibald Macdonald furnishing the prologue, which was spoken by one of the youthful Westminsters. In "High Life Below Stairs," M. J. Lewis acted "My Lord Duke," one of the Paget family, "Sir Harry," Charles Wynne appeared as Lovel, and Henry Bun-

bury, as Mrs. Kitty. Both play and farce were excellently acted. The annual Latin play in St. Peter's college proves that the Westminster scholars still shine in the histrionic art.

Another distinguished amateur appeared in the person of John Home, fourth Lord Chadworth, whose title became extinct at his death in 1804, and who evinced at an early age a lasting attachment for the stage. At the age of sixteen he personated the characters of "Feignwell;" and "Midas" at school, and ever after continued critically attentive to the drama. Hence arose his acquaintance with some of the performers of the Norwich theatre, to whom he left considerable legacies.

There is a wide difference between plays got up in a public or private theatre, created for such entertainments, and those which take place merely in drawing-rooms; and amateurs who only appear in the latter labour under great disadvantages. In the first place, scenery and decorations add much to the effect; moreover a pit and gallery audience are much more demonstrative than the occupiers of boxes, and applause brings out the energies of the aspirant for dramatic fame. The Earl of Onslow has a regular theatre at his mansion, Clandon Park; Sir Baldwyn Leighton, one at Loton Park; Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, at Bellhus, Sir Percy Shelley one at Boscombe, there was, and probably is one at Woburn Abbey, and there are doubtless many others with which I am unacquainted.

In London, numerous drawing-rooms, under the magic wand of Messrs. Simmons, of York Street, Covent Garden, have been converted into temporary theatres, and among the best have been those of the Countess of Caithness, Lady Collier, Mrs. Milner Gibson, William Gilletts, Esq., and the late Sir Thomas Talfourd; in the country, there is scarcely an ancestral home in which performances have not been got up. It would be invidious to select the names of the ladies who have won the highest histrionic honours, and who, to adopt a theatrical phrase "could command a salary at a regular theatre;" moreover, many who have appeared in private would shrink from being brought into notice. I may, however, refer to a few who have come forward in the cause of charity, and of whose talents I can speak, having witnessed their triumphs, and I will head the list with the name of the Honourable Mrs. Wrottesley, whose acting is incomparable. I give the list alphabetically:—The Honourable Mrs. Burges, the Honourable Mrs Butler, Miss Barker, Honourable Mrs. Arthur Cadogan, Miss Marion Ely, Mrs. and Miss Milner Gibson, Lady William Lennox, Lady Barrett Lennard, Miss Ada Musgrave, Mrs. Monkton, Miss Middlemass, Miss Onslow, Mrs. A. C. Steele, Countess of Stradbroke, Mrs. Brook Taylor, Honourable Misses Wilbraham. All these merit a high niche in the Temple of Fame; and here I must not omit an *artiste* who, in French and English, was never surpassed—I allude to Lady Sebright.

Of gentlemen amateurs, all I can say is their

name is "legion." Among them may be mentioned Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, Messrs. Brandram and Bradstreet, Sir Henry de Bathe, Lord Eliot, Captain Fitzgeorge, Commander Fitzgeorge, R.N., Messers. J. Galatin, Herbert Gardner, T. Knox Holmes, E. S. Hartopp, W. E. Hartopp, Sir Baldwyn Leighton, Captain C. Lennox, Captain M'Calmont, Earl of Onslow, A. Onslow, Esq., Viscount Pollington, Cecil Peel, Esq., Honourable Spencer and F. Ponsonby, Messrs. Palgrave Simpson, C. Stewart, Augustus Spalding, Herbert Sartoris, Augustus Savile Lumley, Sir C. L. Young, Colonel the Honourable C. Thesiger, Messrs. Quintin Twiss, F. Wolley, Whiteside, Weguelin, C. Page Wood, Captain Mark Wood.

Romeo Coates, the Amateur of Fashion, as he was termed *par excellence*, was a wretched performer, exciting the risible faculties of his audience where their sympathies ought to have been moved. The dying scene in "Romeo and Juliet" was universally encored, indeed upon one occasion Romeo was called upon to die for the third time; when the Juliet of the evening left her tomb, and thus put an end to the preposterous performance. Coates was a lamentable proof of the truth of the saying, how little we know ourselves. With an independent fortune, a good education, and the manners of a gentleman, he might have been a brilliant ornament of society; nay, farther, he might have followed his mania for acting, and shone as a star in private theatricals; but to appear on the public boards in characters totally unsuited to his appearance, was

an act of folly that, after the novelty had worn off, became a positive annoyance to the play-going world. In private life Coates was much esteemed. I had lost sight of him for years, when one night I recognised him in a stall in the Olympic Theatre, and made myself known to him. Although dreadfully aged, and emaciated in his figure, he appeared in the enjoyment of good health, and upon taking leave of him I expressed a hope that we should meet again to talk over old times. This hope was never realized; that same night upon leaving the theatre he met with an accident that caused his death.

The theatricals got up by the late Earl Fitzhardinge at Gloucester, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury and occasionally at the Tottenham Court, now the Prince of Wales' Theatre, were extremely good, as his Lordship spared no expense or trouble in bringing out the pieces. He was supported by the late Lord Fitzhardinge, the Honourable Grantley Berkeley, the late Augustus Berkeley, Dawkins, and Austin, all of whom were first-rate amateurs. Upon more than one occasion the late Duke of Beaufort took part in them, and showed his versatility of talent by acting Cassio in "Othello," and O'Clogherty, in the farce of "Matrimony," on the same evening. The *répertoire* consisted of "Julius Cæsar," "Cymbeline," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," "Henry IV." first part, "The Wonder," "The Knights of the Cross," "Katharine and Petruchio," "The Mayor of Garret," "Simpson and Co.," "The Lady and the Devil," &c. carrying out Horace's idea:

"Segnius irritant animos demissa par aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

There is at Berkeley Caetle a very fine picture, painted by Clint, of the late Farl Fitzhardinge, his brother Augustus, and Mr. Austin as Brutus, Cassius and Mark Antony, in that celebrated scene in "Julius Cæsar," in which the mighty Cæsar fell under the weapons of the conspirators. Lord Fitzhardinge as Brutus appears with a bloody dagger in his hand, Cæsar lying dead at his feet. This scene, suggested to Akenside the following beautiful lines, thus comparing the grandeur of natural objects, with the far greater sublimity of moral actions:

"Look then abroad through nature to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling, unshaken, through the void immense,
And speak, O man! Does this capricious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail,
For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free."

In 1827, when field-sports were denounced from the pulpit, I listened with pleasure to the following speech made by Earl Fitzhardinge:—"Having had the honour of acting as one of the first stewards at the establishment of racing in this town, I cannot feel indifferent to its success, and

to the results arising from it; and, consequently, it was with some astonishment, not unmingled with alarm, that I heard that a clergyman, within ten miles of this spot, had denounced the most terrific anathemas against all who promoted or participated in races; and not content with the effect which this awful sermon might produce on those who had the good fortune to hear it, I was likewise informed that he actually published it, with a gentle hint to his flock as to their temporal interest in the preface, that all orthodox Protestants might be benefited by this valuable theological composition. Now as I fairly avow the ignorance under which I laboured, and still do labour under, of the sin either of supporting or looking at a race, I purchased this sermon; and then found that the incumbent of Cheltenham sent to a place, I need not mention, all those who frequented either race-courses or play-houses. I cannot think that this is the true doctrine of the Church of England; but without taking upon myself to prove that it is not, I will affirm that, if it is, the King, Lords (spiritual as well as temporal), and Commons of this realm have more to answer for than they probably are aware of; for not only have they been guilty of conniving at and tolerating these strongholds of Satan, but deliberately, and in the plentitude of their legislative wisdom, have they passed Acts of Parliament for the special encouragement and protection both of races and play-houses. And yet no one bishop has been found who has ever remonstrated or protested in the House of Lords against the passing of acts

which, according to this doctrine, can accomplish no other object than consigning thousands of souls to eternal perdition. If this be true, and that the ministers of religion are set as 'Watchmen of the Church,' I cannot—will not—believe that out of twenty-four bishops and two archbishops, among whom names are to be found as illustrious for their learning, zeal, and true piety as for their detestation of cant and hypocrisy, not one would come forward—nay, that in a body they would not have risen—to endeavour, at least, to put down that which it was their bounden and solemn duty to crush by every means in their power. But the fact is, that these truly pious and enlightened divines knew well the value of keeping up our superiority in our breed of horses, which distinguishes us from the rest of Europe; that to this superiority we were mainly indebted for our successes in the Peninsular War; and finally when thanks to Providence were returned for the glories of the field of Waterloo, the share the British cavalry had in the events of the day was not forgotten. For myself, I do not mean to claim any weight for my own private opinions; they are, however, totally unswayed by personal feeling. I support races solely because I believe them to be a national good, never having been a master of a race-horse, nor ever having won or lost fifty pounds on a racing bet.

"On the subject of theatricals, I admit I cannot plead the same personal indifference; but I am inclined to think that the great body of the

orthodox Church of England do not apprehend the same baneful effects from them as are denounced in the publication I have mentioned. If they do, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, at least, must live in a continued state of holy horror, and the former guardians of the Abbey must have slept on their posts; for there, numbered among the illustrious dead, we find the names of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Dryden, Cumberland, Davenant and Congreve recorded, all (with one exception) having written nothing else but plays; and sleeping in the same solemn sanctuary are the mortal remains of Booth, Garrick, and Henderson, placed there for no other reason but that they had distinguished themselves by acting plays. I trust that you will not think I have taken up your time with too long a sermon; but I hope from the bottom of my heart, that I shall never see the time when an Englishman shall be reduced to such a state of mental degradation as to believe that he cannot see a race run, or a play of Shakespeare's acted, without having reason to dread the vengeance of offended Heaven."

At Campden House, Kensington, the seat of F. Wolley, Esq, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire, the performances were excellent; the host, his lamented wife, his sister, and brother-in-law were aided by the best talent the Metropolis could produce, forming a *corps dramatique* which for amateur talent was scarcely ever equalled. Mrs. Freake has given some exquisite performances at the bijou theatre in her mansion, Cromwell House;

here poor Charles Dickens got up a play a few weeks previous to his decease, and on these boards, honoured by the presence of royalty, plays and tableaux have delighted large and fashionable audiences.

At Canterbury, the "Old Stagers" form unquestionably the best amateur company of the day; like the Kilkenny company above referred to, they work well together, and give a helping hand to one another. Mr. T. Knox Holmes who is *nulli secundus*, will act "Puff" in the afterpiece, after having laid the cloth as a waiter in the opening play, and John Lorraine Baldwin will, after making a hit in a prominent character, take equal pains with a minor one. Nor are the above solitary instances, for the "Old Stagers" work together like a band of brothers.

In 1861 some excellent private theatricals were got up at Melton. The acting of the Ladies Egerton, Lady Mary Craven, and Miss Mary Boyle was faultless, as was that of the Honourable Spencer Ponsonby, Captain Hartopp, Messrs. E. S. E. Hartopp, Twiss, Stephenson, &c. The singing of Mrs. Ashton Benyon was surprisingly lovely, reminding the audience of the best days of Persiani. Lady Katherine Egerton charmed the audience by giving them the "Banks of Allan Water," which she rendered with great grace and spirit.

As a party interested, I should probably be considered partial were I to give an account of the Loton Park and Clandon theatricals, I therefore lay before my readers a criticism that appeared in

the Shrewsbury Journal. "On Friday last an Amateur Dramatic performance took place at Loton Park, November 1874, upon which occasion the comedy of 'School' was represented. The cast was as follows:

Dr. Sutcliffe . .	Lord Eliot.
Beau Farintosh . .	Sir Baldwyn Leighton.
Lord Beaufoy . .	Earl of Onslow.
Jack Poyntz . .	Mr. Herbert Gardner.
Mr. Krux . . .	Viscount Pollington.
Mrs. Sutcliffe . .	Hon. Adela Wilbraham,
Naomi Tighe . .	Hon. Mrs. Burges.
Bella Marks . . .	Hon. Rose Wilbraham.
Laura . . .	Lady William Lennox.

"There can be no doubt that the undertaking was, for amateurs, rather a formidable affair; but the success of 'Caste' last year, and a fresh accession of histrionic talent, fully justified the proceeding, which proved in every respect a most successful one. The theatre at Loton Park is essentially a theatre in every point of view, and as superior to the usual makeshifts of drawing-room theatres, where a red curtain, a screen, and a few scenes hired for the occasion are considered sufficient, as the *bijou Salle du Théâtre* at Versailles is to an itinerant strolling company's wooden structure. The scenery at Loton Park is artistic, the stage large, with ample room for exit and entrances, the proscenium and drop curtain are most exquisitely painted, giving a handsome finish to the whole. Those that have attended the Prince of Wales' theatre to witness 'School,' and their name is legion, are aware that the four acts of this excel-

lent comedy include Recreation, Examination, Flirtation, and Realisation, all of which require not only high dramatic powers, but that quality which is rather difficult in amateurs to attain, thorough attention to the business of the stage, and which alone can be brought about by constant rehearsals. Thanks to the energetic zeal of the host as stage manager, and the attention of the *corps dramatique*, the performance was throughout extremely good, proving that one and all were actors, not amateurs. We commence with the ladies.

"The Honourable Miss Wilbraham gave an importance to the character of Mrs. Sutcliffe which we thought it was incapable of receiving, and by her admirable representation added not a little to the success of the piece. The character of Bella received all the aid of which the part is capable from the superior talent of the Honourable Rose Wilbraham; the lighter scenes of Naomi Tighe were given with great vivacity, and in the more serious ones the Honourable Mrs. Burges gave some fine touches of genuine feeling. Lady William Lennox as Laura had not much to do, but what she had to do she did well; her fine voice when leading the chorus of that beautiful ballad,

"Through the wood, through the wood follow and find me,"

appeared to great advantage, and the only regret felt was that she had not a better part calculated to display her acting and vocal power.

"Sir Baldwyn Leighton represented the character of 'Beau Farintosh' with considerable effect; it

was in truth a performance of spirited execution, combining all requisite force of feeling, and marked by the influence of a rich and cultivated taste. Lord Eliot possesses more versatility of talent than falls to the lot of most actors, being equally successful in high as well as low comedy; as Dr. Sutcliffe he convulsed the audience with laughter. The Earl of Onslow, as Lord Beaufoy, was extremely good, and did not fail to draw down several rounds of applause, deservedly due to his spirited, lively, and interesting acting. Jack Poyntz was performed by Mr. Herbert Gardner with all that point, vivacity, and excellence, with which he so ably personates the man of fashion; his air, voice, and manner are greatly in his favour, and he treads the boards like an old stager. In parts where the author seems to have flagged, the *vividi vis animi* of this actor supplies the deficiencies. Mr. Krux is a part like Rolando in the "Honeymoon," and Glenalvon in "Douglas" with which the audience cannot in the slightest degree sympathise; it therefore requires careful acting to render it at all palateable. Lord Pollington, by careful study, judicious treatment, and an absence of buffoonery, with which such characters are constantly tainted, proved that he had been brought up in a good school, the Cambridge A.D.C."

"On their own merits modest men are dumb," so perhaps I ought to expunge the following:

"Lord William Lennox as prompter had a sinecure office, his voice was never heard, albeit the attention he paid to the book, in case the word

was wanted, was duly appreciated. He was ably assisted by Mr. Burges, who divided with him the onerous duties of prompter, property man, and deputy stage-manager. Last, not least, the young ladies who represented the school-girls, did their parts to perfection, the recreation scenes being carried through with great spirit and *éclat.*"

The Guildford newspapers were equally complimentary upon the Amateur theatricals at Clandon Park, in January, 1875. "On Saturday and Monday last a theatrical performance took place at Clandon Park, the seat of the Earl of Onslow, upon which occasion T. W. Robertson's comedy of 'Ours,' was represented. The caste was as follows,

Prince Perovski . .	Sir Baldwyn Leighton.
Sir Alexander Shendryn .	Lord Eliot.
Angus McAlister . .	Mr. Herbert Gardner.
Hugh Chalcot . .	Earl of Onslow.
Captain Lamprey . .	Mr. W. Hay.
Sergeant Jones . .	Mr. A. C. Onslow.
Lady Shendryn . .	Lady William Lennox.
Blanche Hay . .	The Hon. Mrs. Butler.
Mary Netley . .	Miss Charlotte Onslow.

"The Earl of Onslow acted Chalcot inimitably well; we question whether any amateur could have done greater justice to the part. He was easy and full of life, and the applause he met with from large and appreciative audiences must have been most gratifying to his feelings. Mr. Herbert Gardner holds a very high rank among amateurs, and most deservedly so; no professional takes more pains, not only with the delivery of the text, but also with the by-play, than Mr. Gardner, and his

acting of the gallant young Scot was a most finished performance. Sir Baldwyn Leighton acted and looked the part of Prince Perovski to perfection, his foreign accent, and courtesy of deportment being all that was required for the part. Lord Eliot as Sir Alexander Shendryn, the generous and long forbearing husband of Lady Shendryn, acted with great pathos, and his military deportment added greatly to the interest of the piece. Mr. W. Hay had a small character, that of Captain Lamprey, in which his manner of acting was marked with such ease that he showed what he could have done with a more important character. Mr. A C. Onslow as Sergeant Jones was all that could be expected from a stiff and upright soldier. His pathetic, as well as comic acting told equally with the audience. Lady William Lennox as Lady Shendryn, the sentimental and jealous wife of the gallant colonel of 'Ours,' showed that she possessed histrionic powers of the first order, producing the greatest effect in the scene where she attempts to extract from the Colonel his carefully guarded secret. The Honourable Mrs. Butler was truly interesting in the charming part of Blanche Hay, which she delineated with great grace and true feeling. Miss Charlotte Onslow, as the poor but pert companion of an exigent mistress, was alternately comic and touching, and charmed everyone by her sprightliness and ease. To give effect to the scene in the Crimean hut, it was necessary to call in the aid of a military band and a bugler, who certainly executed their parts very well. We

question much whether any amateur performance went off with greater *éclat* than 'Ours' at Clandon Park."

At Brussels I got up some private theatricals in the room in which my mother gave the ball on the 15th of June, 1815, immortalized by Byron,

> "And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
> Her beauty and her chivalry."

The room itself was admirably adapted to the purpose; and with the assistance of the scene painters, machinists, and carpenters from the Opera House, as pretty a theatre was constructed as could possibly be. Of the performances I shall myself say little, as I appeared in the double capacity of manager and actor; but as they have been recorded by one of the principal amateur ladies in a work entitled "Records of Real Life." I shall lay her opinion of Brussels in those days before my readers,

"We had a succession of balls, private theatricals, royal *accouchements*, royal baptisms, court circles, and a carnival with its masquerades. We had stars and garters, warrior-heroes, and princes; we had Lord Kinnaird to set us on fire, not merely as a *bel esprit*, but also as the torch of political and private discords. We had the Duke of Richmond to inspire, by his conviviality and gallantries, our sparkling looks, promoting hilarity at his *petits soupers*, given after our dramas. An archbishop's daughter, Mrs. Barnet, represented the sorrows

and humiliation of the beauteous Jane Shore; she had received a course of lessons for the occasion from the celebrated actress, Miss Smith, (afterwads Mrs. Bartley)—her costume was perfect. Lord Weymouth acted in the 'Weathercock,' whose mind was pre-occupied; his young heart was wedded to a bright-eyed, high-born French girl. A veteran, the Honourable Colonel Parker, performed Mr. Bruin in the farce of the 'Mayor of Garret,' and the authoress of 'Records of Real Life,' Miss Pigott, as Mrs. Sneak, gave a box on the ears to Lord William Lennox, who represented Jerry Sneak, in right good-will and main force; for they were inimical in the drawing-room scenes of real life. The same Lord acted young Norval, with those ill-omened sentiments, to the same female, the representative of a mother's woes, as Lady Randolph. A young guardsman, Henry Barnard, afterwards Sir Henry Barnard, (whose name is identified with the glories of the Crimea) personified the gentle Anna."

Independent of the above-mentioned plays, we acted, "How to Die for Love," "Who's the Dupe?" and "The Blind Boy." The Duke of Wellington and the Prince of Orange, afterwards King of Holland, were present upon more than one occasion. Miss Pigott was an elderly spinster, of a very unprepossessing appearance, and extremely jealous of Mrs. Barnet. In my capacity of manager, I cast Mrs. Barnet to the part of Jane Shore, and Miss Pigott to that of Alicia. Hence her deadly

hate. To do her justice, she was a clever actress.

Few amateurs have turned out good professional actors; among the exceptions may be mentioned Frederick Yates, Corney Grain, and Arthur Cecil. I first became acquainted with Yates, in 1816, when he was in the Commissariat Department at Cambray, and as we both had a decided taste for the drama, we became constant companions. Our great ambition was to get up theatricals at Cambray, and we searched everywhere for a suitable place, but without success. There was a hall which would have done, had it been on a larger scale, and there was a room over a stable; but on having it inspected by an officer of the Engineers, the report was that it was unsafe, that instead of having horses on the stage, the audience would find themselves in the mangers—moreover, if even propped up, the noise of the animals would have been sadly detrimental to our undertaking; so the affair was abandoned.

Yates and myself, however, constantly attended the Amateur Garrison Theatricals at Valenciennes, which were admirably well got up, professional ladies having been engaged. Cole, of the 21st Fusiliers, was one of the leading actors; he afterwards appeared on the regular boards under the assumed name of Calcraft, and was the right hand man and author of the memoirs of Charles Kean. He, however, never shone upon the stage, nor did Benson Hill or Prescott, the latter of whom was known as Ward. Yates was a most versatile actor; and most indefatigable as a manager. After a most

successful novitiate in Edinburgh, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre as Iago, on the 7th of November, 1818, on which occasion Young was Othello, Charles Kemble Cassio, and Miss O'Neil Desdemona. During the season he played Falstaff, Gloster in "Jane Shore," Berthold, a striking part in an unsuccessful tragedy by Maturin, Casca and Sylvester Daggerwood, Rob Roy and Flexible, Shylock, and Dick in the "Apprentice." His hit, however, was in a piece written for him, entitled "Cozening," in which he personated seven different characters. At the Adelphi his name is identified with some of the best pieces brought out at that theatre.

Yates married Miss Brunton, one of the most delightful women and actresses of her day; equally good in tragedy and comedy. Her only son ranks high in the literary world, and is author of the most popular works of fiction of our time. F. Yates' love of imitation and mimicry, great as it was, was nearly fatal to him in private life, and certainly did not aid him in the higher branch of his profession. One night at Valenciennes, when he and I were supping with the 88th, Connaught Rangers, Cole, who had been acting young Norval was present. Yates, after sundry bowls of bishop had been imbibed, was called upon for a song; he, however, excused himself, offering as a substitute his imitations of the London actors. This was gladly accepted, and after bringing before us Edmund Kean, John Kemble, C. Young, Fawcett, Emery, Liston, Blanchard, Knight, Munden, Braham and

Incledon, he unfortunately gave the speech from Douglas, " A low-born man, of parentage obscure," in which he imitated Cole's voice and manner so truly that the company roared with laughter. This naturally offended Cole, who, beckoning to Sim Fairfield of the 88th, a hot-headed Emeralder, left the room. Of course we all knew what the movement meant. In a few minutes, I was requested by my friend Yates to see Fairfield on the subject of a note that had been handed to him. After a great deal of diplomacy upon my part, the affair was amicably arranged, and the belligerents shook hands; but many a man in those days fell for a more trifling misunderstanding.

THEATRICALS.

CHAPTER XI.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ OF PROFESSIONALS AND NON-PROFESSIONALS—ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE—GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE—THE CHICHESTER THEATRE—"THE JEW THAT SHAKESPEARE DREW"—PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH ECONOMY—A CUTE PICKPOCKET—PARODY ON "LOCHIEL."

"Best of all madrigals,
Private theatricals."

JAMES SMITH.

IN private theatricals, and even occasionally on the regular boards, some ludicrous mistakes will occur; some through accident, some through mischief, but more often through want of memory. Among the numerous instances in which the *lapsus linguæ* of performers have convulsed the audiences with laughter, may be mentioned that which occured to the inimitable Mrs. Davenport as Mrs. Heidelberg in the "Clandestine Marriage," who said "she had the keys of her pocket in the cupboard." A story too is told of Quin when acting Judge Balance in the "Recruiting Officer," who thus addressed Mrs. Woffington, "Sylvia, what

age were you when your dear mother married?" The actress remained silent, when Quin proceeded, "I ask what age you were when your mother was born?" "I regret," replied Sylvia, "I cannot answer your question; but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died." Some equally good stories are told of our continental neighbours; I shall content myself with two or three. An actress who was representing Agrippine had to say "Mit Claude dans mon lit, et Rome à mes genoux!" instead of which she exclaimed amidst a breathless silence, "Mit Rome dans mon lit, et Claude à mes genoux!" The witticisms of the pit at the French theatres are quite equal to those of the Irish galleries, and much more refined; for instance, an actor named Beaubourg, who was extremely ugly, acted Mithridate, and in one scene Mademoiselle Le Couvreur, who represented Moncine, has to say, "Seigneur, vous changez de visage." "Laissez le faire!" cried one from the pit.

The mention of Mademoiselle Le Couvreur reminds me of an event connected with her death. It is a well-known fact that there was a time—not very long ago—when the Roman Catholic Church refused its sacraments to play-actors, and doomed them, if they died in their profession, to eternal perdition. Thus the body of this beautiful and accomplished artiste, who had been one of the brightest ornaments of the French stage, was refused access to consecrated ground, and was buried in a field on the borders of the Seine. But it was left to Voltaire to avenge her memory from fanatic

outrage, and to obtain larger charity for her successors. The remains of poor Malibran, who died "in harness" at Manchester, were, if I remember right, subjected to the same indignity. Eventually, however, they were buried at Lacken, near Brussels, where a marble monument, by Gaefs, marks the last resting place of the most gifted actress and singer this age has produced.

A novice who had merely to say, "Sonnez trompettes," was so nervous that he exclaimed, "Trompëz sonnettes." Another, instead of saying, "C'en est fait, il est mort," blurted out, "C'en est mort, il est fait."

In the "Revue des Théâtres" De Chevrier (1753), the author, introduced a danseuse; she arrived just at the moment the piece was flagging.

"Quel motif en ces lieux vous fait porter vos pas?"

demanded the performer, acting the part of the critic, when she replied,

"Je viens tirer un auteur d'embarras."

"Ma foi, il était temps," shouted one from the stalls. Again. In a piece entitled "Les Deux Arlequins," one of the above spangled heroes was unfortunate enough to draw down certain sibillations from the audience; after the curtain fell, he came forward to say that he should appear in the same character the following evening, when he hoped to meet their plaudits, failing so to do he would burn his dress and retire. Upon making

his entrance next evening he was met with a shower of match boxes.

When Chebanon, in 1763, produced an opera called "Sabinus," he found it went so drearily that he reduced it from five to four acts; this produced, however, no good effect. When Sophie Arnould heard of the failure, she exclaimed, "Le public est bien ingrat de s'ennuyer quand on se met en quatre pour lui plaire."

A good story is told of an actor at Paris, who was so extremely ugly that instead of being welcomed by plaudits he was met with hisses. One evening when the demonstration was a little stronger than usual, he advanced to the footlights and said, "Gentlemen, it is much easier for you to accustom yourselves to my appearance than for me to change it." Another anecdote occurs to me. A singer at the Opera House whose voice was none of the finest, and who was constantly reminded by certain sibillations issuing from the pit that she was not approved of, became impatient one evening, and coming forward thus addressed the audience, "Gentlemen, I do not understand you. Do you imagine that for six hundred francs, which I receive for the year, I am going to give you a voice of a thousand dollars?"

In "Macready's Reminiscences" I find a similar story. It runs as follows: "There was some humour in the retort of a country actor of the name of Knipe to the famous Barry, who was, like myself, impatient of the incompetency of the players of the company. 'Do not speak your speech, sir, in that

drawling way,' said Barry, in his energetic manner. 'Look at me, sir, speak it in this way: "To ransom home revolted Mortimer!" that's the way to speak it, sir.' To which the actor immediately replied, 'I know that, sir, that is the way; but you'll please to remember you get one hundred pounds a week for speaking it in your way, and I only get thirty shillings for mine. Give me one hundred pounds, and I'll speak it your way, but I'm not going to do for thirty shillings what you get paid a hundred pounds for.'"

Here I am reminded of a smart saying of Henry Harris, for many years the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. An actor of the name of Faulkner, who had recently arrived from the provinces, made his appearance on the metropolitan boards as Octavian in "The Mountaineers." The anxious manager was at the wing, watching the performance, and when Faulkner exclaimed in a deep guttural tone, "Oh! where is my honour now?" replied, "I wish your honour was back at Newcastle again with all my heart."

Harris was equally severe on a débutante who, when she uttered in a very lachrymose tone, "I shall weep more, and then I shall be better," said "I'll be hanged if you will, if you cry your eyes out."

Nothing to my mind is more detestable or more to be censured than what is termed "gagging," and many actors, ay, and not a few amateurs, indulge in the despicable attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of good taste. Liston, whose "face,"

like that of the milk-maid in the song, was "his fortune," was dreadfully addicted to "gagging." In "Guy Mannering" his object in the early part of the opera seemed to be to get a smile from Lucy Bertram, then in the height of her grief, and he generally succeeded. Again, when Barnes, the servant, enters with a message, the absurd manner in which the Dominie addressed him was sure to raise a loud laugh, not only from the performer, but from the audience. Often, too, when the curtain dropped after the finale had been sung, Liston would remain in front of it, as if in a brown study; and looking distractedly about him, would exclaim, "Prodigious!" Occasionally he would so time his exit as to meet Abbott, the Colonel Mannering of the evening, coming on to give out the play for the following night—a custom now long since abolished—when a considerable amount of buffoonery would be carried on between them.

There are some afterpieces too, in which "gag" is given *ad libitum*. "High Life below Stairs," and "The Critic," being the principal ones—would it were confined to these alone! One of the ladies' maids in the first-mentioned piece declares that "Kolly Kibber" or "Ben Jonson" wrote "Shikspur," and that she would read it some wet afternoon, before tea. While in "The Critic" Tilburina talks of the "*bull*finches, and the *cow*finches, and other finches of the grove;" nor, generally speaking, are the other characters behind her in their attempts to improve Sheridan by interpolations of their own. What a sad pity it is that Hamlet's excellent advice

to the players is not universally adopted: "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." Talking of Hamlet, reminds me of a story I recently heard of a fashionable lady, who upon seeing that play so inimitably performed at the Lyceum, remarked "that she liked it very well, the only fault was that it was too full of quotations."

Although there have been some very serious quarrels among actors, they have not had recourse to the duello to anything like the extent their French *confrères* have. John Kemble's harmless meeting with Mr. Aiken in March, 1792, and Garrick's duel with Giffard, are the only appeals to arms I can remember to have heard of. Elliston, it is true, was always very pugnacious, and was on the point of challenging the late Duke of Montrose, then Vice-Chamberlain to George IV., in consequence of a misunderstanding at Drury Lane Theatre on the occasion of a Royal visit, to which I have already referred. In France the actors have had numerous encounters. The rivalry of Dugazon and Dazencourt, two of the best actors of the Comédie Française, led to a duel, which, after one or two thrusts, in which both combatants were wounded, terminated in a *déjeûner* at a neighbouring café. Dazencourt previously had an en-

counter with a brother actor Dubois, who had insulted him, in which affair the latter was seriously wounded. Roselli was killed by a member of the company named Ribou; the affair was brought about by a theatrical squabble as to who should take a leading character.

A practical joke on the part of Dugazon led to a ludicrous and harmless meeting with Desessarts, who was noted for his corpulence. When the Royal Menagerie lost the only elephant it possessed, Dugazon urged Desessarts to accompany him to the Minister's house, with a view of acting a proverb, in which it was necessary that he should have an intelligent coadjutor. Desessarts consented, and inquired what costume he was to prepare. "Put on a suit of deep mourning," replied his friend, "as you will have to appear as an heir to a recently defunct personage." The victim of the joke soon appeared in a sable suit, crape scarf, and hat band. On arriving at the Minister's, Dugazon thus addressed him: "Monseigneur, the members of the Comédie Française are deeply grieved to hear of the death of that splendid elephant which formed so distinguished an ornament of the King's menagerie; and if anything can console him, it is to furnish His Majesty with an opportunity of acknowledging the long services of my friend Desessarts; in a word, I come in the name of the Comédie Française to ask on his behalf that he may become the successor and survivor of the departed animal."

Shouts of laughter followed this harangue, which

added to the confusion of poor Desessarts, who immediately left the room, and penned a challenge, which was entrusted to the care of a tried friend. A meeting with swords was arranged for the following morning in the Bois de Boulogne. Upon taking their ground, sword in hand, the challenged said, "I feel some scruple in proceeding with the affair, you present an enormous front, which gives me too great an advantage, let me see how we can be put upon an equal footing." At this he took from his pocket a piece of chalk, and drew a circle round his adversary's stomach. "Now, remember," said Dugazon, "any hit outside the circle, goes for nothing." There was no standing this, principals and seconds burst into laughter. Instead of a tragedy there was a screaming farce, and the whole party adjoined to a café for breakfast.

Fleury had more than one meeting with Dugazon. In 1781 Larive and Florence had a terrific fight with stage swords behind the scenes, which for some time was considered by the lookers on to be in play; but it proved to be in earnest, for after being separated they agreed to meet the following morning in the Champs Elysées, where Larive thrice disarmed his adversary without drawing a drop of blood. In 1790 Talma fought a harmless duel, with pistols, with Naudet. Long before this period some of the actresses settled their disputes with swords, not with *argot* (Anglicé slang) "à la fille de Madame Angot," for in 1649 Mademoiselle Beaupré sent a challenge to a rival artiste, Catherine des Urtis, and the rencontre took place with

swords within the theatre. The latter was wounded in the throat, and would probably have been killed, had she not deemed discretion the better part of valour, and ran off to her room. During the eighteenth century Mademoiselle Théodore, a celebrated danseuse, had a quarrel with Mademoiselle Beaumesnil, a singer, both belonging to the Opera House—they were rivals in love, the result was a meeting outside the Porte Maillot. There, dressed in male attire, and having for seconds Mesdemoiselles Fel and Charmoy for the dancer, and Mesdemoiselles Geslin and Guimard for the syren, the ground was measured, the pistols were being handed to the combatants, when Rey, the baritone, of the same theatre, appeared on the spot, and did all in his power to appease their anger, but without success.

Finding his eloquence of no effect, he had recourse to another expedient, which was to request that they would entrust the dangerous weapons into his hands while he made one more appeal. This was granted, when Rey placed the pistols on the wet grass and again tried to bring about a truce. The attempt was futile; recourse was again made to arms, deliberate aims were taken, when the pistols, owing to being saturated with water, missed fire; the *dénouement* was thoroughly French, principals and seconds and the peace-maker rushing into one another's arms.

In 1820 two dancers who quarrelled about a rich Swiss Count, or rather about who was to have his poodle dog, had a fight behind the scenes with

masked foils. The famous Mademoiselle Maupin was, before her conversion, embroiled in many an affair of honour. Upon one occasion, she fought with and conquered three men; and insulted by Dumesnil, an actor, she went, disguised as a man, to the Place des Victoires, and on his refusing to cross swords with her, gave him a caning.

Politics are carried to a great extent in France, for I find that in May, 1817, an affray took place at the Lisle Theatre, when Talma was performing there. The audience wished to crown him with laurel, but some Vendean officers of the garrison, considering it meant more to honour Talma for his well-known Bonapartean principles than his abilities as an actor, violently opposed the design and cleared the theatre. The officers were afterwards severely reprimanded by the military authorities.

Before I conclude my remarks upon the French stage, I must lay before my readers an instance to show how ignorant a portion of our continental neighbours were with respect to the English drama. In the year 1822 the following official correspondence took place. I quote from an authorised announcement.

"French Police. The comedy of 'John Bull' was announced about a week since by the English players in Paris. It was thought too scandalous that profligacy and knavery should on the stage be made the characteristic of the rich and great—virtue, honesty, and independence that of the poor; and accordingly the Prefect of Police addressed the following 'invitation' to the Manager: 'Sir, I am

informed that the piece called "John Bull," to be represented this evening by the English players under your management, is a gross farce, and might produce bad effects, I invite you, in consequence, to change the performance, and substitute a less indecent piece.—

Receive, &c.,

"'G. De Lavare, Prefect of Police.'"

What George Colman, the censor of our drama, and the author of "John Bull," one of our best English comedies, thought of the French authorities, I know not; but when they talked of indecencies, he might have retaliated.

I must now refer to a celebrity with whom I was slightly acquainted, the late George Frederick Cooke. I saw him twice upen the stage, and, strange to say, the first time he had imbibed "potations pottle deep," and the last time he had to apologise for his inability to perform on the previous night. It was some sixty-five years ago, when I was at home for the holidays at Stoke—for my father had not at that time taken possession of Goodwood—that my attention was attracted to a huge placard on a barn-door, announcing that the celebrated Mr. Cooke would appear the following week as Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," and Sir Archy M'Sarcasm in "Love à la Mode," at the Chichester Theatre. My tutor, being devoted to the drama, readily agreed to take my brother and myself, and we lost no time in sending to the manager to secure us a front row in the centre

box. Never shall I forget the state of mind we were in until the eventful evening arrived, and at six o'clock we found ourselves in the theatre. The house was crowded to the roof, and the discordant sounds that were being carried on in the gallery nearly deafened me. The good old green curtain (deemed plebeian in the present refined day) was down, and a man in a stage-carpenter's dress was lighting the twelve tallow candles that were stuck into wet clay, and partly screened by tin shades. The front of the boxes, the ceiling, and the proscenium were somewhat tarnished. The leader of the band and a brother performer were perched up in a small division in the centre of the orchestra, "a regular band-box," as a wit in the gallery called it. The rest of the musician's seats having been thrown into the pit, the two stage-doors had been removed and two small private boxes erected in their stead; they were reserved for the officers of the 10th Hussars, then quartered at the barracks. The pit was full almost to suffocation, and there was no room to spare in the boxes.

A somewhat boisterous appeal from the gallery for music, accompanied by a term which I could not at the moment understand, but which applied to the nasal organ of the band, produced an immediate response; and the orchestra, consisting of a squeaking fiddle and a spasmodic clarionet, performed two of Haydn's symphonies, and an overture, in an almost incredible space of time. At last, after a great deal of yelling, shouting, hallooing, cat-calling, during which the roaring of lions,

mewing of cats, and hooting of screech owls, with an admixture of howling of dogs, was judiciously imitated, the curtain rose and disclosed a scene of Venice, which, though rather faded, gave a view of that fair city, "of wealth the mart," which reminded me of one of Canaletti's pictures that graced the dining-room at Stoke. Upon expressing my surprise, my tutor informed me that the scenery at the Chichester Theatre had been presented to the City by my father's uncle, the third Duke, who had had it painted for the Richmond House theatricals in London. Three personages now appeared, looking more like the bravoes of Venice than the honest merchant and his two friends, and I became thoroughly engrossed with the plot of the play; it is true that my interest was not a little marred by the imperfect manner in which the trio delivered the respective speeches. This scene was followed by one between Portia and Nerissa; the former flaunting about in bright, cherry-coloured cotton velvet, and the latter in a very faded satin dress, such as no English abigail would condescend to wear; unquestionably, the costumes of both mistress and maid gave the spectator a poor opinion of the wealth and taste of the Belmont heiress. No sooner had these two ladies left the stage than Shylock appeared; nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of his reception. After a time he commenced. "Three thousand ducats—well; for three months—well; Antonio shall be bound—well." These words and his subsequent performance stamped Cooke at once as—

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

During the time that Shylock was off the stage, I was impatient for his return; the drolleries of Launcelot Gobbo, his practical joke with his "sand" or rather "high gravel blind" father was lost upon me, nor could the melodious strains of the "pretty Jessica," represented by a dark-eyed "maid of Judah," captivate my senses. This young syren, who was the prima donna of the company, seemed to set all dramatic unities at defiance; her dress, if such a term can fairly be applied to the very scanty costume that adorned her person, consisted of a low tunic and a very short pair of Turkish trousers.

With a thorough contempt for "time, place, and action," Miss Keiser (so the Hebrew melodist was called) had stipulated for the introduction of two favourite ballads, and to the surprise of the Shakesperian audience, in the scene where the usurer's daughter soliloquises:—

"Oh, Lorenzo! if you keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife,"

she proceeded as follows: "But should you prove faithless, then will the hapless Jessica know no peace of mind, all will be dull and dreary; for in the words of the *pu*pular ballad," so Miss Keiser pronounced it, "what would be this dull town to me if Lorenzo was not here?" At this introduction the band struck up "Robin Adair," at that period the most *organ*-ised ditty in England. The

other occasion for this unclassical interpolation was equally inappropriate, for when Jessica's lover asked, "How cheerest thou?" she replied—

"Happy and content, as the inmate of yon lowly thatched cottage, where, if there's peace to be found in the world, the heart that is humble may hope for it there. See, Lorenzo, how gracefully the smoke curls above the green elms; every leaf is at rest. I hear not a sound save, in the words of the *pu*pular ballad, the woodpecker tapping the hollow-beech tree."

At this cue, the leader of the band suited the action to the word, and, tapping his rosined bow against the tin shade, played the opening bars of the "Woodpecker," another most favourite melody of that day.

The attentive reader will have perceived the ingenuity of the singer, who always made a point of reciting the words or spirit of her song before she commenced it, which not only saved her the trouble of emending Shakespeare, but had the additional advantage of giving the audience the benefit of knowing what she was about to utter—a consummation devoutly to be wished, and one I humbly recommend to many a prima donna.

The fourth act had commenced. Shylock, with balance in hand, was gloating over his Christian victim, and was preparing to take the pound of flesh, when an event occurred that nearly paralysed the audience. In whetting his knife to cut the forfeiture from the bankrupt's breast, the blade slipped and nearly severed the actor's thumb. In

a second his dress was deluged with blood. A cry for surgical aid was raised by those who witnessed the accident from the stage boxes and front row of the pit; but to those who, like myself and my brother, were at a little distance, and were totally unacquainted with the plot, the effect was terrific.

We watched the agonising look, the writhing expression of the suffering man, as he attempted to staunch the wound, and were about to reward his truly living personification with a round of applause, when the curtain dropped, and the manager came forward to request the indulgence of the audience, until the medical practitioner could decide whether Mr. Cooke would be enabled to go through the remainder of his performance.

The cause of the accident was now buzzed about throughout the house, and soon reached my ears. The great George Frederick Cooke was no teetotaller, and was as much addicted to the *dram* as the drama; and having dined rather freely with some boon companions at the "Dolphin," he had got a little elevated. A few glasses of toddy, whiskey punch, and brandy and water, during the first three acts, had produced a strong effect, and by the time he had arrived at the trial scene the hard-hearted Jew found himself extremely inebriated, or to use a fashionable and not, under the circumstance that befell him, an inappropriate term, completely *cut*.

The manager again made his appearance to

claim further indulgence, as the medical men had not yet made their report.

This appeal to the British public produced the desired effect, and during the necessary delay the majority of the audience consoled themselves by refreshing the inward man with all the delicacies the house afforded—adulterated porter, mixed ale, sour cider, unripe apples, acid plums, rancid cakes, and flavourless ginger-beer. To my brother and myself the surprise was most painful, for we could not help entertaining a fear that the performance would terminate, or that some other farce would be substituted for the one announced. After a few minutes of watchful anxiety, the manager came forward, and relieved the minds of the audience by reading the following bulletin signed by one of the leading surgeons of the city. "I, the undersigned, certify that the injury which Mr. Cooke has met with, is not likely to be attended with serious consequences, and that no fear of tetanus need be entertained. The wound, although attended with pain and inflammation, has been brought into a state of apposition, and maintained in that position, by means of adhesive plaster and bandage."

The manager continued:

"Ladies and gentlemen, under these gratifying circumstances, Mr. Cooke, ever anxious to fulfil his duty towards his kind patrons, will have the honour of recommencing the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice" and trusts that he will be

able, with your indulgence, to go through the part of Sir Archy McSarcasm."

This address was received with shouts of applause, and the trial scene proceeded. There was no diminution of the actor's vigour, and the curtain fell amidst cheers from all parts of the house.

At the end of the play we were joined by the doctor, who was medical attendant to my family. I had but one wish ungratified, and that was to go behind the scenes, to see and converse with the great tragedian, and this was brought about by a trifling incident. The heat had been so intense throughout the evening, that I gladly availed myself of the doctor's proposition to get a little fresh air; as we stood under the small portico of the theatre, enjoying a slight southerly breeze, a messenger from the stage-door eagerly inquired for the medical gentleman that had attended Mr. Cooke.

"I will be with him in a moment," responded my companion.

"Oh, do take me," I beseechingly implored.

"A slight hemorrhage may have taken place," continued the practitioner, talking to himself; "or general oozing; happily the parts were not bruised, stretched, or lacerated."

In a state of abstraction the doctor followed the man, whom he ascertained to be the tragedian's dresser, to the stage-door, where we were instantaneously admitted. Here we were joined by the manager, who stated that, in the exertion of the

performance, one of the bandages had given way, and that it would be necessary to apply another before the commencement of the after-piece.

"Is that young gentleman of your party?" inquired the manager, "it's against the rules to bring strangers behind."

"Lord William Lennox, son of the Duke of Richmond," interrupted the M.D., "perhaps you will accompany him back to the box, I was so occupied with the case that I quite forgot my young friend."

"Oh, do let me ask poor Mr. Cooke how he is," I imploringly said.

"As a friend of yours, doctor, and as the son of so excellent a nobleman, who kindly honoured me with a bespeak last season, I beg his lordship will remain. I will inform his tutor that the young gentleman is in safe hands."

With this most civil speech the manager left us, and following the "dresser" up a rather perpendicular ladder, we reached the box over the stage-door, on the prompter's side, then used as the great tragedian's tiring room. Upon ordinary occasions the manager's box was a sort of *sanctum sanctorum*, in which the money-taker at the doors deposited the amount taken, counted the checks, and filed the play-bills. In this box all sudden changes of dress took place, subjecting too often the hurried actor or actress to the chance of breaking their limbs in their hasty descent.

Here, too, the manager's wife, the leading tragedian, and Portia of that night, was enabled

through a small aperture which opened on the upper circle, to count the house, so as to ascertain whether the numbers tallied with the return, and whenever a "star" visited the theatrical hemisphere of Chichester, this box was given up to the new comer as a dressing-room.

Following my guide and medical adviser, I was ushered into the presence of the great George Frederick Cooke. The pencil of a Hogarth, a Cruikshank, a Leech, or a Brown could alone give a picture of this curious scene. The apartment was about five feet in breadth, and ten in depth; the floor was covered with a coarse, showy-looking drugget; the walls were distempered a bright amber colour, a wooden stage-chandelier with four "dips" hung from the ceiling; a looking-glass from which a considerable quantity of the mineral fluid had escaped, a deal table, and a few ricketty chairs formed the remaining furniture.

From pegs in the wall hung the Jew's gabardine, his hat, wig, beard, and stick. An embroidered coat and waistcoat, and a powdered peruque were in the hands of the "dresser" and "coiffeur," ready to be put on for the farce. The great man himself was seated in a theatrical state-chair, covered with purple velvet and gold tinsel, by the side of the table, upon which were sundry decanters and wine-glasses. Hot water, lemon, sugar, and a liqueur case had just been brought in through the public boxes as we entered.

The consultation was soon over, and another bandage applied. During this operation I had a

good opportunity of scanning the physiognomy of the sufferer. The most prominent features of his countenance were a broad, long, hooked nose, dark eyes, full of fire and expression, a strongly marked and flexible brow, a high forehead, with a mouth capable of delineating the worst passions of our nature.

Cooke's manners were polished and refined, until maddened with the invincible spirit of wine; and as at the time I saw him, he had partly recovered from his excess, nothing could surpass his urbanity.

"Come, my boy, sit down; a capital bowl of punch—take a glass," said the actor, as he filled me a tumbler of this most potent beverage. "So I hear you like my Shylock. I was rather wild in the trial scene; but wait for the farce, I'll give it them in my best style."

With all the enthusiasm of youth, I launched forth into a criticism of his unrivalled performance.

"Another glass, my boy; if you come up to London send your name in to me at the stage-door. You must see me in Richard."

Bowl after bowl was now vanishing, and the strength of the whiskey was evidently beginning to operate upon the toper.

"The audience are getting impatient," said the manager, who had previously joined the party, "would you kindly finish dressing?"

"Impatient!" responded the tragedian, raising his voice from the low tone in which he had been speaking to its sharp emphatic key. "Tell the

Chichester people that George Frederick Cooke will not be dictated to by them; I that have acted before royalty will not stoop to a country audience."

The doctor here chimed in, and did all in his power to soothe the ruffled temper of the "star."

"Here's the manager's health," shouted the actor, "a bumper."

"Thank you, Mr. Cooke," responded that gentleman; "but pray consider the audience—the lateness of the hour—your kind friends the British public."

"All right, my boy, go and tell them that I'll soon astonish their weak minds."

A sound of hissing and catcalling was now heard, and the wretched manager, anticipating a disturbance, again urged Cooke to prepare himself for the performance.

"It shall be done. I will arraign them straight," he replied; and was rising from his chair, when the entrance of the prompter gave another current to his thoughts.

"Oh, sir!" said this useful functionary, "they're getting quite obstreperous in the gallery, and the mayor is quite impatient."

> "Let the great Gods,
> That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
> Find out their enemies now,"

responded the tragedian, "and as for the chief magistrate, in the words of Buckingham say,

"And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell,"

for I will not be hurried by any man, much less by one 'drest in a little brief authority.'"

The prompter looked quite disheartened, when the great man continued, "A glass of punch, my boy?" The man was all gratitude; before, however, he sipped the liquor, he ventured to make one more appeal, urging the danger a further delay might cause.

"Avaunt!" cried Cooke, in his sharpest and shrillest tone; "one word more and I'll walk out of the theatre." Then, turning to the manager, he continued, "Return the money to the discontented crew, I'll none of it!" The manager looked horror-struck at the idea of refunding, fully agreeing with valiant Jack Falstaff, "that paying back is a double trouble."

Fortunately, for the interest of the manager and the public benefit, a simple remark made by a stripling produced more effect than the urgent appeals made to the tragedian.

"Is Sir Archy as good a part as Shylock?" I asked, with boyish curiosity.

"I forgot. You shall see, and judge for yourself;" so starting up, he finished dressing, and with a chuckle, said, in strong Scotch accent, "Vary weel, vary weel, hear what Sir Archy has to say."

I lost no time in returning to the box; and when the curtain drew up for the farce, the actor had so far recovered his senses, that being perfectly "up"

in the part, as it is technically called, he went through it with the most consummate ability.

At the conclusion of the performance, I crossed the stage and shook hands with the great man.

"I shall expect to see you in London, my boy," said he. "You must not judge of me by my Shylock of to-night—come to Covent Garden to see it in perfection."

"I hope I shall," I responded. Alas! that expectation was never realized. I returned to Westminster School, and a few Saturdays afterwards, Cooke was announced for Shylock at Covent Garden Theatre, with the following cast, Bassanio, C. Kemble; Gratiano, Farley; Shylock, Cooke; Portia, Miss Norton; Jessica, Miss Bolton, afterwards Lady Thurlow.

I easily prevailed upon my tutor to accompany me there; and having taken our seats in the front row of the pit, then the critics' row, we anxiously awaited the performance.

"He'll not appear to-night," said an elderly gentleman, who sat next to me.

"So I fear," replied another.

"What a degradation!" chimed in a third.

After remaining in an awful state of suspense for more than half an hour, the stage-manager came before the curtain dressed in an evening dress, black breeches, silk stockings, opera hat in hand, and made an apology for Mr. Cooke, who had not, he said, made his appearance, adding that Mr. Charles Kemble had kindly consented to take the part at a very short notice.

Great, transcendently great, as were the abilities of this then rising actor in parts suited to him, the Jew was not in his line, and the performance went off flatly, at least in my estimation, and in that of many who, like myself, felt disappointed at the substitution of a minor light for the great luminary itself. The following year the "Merchant of Venice" was revived with new dresses and decorations; John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons taking the parts of Shylock and Portia.

Within a few days of my unsuccessful visit to Covent Garden, Cooke was announced for Richard III., and I again found myself in the critics' seat. The house was crowded, and an apology was fully expected for his past weaknesses and disrespect to the public; accordingly the "crooked back tyrant" came forward in a supplicating tone to entreat the indulgence of the audience.

"If you will restore me once more to the favour I enjoyed, I promise—" shouts and plaudits interrupted this speech, and the play proceeded. Of this performance, so perfect in every respect, I will merely say that at that time, in Richard III., Cooke stood alone and unrivalled—the confident dissimulation, the smooth-tongued hypocrisy, the bitter sarcasm, the fawning manner, the gallant bearing in the battle-field, and the death of the tyrant, were finished specimens of dramatic genius, and stamped Cooke as the most natural actor that ever trod the boards, or in the words of his panegyrist Philips:—

"Magician of the heart,
Pure child of nature! foster child of art."

Since those days there have been many "Richards in the field," Let me refer to the greatest of all, Edmund Kean, one who was not the copyist of any other, not the pupil of any school, not a mannerist, but an actor who found all his resources in nature, who delineated his passions only from the expression that the soul gives to the voice and features of a man, not from the images that have before him been represented by others upon the stage. The wonderful truth, energy, and force with which he struck out and presented to the eye this natural working of the passions of the human frame, excited the emotions and engaged the sympathy of his spectators and auditors.

To return to Cooke, can it be wondered then, that the impression made upon my pliant mind increased rather than diminished. The histrionic art shortly became a passion, and is nearly as strong in 1875 as it was in 1810. I could then think and talk of nothing else, every leisure moment was devoted to Shakespeare, and I learnt the principal speeches of Shylock and Richard III. by heart, spouting them to the housekeeper, butler, footman, groom, coachman, and whoever else was patient enough to listen to me.

The Jew was my favourite part; I had converted an old brown table cover into the Hebrew gabardine, I had made myself a beard from the stuffing of one of Farmer Halstead's old cart saddles, and with a wooden knife, and a pair of scales, furnished

by the carpenter, I strutted about on every holiday, looking much more like a Monmouth Street old-clothesman than the Venetian money-lender. With the aid of a couple of screens as side scenes, we converted a passage at Stoke into a theatre, occasionally making use of a rural natural theatre of Scotch firs in the shrubbery, with, as Quince says, "the green plot for stage, and the hawthorn brake for our tiring house." For a length of time I could not drive the actor from my thoughts, and it was with grief and dismay that a few years afterwards I read the following announcement:—"On the 26th of September, 1812, at New York, George Frederick Cooke, breathed his last, aged 57 years and five months." Thus ended the life of one gifted with the highest endowments, a warm heart, a generous nature, and a mind far above that usually allotted to mortals; had he combined with these advantages, prudence and good conduct, he would have been handed down to posterity as the brightest ornament the stage ever possessed.

Before I take leave of the stage, I may remark that I was present at Covent Garden Theatre when Kemble took his leave of the public in Coriolanus. The applause which he received was enthusiastic in the extreme; and when the curtain dropped, the pit rose up in a body, waving hats, handkerchiefs, and laurels for several minutes. The curtain was soon drawn up again, and Kemble came forward, evidently under great agitation; and after a considerable pause spoke to the following effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—This night I have

made my last appearance before you. I fear I cannot express myself with any kind of propriety—indeed I wished to withdraw silently from the stage—I thought I had not composure enough for this situation; but I have suffered myself to be persuaded, in compliance with custom, to utter one parting word. I entreat you to believe that the kind approbation which you have bestowed upon me since I first became a candidate for public favour, down to this, my last performance, will remain for ever fixed on my heart. Whatever talents I am master of, whatever exertions I have made as an actor or a manager in improving the propriety of costume, and giving increased splendour to the representations, particularly those of Shakespeare, they have been rendered delightful to me on account of the favour with which you witnessed them. Accept my respectful, warm gratitude—it is too big for expression—and now suffer me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to bid you a long and unwilling farewell." At the conclusion, a burst of applause from the whole house was heard; wreaths of laurel were thrown on the stage, and the last of all the Romans slowly retired.

An anecdote connected with a visit I paid to Covent Garden some years afterwards, when quartered with my regiment in London, may not only prove amusing, but may be the means of warning the unwary against the tricks of Arabs that crowd the streets in the purlieus of the theatres.

There is an old military saying that "economy is the very life and soul of the Army," and so it

unquestionably is. Occasionally, however, economy is carried too far, and he that indulges in it finds himself a victim to the "penny wise and pound foolish," system, as the following instance will prove. A brother officer of mine, Fullarton by name, started a cabriolet, one of those importations from France, which the owner drove himself with a duodecimo boy or "tiger" perched up behind.

One night we made a party to go to Covent Garden Theatre, and as we pulled up in Bow Street, Fullarton took off his splendid cloak lined with velvet, and desired "tiger Tim" to sit upon it.

"Why, what nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Bring it into the house and leave it with the box-keeper."

"And pay a shilling for it. I think I see myself paying a fellow for doing that which my tiger can do for nothing," repeated my companion.

I knew I might as well speak to the wind as to my 'cute young friend, that is, as far as gaining my point, so I gave up the argument, entered the theatre, deposited my fur coat with the box-keeper, and we took our seats.

The play over, I handed out the customary fee, got laughed at by Fullarton, who now chucklingly said:

"Your heir and executor will never see that shilling again." As we reached the portico, the snow was falling fast. "Coach, yer honor?"

shouted the link-boys. Alas! those lights are now extinguished. After a great deal of "cutting out" and "cutting in," amidst the imprecations of coachmen, footmen, watermen, and link-men, Fullarton's cabriolet drew up.

"My cloak!" shouted my shivering friend.

"Move on that ere gig with a head," cried a superannuated constable, for there were no police constables in those days.

"You must move on!" echoed a dozen voices.

"My cloak," again cried Fullarton.

"Cut his reins!" exclaimed a young pickpocket, anxious for a row.

"Run that 'ere pole into him, Jarvey," holloaed a regular *gin-and-water*man.

Fullarton jumped in, and I followed. No sooner had we gained Long Acre than he stopped the cabriolet, Tim was called, and told to get the cloak from under the seat; the unfortunate lad shook like an aspen leaf,

"Please, Sir—Sir——"

"Why, what's the matter, are you drunk or mad?"

"Oh, Sir—Sir, such a misfortune! No sooner had you left the 'keb' than a young feller 'ollows out, 'your curb-chain's undone, and I'm blowed if the rein ain't unbuckled.' I pulled and found it was the case; down I jumps, buckles the rein, fastens the curb-chain, gets into the 'keb,' and there, oh! oh! oh! I found that the cloak was gone. When I axed the orange-woman who sells play-bills if she had seen anyone about the 'keb,'

she told me one of the young forty thieves had it, called me a reg'lar flat, told me I ought never to go out without my nurse, and said, if my master was a liberal man, he could get it back by offering a reward."

I will not attempt to depict my friend's rage, but turning back to Bow Street he got the address of one of those intelligent officers, known then by the name of "Bow Street-runners," offered a reward of five pounds, and the following day the cloak was returned. Thus by an attempt to save a shilling, Fullarton, liberal in almost everything, found himself minus six pounds—five for the reward, and one for the intelligent thief-taker. I wrote a song upon the subject, which, as it "riled" the hero of it, was committed to the flames. It was a parody on Campbell's "Lochiel Warning;" I only remember a few verses :—

LORD W. (*loquitur.*) Full*arton*, Full*arton* beware of the day,
When you'll lose your new cloak in your cabrio*let.*
For a field of young pickpockets rush quick to my sight
With deeds full of darkness that won't bear the light,
Seek, seek, where you will, no mantle is there,
And your "tiger" is blanched with a look of despair.
FULLARTON. False wizard, avaunt! I trust not thy tale,
My "tiger" is careful. He never will fail.
LORD W. Ha! laughest thou, Full*arton*, my vision to scorn,
From the seat of thy cab, thy new cloak shall be torn,
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal,
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
(*Fullarton finds his cloak has been stolen.*)
FULLARTON. 'Tis finish'd—'Twas madness thy warning to spurn.
LORD W. Return to thy dwelling! all cloakless return."

DANDIES.

CHAPTER XII.

BRUMMELL—ALVANLEY—MILDMAY — RAIKES — R. FITZGIBBON — WORCESTER—PETERSHAM—FIFE—WELLESLEY POLE—D'ORSAY—GEORGE WOMBWELL—SKEFFINGTON—BALL HUGHES—FITZROY STANHOPE—JAMES BAILLIE—RAIKES' DIARY—ALMACKS.

"They've made him a dandy;
A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd,
Like an hour glass, exceedingly small in the waist,
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads so immovably stuck in shirt collars,
That seats, like our music-stools, soon must be found them,
To twist when the creatures may wish to look round them."

"*Fudge Family in Paris.*" T. MOORE.

"The dynasty of Dandies, now
Perchance succeeded by some other class
Of imitated imitators:—how
Irreparably soon decline, alas!
The demagogues of fashion: all below
Is frail."

BYRON.

"BUT my beautiful taste (as indeed you will guess)
Is manifest most in my toilet and dress.
My neckcloth, of course, forms my principal care,
For by that we criterions of elegance swear,
And costs me each morning some hours of flurry,
To make it appear to be tied in a hurry;

My boot-tops—those unerring marks of a blade—
With champagne are polished, and peach marmalade.
And a violet coat, closely copied from Byng,*
With a cluster of seals, and a large diamond-ring;
And *troisièmes* of buckskin, bewitchingly large,
Give the finishing strokes to the *parfait ouvrage*.

PURSUITS OF FASHION.

The above lines were supposed to be written on Beau Brummell; but if such was the case, the author knew little of the subject he meant to lampoon. Brummell, the undisputed *arbiter elegantiarum*, was termed by the *ignorami* the King of the dandies; with due submission, I beg to pronounce this a libel. He was anything but a dandy. The term dandyism never could be applied with justice to him; it would be a profanation to couple his name with such an offensive distinction. Of all my acquaintances, he was the quietest, plainest, and most unpretending dresser.

Those who remember him in his palmy days will bear testimony to the truth of this assertion; it was the total absence of all peculiarity, and a rigid adherence to the strictest rules of propriety in costume, which gained for him the homage due to his undisputed taste. He eschewed colours, trinkets, and gewgaws; his clothes were exquisitely made, and, above all, adapted to his person; he put them on well too, but for all this there was no striving for effect—there was an unusual absence of study in his appearance.

At the period I refer to, the art of tying a neckcloth was one deeply studied by all who had any

* Commonly called "Poodle Byng."

pretensions to dandyism, and a small volume called "Neckclothiana," with practical instructions and illustrations as to the different ties, the manner of folding and tying the starched cambric, was on every gentleman's dressing-table. Theory without practice was unavailing, as was often proved; many a follower of Brummell's sacrificing half a dozen cravats in an attempt to get a "water-fall," as one of the most knowing devices was called.

Brummell was the first to show up any prevailing folly in fashion if carried to excess, as the instance I am about to record will prove. At the period I am writing of, white neckcloths starched to a purgatorial pitch, reminding one of that implement of torture, a collar called the "Scavenger's Daughter," were worn by the fashionable men about town, many of whom looked as if they were in the pillory. At a dinner given on the re-opening of Watier's Club in Piccadilly, Brummell and the late Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester, were present. Brummell, anxious to expose the absurdities of the worshippers of starch, adopted the following singular method of taking wine with his friend. Leaning back in his chair he thus addressed the waiter.

"Is Lord Worcester here?" (he was seated within two of him).

"Yes, Sir," was the answer.

"Tell his Lordship," continued Brummell, "I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with him."

"Yes, Sir," replied the serving man.

After the proper interval, Brummell inquired,

"Is his Lordship ready ?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then tell him I drink his health !"

Here was a keen touch of satire good-humouredly conveyed to the stiff-necked generation. Brummell's tie was always unimpeachable, and on this occasion he would not risk the dislocation of a fold in pledging the health of his neighbour to show, after his own peculiar manner, the ridiculous extent to which the martyrdom of stiff neckcloths could be carried.

It must be admitted by all who had the pleasure of Brummell's acquaintance, that he was the most entertaining companion and finished gentleman that ever graced society, and his anecdotes, of which he possessed an inexhaustible fund, were related with a tact I never saw equalled. To this enviable talent were added a quaintness and originality exclusively his own.

Byron writes, "I like the dandies; they were always very civil to me." Now this opinion of the great poet I willingly endorse, for, taking them as a body, they were very agreeable, clever, occasionally satirical, but always thoroughly gentlemanlike men. Of course they had their failings, and Brummell, the dandy *par excellence*, was not free from them. The pains he took with his ties that they might appear faultless were extremely puerile, for he prided himself on sacrificing five or six before he could get the correct one; and to find a man encasing his neck with a stiffly starched

cambric, with a valet by his side to iron it smoothly, and then not to be satisfied if a crease or wrinkle appeared, was, to say the least of it, highly ridiculous. Everyone will approve of Beau Brummell's saying, "Give me fine linen and country washing," and, therefore, to be neat in person, as Wellington (who was called "The Beau" in the Peninsula) ever was, is certainly greatly to be commended; but too much attention to dress, and hours wasted in having a coat sewn on your body that it may fit like a glove, and which might better be employed, are carefully to be avoided. I knew Brummell well, both in the youth of his popularity, as well as subsequently in his expatriation, and often dined in his company. The first time at a party of eight at White's, of which club I was a member, and the last at Dessein's at Calais. On the first occasion he was in his glory; the friend of the Regent, and the arbiter of fashion. The party consisted of Brummell, Sir Henry Mildmay, Lord Alvanley, John Mills, Raikes, Colonel Cook, Lord Petersham, and myself. Never shall I forget that evening; Alvanley was in great force, and there was a *bonhomie* about him perfectly delightful; he saw everything in a humorous light, and communicated his impressions with such joyous merriment that he threw all the would-be wits of the day completely into the shade. Mildmay was one of the most refined gentlemen in manner I ever knew; Raikes was *au courant* with all the fashionable news of the day; John Mills, though

clever, appeared as a minor star in so brilliant a hemisphere; Kangaroo Cooke (as he was called) was second to none in conversational ability, and there was an amiability of spirit about him that was perfectly charming; Petersham was a "most finished gentleman from top to toe," he was the essence of human kindness, the most constant of friends; Brummell, in a quiet manner, holding his own among the above brilliant sestette, for of course I exclude myself, who was only a listener and a most attentive one. The conversation turned upon the topics and the scandal of the day, but the mirthful sayings would lose their entire point by repeating them after so long a lapse of time, when the subjects themselves are forgotten. Moreover, wild humour has its instant, its supreme moment for real enjoyment, and that pleasantry which has kept a company in a roar of laughter at the right time, is vapid when revived. At repartee Alvanley was quick as lightning, and in a keen encounter of wit with even the most formidable opponent he ever came off with credit to himself, and generally to the discomfiture of his antagonist.

A good story is told of Alvanley, which I never saw in print. Some years ago, after the season had closed at Melton, many of the hard-riding men came up to London to have a gallop with the King's staghounds. They had a capital run, and took their stag in a market garden near London. Valentine Maher, one of the heroes of Campbell of Saddels song:

"While at a place, Sir,
That few men would face, Sir,
Without checking pace, Sir,
We lame Valentine Maher,"

happened to hear of the excellent run which he had missed, went into the Uxbridge road to meet the sportsmen returning home. The first person he saw was Alvanley, who though he was in the first flight early in the day, was thrown out by his horse giving in, and he was consequently placed *hors de combat.*

"Well, Alvanley," said Maher. "I hear you've had a capital thing, but that you were dead beat after about twenty minutes. How was that in such a fine grass country as you must have gone over?"

"Grass" replied his witty friend. "Grass—you mean *sparrow-grass.*"

At the dinner above referred to, Alvanley entered the lists with Raikes, and after a smart skirmish the battle was drawn. In those days the usual dinner hour was half-past six, and as there was no smoking-room to retire into, as at present, the party did not break up until nearly twelve, during which period, a considerable quantity of Sneyd's claret in magnums was drunk; albeit the saying "When the wine's in, the wit's out" was reversed, for the latter continued to sparkle until we retired to the drawing room for a little private chicken-hazard. I never was a gambler, and therefore looked on, and saw many a guinea passed from one to another. The play was not deep, and as there

was no bank with its enormous pull in its favour, each one that stood the "hazard of the die," had an equal chance.

Among other dandies, Rufus Lloyd, as he was called, from his having what Lovell in "High Life Below Stairs," calls a "carrotty poll," never gave me the idea of possessing much talent, but he was neat in his attire, and acted the part of the "walking" dandy extremely well. Dick Fitzgibbon was a warm-hearted Irishman, highly gifted, as his countrymen usually are; he was formerly in the army, and served at Oporto and Talavera. Poor Henry De Ros was well read, an accomplished scholar, and won all hearts by his amiable disposition. Edward Montagu, Charles Standish, King Allen, and James Bradshaw were humble followers of Beau Brummell.

After the latter had abdicated the throne, a new class of dandies sprang up, the most conspicuous of whom was Ball Hughes, commonly known as "The Golden Ball," of whom more anon. His career was not a very extensive one, his influence only extending over a limited circle. He was liberal and kind-hearted to the greatest degree, and a great favourite with all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. To return to Brummell, the last time I met him at dinner, was when he was living at Calais, an exile from home. My old friend Adolphus Fitzclarence had been requested to escort the late Duchess of Gloucester to Calais, and he asked me to accompany him. This I cheerfully did, and having had a good passage across the

Channel, the Duchess found that she was able to proceed on her journey to Hanover, without waiting at Calais, where preparations had been made for Her Royal Highness and suite. My companion and myself found that dinner had been ordered for eight persons, and there were only two left to partake of it, so we at once sent to Brummell to make a third, and then strolled out, expecting to find some old acquaintances who might be "cruising for a cutlet." It is true we met lots of acquaintances, and persons we had known by sight about town, but those whom we asked were engaged, and those who evidently were disengaged we would not ask. So at seven o'clock we found our party reduced to a trio.

Poor Brummell looked pale and emaciated, his still well-fitting clothes were what is usually termed "seedy;" his boots were not so brilliant as they used to be when he lounged up Bond Street, in his days the fashionable promenade; his hat though carefully brushed showed symptoms of decay, and the only remnants of dandyism left were the well brushed hair, the snow-white linen, and an unexceptionable tie.

At first, the ex-king of fashion was dull, but after a few glasses of champagne he revived, and kept us alive until a late hour, telling us anecdotes of his past career—his misunderstanding with the Prince Regent, his support of Mrs. Fitzherbert, but these anecdotes have been told by many pens, and a *réchauffée* of them would be tedious. Many stories told of him he denied, but he admitted that

one of his valets, wishing to increase his wages from £150, proposed the modest sum of £200. "Make it guineas and I will serve you," responded the master.

He affirmed that he had never called the Prince, "Wales," and that the story of "Wales, ring the bell," was a fiction, as was the one of the Prince of Wales throwing his snuff into the fire, after some gentleman had fumbled it about with his fingers. He laughed heartily, and gave a positive denial to a *canard* which had passed current in London, namely, that some City man who had migrated from the East to the West-End, and who was enormously rich, invited Brummell to dinner, begging him to name his party. This was accordingly done; when the list was given in, the Amphitryon remarked,

"That will just make an even number, twelve."

"How's that?" inquired his principal guest.

The millionaire took the paper, read it over, and when he had read as far as the eleventh, added, "and myself twelve."

"Twelve!" drawled Brummell, "you surely don't mean that you are to be one of the party?"

In addition to the list of "dandies" I have named, may be mentioned Cornwall, eldest son of the Bishop of Worcester, of whom Madame de Staël said with rather more point than politeness, "Notre ami, M. Cornwall est grosso, rosso, e furioso," the "rosso" referring to the colour of his hair, which was a bright red.

Henry Pierrepont, an amiable, gentlemanlike

man; the late Duke of Beaufort, Nature's real nobleman; the Earl of Fife, good-tempered, and most courtly in his manners; Petersham, already referred to as the kindest creature in existence; George Wombwell, the ex-tenth Hussar, or "Elegant Extract," as all those (who after the Quentin Court-Martial were transferred from the Prince of Wales' own Hussars into other corps) were called, Alfred d'Orsay, the "Cupidon déchaîné," as Byron called him, adding, "This handsome French Count is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman *before* the Revolution — an old friend with a new face, upon whose like I never thought that we should look again."

Then there were others, who, though dandies in their way, were not to be seen at the West End clubs, Among the most conspicuous was Sir Lumley Skeffington thus described by Alvanley, "A second edition of the 'Sleeping Beauty,' bound in calf, richly gilt, illustrated by many cuts." Skeffington, Byron tells us, was the "illustrious author of the 'Sleeping Beauty,' and some comedies, particularly 'Maids and Bachelors,' 'Baccalaurei baculo magis quam lauro digni;'" he is thus immortalized in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

> "In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
> Still Skeffington and Goose* divide the prize.
> And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise
> For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays.
> Renown'd alike."

* Dibdin's "Mother Goose" had a run of nearly a hundred nights, and brought more than twenty thousand pounds to the treasury of Covent Garden Theatre.

In addition to the above lines, I met with the following, addressed to Sir Lumley Skeffington.

"Come to our fête, and bring with thee.
Thy newest best embroidery,
Come to our fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men.
Which charm'd all eyes that last survey'd it;
When Brummell's self inquired "Who made it?"

Oh! come (if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale) with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge pot pours its blaze
Full o'er thy face, and amply spread,
Tips even thy whisker tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying day
That o'er some darkling grove delay.
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield in frogs and fringe to none
But the great Regent's self alone."

Skeffington, Petersham, and Dan Mackinnon had presumptive right to dress as they pleased; they were known, and could wear anything.

Palmerston was an unexceptionable dresser, and of the same class might be ranked Anglesey, Jersey, John Somerset, Berkeley Paget, and Berkeley Craven.

There are few more graphic descriptions of the ever youthful Palmerston than the following, which appeared in a newspaper of the day. "Unlike almost any other man in the world, he doesn't get fat, and he doesn't get thin; he doesn't stoop; he doesn't totter; he doesn't use a stick or a wig, nor a list shoe, nor a top coat; nor does he look as if he could, would, or should do anything of the kind.

See him in what weather you will, you will always find him in the same temperature, always equable, always serene, yet always genial. Hail, rain, or snow, out of doors it is always sunshine with him. In the dog-days or in December, other men come into the House of Commons either panting like so many semi-calcined sugar-bakers, or shivering like recently-submerged skaters dragged out of the Serpentine by the barbarians of the Humane Society; but be the thermometer at 99° of Fahrenheit or 0½° of Reaumur, Palmerston is corporeally never either hot or cold, and mentally the medium is seemingly ever the same."

Having alluded to Lord Palmerston, I am reminded of an event which occurred on the 8th of April, 1818, and which does not appear to be generally known. On that day his Lordship was shot in the back by a mad half-pay officer, a Lieutenant Davies, of the 62nd Regiment, as he was passing through the lobby at the War Office. The ball struck him above the hip, grazing the skin and producing a contusion on the back; the man put the pistol close to him, and had not Palmerston turned quickly round at the moment, the ball must have taken a fatal direction. Providentially he was only slightly hurt, and lived to be one of the most popular statesmen England ever possessed.

Another well-dressed man was the late Duke of Beaufort, who was beloved by all. His manners were the reverse of coxcombical, and whether in the regal circle of St. James', in the hunting-field, or

on the box of the Brighton coach, he was courteous to all.

> "Complete in feature and in mind,
> With all good grace, to grace a gentleman."

While I was on Wellington's staff at Mont St. Martin, near his head-quarters at Cambray, the Duke, then Marquis of Worcester, paid His Grace a visit, partaking in all our amusements. During the whole of the time I knew Worcester, from 1816 to the day of his death, I never saw him but once out of temper, and that was at Cambray. We, the aides-de-camp, had horsed a four-in-hand drag with what is called rather a scratch team, and Worcester was asked to drive it from the Château Mont St. Martin, the Duke's villeggiatura to Cambray. As the horses had never previously been put together, it required a good "whip" to handle them, and we reached the latter place without any accident, despite the prophecy of Mr. Turnham, Wellington's state coachman, that we should come to grief. As we were entering the courtyard of the Duke's residence, the sentries at the gate presented arms, albeit there was no one on or in the "drag" that merited that compliment; this caused the wheelers to shy, and we came against a wooden post, which, had it not given way, might have caused considerable damage. Turnham, who had ridden on before us, was in the yard, and could not help exclaiming, "There, you have gone and done it, I knew you'd come to grief!"

"Mind the post, Worcester, we shall be over-

turned," cried Fremantle, more in fun than in earnest.

"We ought to have been insured," said George Cathcart. This volley of "chaffing" at a moment when it required strength and judgment to keep the refractory team together, "ryled" the noble marquis, who gave way to a slight fit of anger. No sooner, however, had we reached the door in safety, than his good humour was restored—the culprits, one and all, having made the *amende honorable.* Mr. Turnham, to whom I have just referred, was a most eccentric character. Nothing would convince this knight of the ribands that the glory of Wellington had not in a great degree descended upon him; for in conversation he always spoke in the plural number. He talked of our deeds in the Peninsula, of our triumphant entry into Madrid, of what we had done at Waterloo, of our march to Paris, and our doings at the Château. Turnham was a good sportsman, and considering his heavy weight, sixteen stone at least, rode well to hounds. When taunted with his Falstaff-like appearance, which caused his horse literally to groan under this mountain of flesh, the rider would good-humouredly respond:—

"It's all very well for Felton Hervey, Fremantle, and William Lennox," he always dropped our titles and rank, "and other light weights to laugh at me; but at sixteen stone each, I'd show them the way across country." With all this familiarity in the hunting-field, Turnham was a most civil, obliging, and trustworthy servant. He was a first

rate judge of a horse, and generally had a clever one to sell. In all his dealings he was most honest and honourable, and there were few men more respected by those that knew him than the subject of this brief digression. Turnham, after he quitted the service of the Duke, kept a livery stable in Carrington Mews, Mayfair, and to the day of his death, was most liberally patronized by his former master and his old friends.

Long Wellesley Pole, who married "the pocket Venus," the rich and pretty Miss Tylney Pole, may be ranked among the exquisites. He possessed a splendid mansion at Wanstead, and was wont to give dinners after the opera to a host of fashionables. He was clever enough to carry off the heiress from the Duke of Clarence, who aspired to her hand, by hinting how much His Royal Highness was in debt, also pointing out that a morganatic marriage was not quite the correct thing. The Wellesley Poles visited the Duke of Wellington at Paris in 1814, and a happier couple I never saw. One of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses" immortalized Long Wellesley in the following line :—

"Long may Long Tylney Wellesley Long Pole live."

Long Wellesley's "tilbury," a carriage then in great request, was perfect. A tilbury cannot be too plain, and so thought the owner of Wanstead. His was invariably black, lined with dark blue leather, and the polished harness, such a harness, was free from brass or silver ornament. He

usually drove a splendid grey horse, with action as high as the monument.

Long Wellesley's career was an unfortunate one, he was always in hot water with some one or another. In July, 1831, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Brougham, nearly came into collision with the House of Commons by committing one of its members—Mr. Long Wellesley—to prison for a contempt of court, in having taken away his daughter from the guardian appointed by the Court of Chancery. The Lord Chancellor wrote a letter to the Speaker, Charles Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury, informing him of Mr. Wellesley's arrest; and to an application of the Serjeant-at-Arms to surrender him as a member of the House, he gave a decided refusal. A few days afterwards Mr. Wellesley restored his daughter, and was discharged out of custody.

Ball Hughes, to whom I have already briefly referred, was a good-tempered, amiable man; but he made a great mistake when he entered the ranks of dandyism. His dress was perfect, and he not only dressed well himself, but was the cause of correct dressing in others. His equipages were universally allowed to be the best appointed in town. His horses were faultless, his liveries of the finest material were extremely neat, and the duodecimo "tiger" that was perched up behind his cabriolet was superlatively got up. His dinners were most *recherchés*, still with those advantages, added to a fine figure and handsome person, he never made any great progress in society. His

manner in public was too coxcombical, he screwed his mouth up, and lisped or drawled forth his words; when he walked he appeared, to adopt a common phrase as if "he was on stilts, and had swallowed the kitchen poker."

Brummell set the fashion, Ball Hughes merely followed it. He cared little for music, but had an opera box at Her Majesty's Theatre because it was the fashion. A play bored him, but he had a box at Covent Garden Theatre because it was the fashion; he disliked hunting, but kept a large stud of hunters in Northamptonshire because hunting was the fashion; he knew little about a race, but patronized Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, and occasionally rode himself because it was the fashion; he was a very sorry amateur dramatic performer, but he always supported private theatricals because they were the fashion; he was a bad hand at rackets, but was occasionally to be seen in the Tennis Court, James Street, Haymarket, because it was the fashion; he drove a curricle built after the mode of Lord Anglesey's because it was the fashion; he would shoot at pheasants because it was the fashion; moreover, he gave countenance to the pugilistic ring because it was the fashion. Nothing could be more absurd than the way he carried on hunting. He kept his horses at Blisworth, and the evening before the hounds were to meet, he would post down with four horses to Northampton, sleep at the George Inn, knock the billiard balls about, because it was the fashion; and the next morning he would be seen at the

covert's side, exquisitely dressed. A run he never saw, for when the hounds went away, he would ride back to the inn, have luncheon, and be back for a late dinner in London. Occasionally he would go a few fields with them, or pound along a road, but he had no love for the chase. He was always admirably well mounted, and was very liberal in taking a friend to Northampton and mounting him. The drawback was that, if his friend went the run, the chances were that he would have to find his way back to London, for Ball Hughes was always in a hurry to get home to his residence in Brook Street.

Prize-fighting was never a popular amusement of mine, for during a long period, when it was the fashion, I was only present at two pitched battles—one on Maidenhead thicket, when I was quartered at Windsor, and one in Sussex. The first mentioned was one of the most brutal affairs I ever witnessed, the latter was free from horrors. Jackson, Byron's "corporeal pastor," wrote to Ball Hughes to say that a very pretty fight would take place near Reigate on the following Monday, begging him to "keep it dark," or some of the "beaks" would be down upon it.

A party was accordingly made, of which I formed one, and at an early hour we started in Ball Hughes's well-appointed barouche and four for Reigate, where we breakfasted. While enjoying our meal, a message came from the Master of the Ceremonies of the Pugilistic Ring to say that the affair had got wind, and that the fight would come

off on the Downs within a dozen miles of Reigate. Off we started with fresh post-horses, and about noon reached the place just in time to see the ring formed. Jackson was there to welcome us, for Ball Hughes, though he cared not at all for the *ig*noble science, always subscribed to anything Jackson undertook, he having taken lessons, as most young men about town did, from this professor. The fight was between Martin and Randall —one a tall, the other a short man. After a very scientific display of sparring, which lasted some ten or twelve minutes, this bloodless encounter was put an end to, as one of the combatants fell against a stake, and, being momentarily stunned, was unable to "come" to what was technically called "the scratch." As the day was fine, and we were nearer Brighton than London, we proceeded there, and after an excellent dinner at the Old Ship—then famed, as it still is, for its dinners and wines—we returned to London. If all fights had been like the one I have referred to, there would have been less objection to them; but when men nearly blind were held up by their seconds, and were primed with brandy, and tottered up to meet their adversaries, the sight was truly disgusting.

At one period, Ball Hughes took a great fancy for acting. His ambition was to appear as Hamlet and Richard III., so the first step was to order the dresses, which were splendid, for he was not content with stage velvets and stage tinsel. The next thing was to get a company together, and he succeeded in procuring the aid of four or five amateurs,

the rest to be made up by professionals, male and female. After many fruitless attempts Hamlet was given up as far beyond the powers of the *corps dramatique*, and all his energies were directed to cast Richard III. After a time, he got promises from five of his friends, including the late Sir George Wombwell, myself, and others now no more. Abbot, then of Covent Garden Theatre, was to "coach" the Golden Ball, and Angelo was to teach him and myself the use of the sword, so that the battle scene might be a prominent feature. Miss Smithson, a pretty and clever actress, aided by Mrs. Orger and Miss Cubitt, were engaged to assist, the two latter having kindly consented to appear both in the tragedy, and in the farce of the "Mayor of Garret," Miss Smithson as Lady Anne, Mrs. Orger as Queen Margaret and Mrs Sneak, Miss Cubitt as Elizabeth and Mrs. Bruin.

The rehearsals of the principal male characters took place after dinner at Ball Hughes' house, and went off tolerably well. The great drawback was that few were perfect in their parts, the "crook-backed tyrant" being the worst of the lot. The first performance was to take place at the Tottenham Court Theatre, now the Prince of Wales', after that at Leamington in a small theatre, now converted into a chapel. An evening dress rehearsal was called, and anything more unsatisfactory cannot be imagined. Ball Hughes ranted away after the manner—and very far after the manner—of Edmund Kean, while George Wombwell, as the Lord Mayor of London, caused so much merriment by

the quaint manner in which he delivered the few lines allotted to him, that the regret was he had not selected a comic character. At the conclusion of the rehearsal of Richard, which lasted from seven till midnight, a council was held, when it was determined to abandon the idea of acting in London; but that if all engaged would really study their parts, Leamington, at a later period, might be the scene of action. Happily, however, for the histrionic reputation of the amateurs, Ball Hughes was called abroad, and the whole affair was abandoned. This theatrical fancy must have cost the promoter of it hundreds of pounds, as, in addition to his two dresses, he had to remunerate all the professionals employed, and to pay for the hiring and lighting of the theatre. When at home or abroad, and away from the influence of fashionable circles, Ball Hughes was a most delightful companion, good-natured, unaffected, and full of fun; I do not remember ever seeing him out of temper. One trifling annoyance he had, and that was that a gentleman known as Pea-green Hayne, from the verdant colour of his coat, and called the "Silver Ball," was set up as a rival to the original Golden Ball. Of Mr. Hayne I knew little. He was conspicuous for having a black servant and a prize-fighter perched up on the rumble of his travelling carriage, and his notoriety was not a little increased when, as the defendant in an action of breach of promise of marriage, he was cast in heavy damages.

Another celebrity must not be omitted, for the

name of Fitzroy Stanhope was before the world as a man of fashion for more than half a century. Few during the last years of his life would have recognised in the elderly gentleman, with the white cravat and broad-brimmed hat, the faded phaeton, and the not over brilliant horse, the beau of bygone times. In early days he was well known with Lord Derby's staghounds, and other packs that hunted near London. His passion, however, was for driving, and few men knew better how to manage a refractory team. Although never a very heavy bettor on the turf, he was a constant attender with book in hand, at the principal races, and was the last of the old set at the Derby dinner given by Tattersall at the Corner. Comrade after comrade had dropped off, John Warde, Kit Wilson, Jack Masters, Ormsby Gore, Batson, Captain Meynell, Val Kingston, Sam Ongley, Berkeley Craven, Charles Young, and Charles Mathews.

Stanhope's early connection with Tilbury made him as high an authority in the matter of carriages as the fifth Earl of Jersey himself. Tilbury had raised himself to a high position by his perseverance, attention to business, and honesty of purpose; from a hard-working mechanic in a small shed in the Edgware Road, he, by his invention of the "Tilbury," was enabled to take large premises in South Street, and soon became a popular man. Stanhope had known him previously, and was, in fact, the first that introduced the Tilbury into fashionable circles by driving his wife, then a remarkably pretty woman, in it up and down the

Park. This carriage had the mail-coach spring behind, and the others under the shaft, and suited the London stones extremely well, but ran very heavily on the road on account of being hung so low. This difficulty Fitzroy Stanhope conquered by inventing an improvement on it, which was called after himself.

The "Stanhope" was a little higher than the "Tilbury," with four telegraphic springs, thus avoiding the long shaft spring, getting all under the body. Ere long it became even more popular than the "Tilbury," and then Dennett introduced another vehicle, which he named after himself. This third invention had grasshopper springs at the side, and cross springs behind. For many a year the "Stanhope" and "Dennett" were rivals, and it is difficult to say which of the two was the best. Fitzroy Stanhope lived to a good old age, loved and respected by all.

A curious coincidence is related with regard to poor Stanhope's old phaeton horse, which, after following the funeral procession of his departed master, was taken ill, and died within thirty-six hours.

Another name occurs to me, Mr. James Baillie, who had served in the 16th Lancers, and who set himself us as a dandy; never, however, was taste in dress so mercilessly outraged. He might be seen in the park on a splendid black horse (an animal a little, perhaps, too much suggestive of the "black job" business), habited in all the colours of the rainbow, and the mixture, like a

box of Ackerman's colours, was thoroughly incongruous. His hat was unlike any other I ever saw; his throat was encircled by an ample scarf of white silk; the colour of his coat was a bright olive, his waistcoat was of purple velvet, his trousers of a lemon hue; pink silk stockings, like those worn by acrobats and ballet dancers, and long-quartered shoes, confined by gold buckles, completed the costume. I never was acquainted with Mr. Baillie, but he was spoken well of by those who knew him.

At one time he had a very pretty villa near Tunbridge Wells, and was strongly urged by a tailor of that salubrious town to allow him to measure him for a coat. The request was complied with, the coat sent home, and the country "Poole" expressed his hope that it fitted well.

"Coat," said Baillie, "do you call that a coat? I gave it to my gardener to cut into strips, and nail up the peach trees with it, it was fit for nothing else."

In the days I write of sobriquets were very prevalent, from the heir to the throne down to humble commoners. The Prince Regent was called "My fat friend," "Ben," and "The Rising Sun," Wellington was known as the "Beau," Colonel Cook as "Kangaroo Cook," Frederick Byng as "Poodle Byng," Colonel Townshend as "Bull Townshend," Raikes as "Apollo," because he rose in the East, and set in the West, Crawfurd as "Teapot Crawfurd," Lascelles of the Guards as "Bacchus Lascelles," M. G. Lewis as "Monk Lewis," General Bligh as

"Skirmish Bligh," Robert Gordon as "Monosyllabic Gordon," Charles Greville as "Punch Greville" and the "Gruncher," Allen, had royalty added to his name, and was always dignified with the title of "King Allen," Sir Francis Burdett was known as "Westminster's Pride and England's Glory." There were two "Cupids" in the field, Palmerston and Walpole. "Apollo Raikes," to whom I have referred, published a diary full of inaccuracies and truly egotistical, which a clever and caustic critic thus describes:—

"A portion of the Journal kept by the late Thomas Raikes, Esq., the title page of these four garrulous volumes announces their contents to be Thomas Raikes, Esq. proving himself to be—before we have penetrated very far into his lucubrations—what may be designated, a most amiable, old tory-fied prig, and an extremely self-contented and self-important chatterbox. The production being altogether the counterpart presentment of the individual who penned it—to wit Thomas Raikes, Esquire, in full, being engraved with a flourish under the author's portrait, prefixed to volume one by way of frontispiece. This wonderful portrait was taken, one might suppose, from one of Deighton's full length profile miniatures. What a characteristic sketch of the man it manifestly is!—as characteristic as his own diary, and that surely is his *alter ego*, his other self, his ghostly adumbration. Looking at the portrait and at the journal, we know at once what sort of a man this was; we catch the notion of him perfectly. A Spencer

maundering about continually without a Pope. A Boswell never stumbling upon his Johnson, but ever and ever self-conscious, as though he stood always in the middle of a cluster of cheval glasses, full of his own reflections. An Evelyn whose Sylva had (only semi-officially) something or other to do with the woods and forests. Briefly and more accurately — Mr. Pepys' shadow modernised. . . . . .

"Yet, after all, this personage was not, in truth, as one might have been disposed to imagine from his air of innate *ton*, any descendant of the Courtenays, any scion of a patrician house, tracing back his lineage to the Tudors or Plantagenets; one who, if Italian, might have claimed kindred with the Colonnas; if Spanish, with the Medina Sidonias; or if French, with the Grammonts and the Montmorencies.

"Excellent, honest Mr. Thomas Raikes was, in reality, the eldest son of a wealthy and respected merchant of our good City of London, as the preface to his son's diary tells us, 'a personal friend of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Wilberforce,' and descended from an ancient family of Yorkshire. Nevertheless, if Thomas Raikes, Esq., were not himself of a noble origin, one can only picture him (after reading this journal of his Recollections) as one who had somehow contrived to soar into such social altitudes that he seems throughout the four volumes to be floating in the seventh heaven of fashion—wandering at large in the rarefied empyrean of what is emphatically termed society—hanging on by his eyelashes,

as the saying is, to the skirts of the aristocracy. Running our glance over his pages, don't we find that the Duke of Wellington was his 'very faithfully;' that he not only corresponded with the Duke of York, but that he was even familiarly the 'Dear Raikes' of His Royal Highness; that the Royal Duchess (of York), signed herself his friend and servant, very affectionately 'votre très affectionnée amie et servante?' He was manifestly, in truth, a pleasant companion, a good listener, and agreeable retailer of an anecdote. He was obviously also a man whose mind was so intensely flavoured with the atmosphere of Pall Mall, that he might be said to be of the clubs, clubby. Mr. Raikes was one who dearly loved a gossip. He had a finger for every man's button hole. He was intrinsically by nature what the Parisians call a *flâneur*, a saunterer about the West End causeways—in the height of the season—in the pick of the afternoon. He could swallow upon occasion, without even a momentary qualm of suspicion, those delicate little gilded bonbons of white lies, called *canards* on the opposite side of the Channel."

The above is a perfect photographic likeness of Raikes, who, in his Diary, omitted a smart but severe saying of D'Orsay. The Count received an anonymous letter, sealed with a thimble, which he fancied came from Raikes.

"I am strengthened in my opinion," said this witty Frenchman, "for he has evidently sealed it with his nose." I need scarcely add that the

olfactory organ of this diarist was pitted with small-pox.

One word upon the dandies' rendezvous, Almacks, which was governed by a most despotic power, and to obtain a voucher for the balls was one of the most difficult things imaginable. The lady patronesses were the Countess of Jersey, the Countess Cowper, afterwards Lady Palmerston, Countess of Sefton, Ladies Castlereagh and Willoughby, then Mrs. Drummond Burrell, Princess Esterhazy, and Countess Lieven. There can be no doubt that some of the above ladies were capricious and exclusive—happy the young lady and young gentleman who basked in the sunshine of their favour. Two orders were issued, against which, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, there was no appeal; indeed, with one or two exceptions it may be truly said that the patronesses "ruled without law," "decided without appeal," "judged without jury," although it cannot be said that "they were never in the wrong." The above rules were that no gentleman should appear at the balls in trousers, short knee-breeches being *de rigueur*, and that the doors should be closed at a certain hour, after which not a soul could be admitted. It was said that upon two occasions Wellington himself was stopped by the polite yet vigilant Mr. Willis; on the first, from not being *en grande tenue*, on the second, because the clock had struck the fatal half-hour. I remember once a friend of mine improvised an artful dodge; he came late, and was refused admittance. Determined not to be

thwarted, he went off to White's, and remained there till nearly midnight Returning to King Street, he waited until some lady had driven away, then boldly walked up the stairs, no one being on the look out at that hour, except a waiter, who naturally imagined the intruder had escorted a lady to her carriage.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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